Collier's

TEN CENTS

APRIL 3, 1943

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Poland
WANTS A TOTAL PEACE

By General Wladyslaw Sikorski
PREMIER OF POLAND

WHAT OUR SUBMARINES ARE DOING

By Fr

J H HENDERSON
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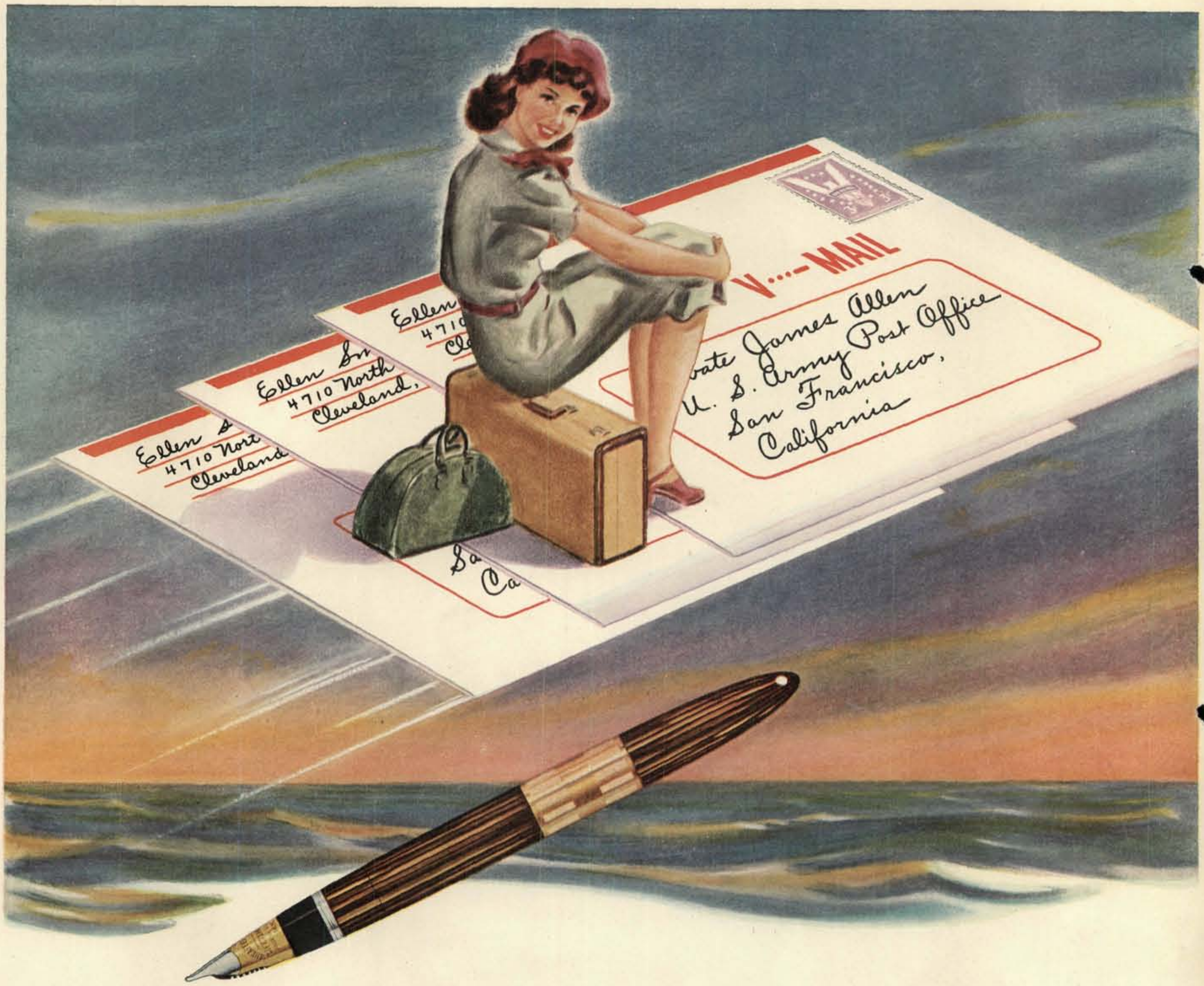

Jimmy, old boy, you're going to have company!

And what delightful company! You'll see her smile and hear her voice. She will tell you, Jimmy, what you most want to hear—that she's proud of you, and loves you with all her heart . . . What wonderful things letters are!—you telling someone all the things that are so tremendously important, things that never wear out their thrilling newness.

Note: Your dealer is doing his best to provide you with Sheaffer writing instruments under a rationing program to conform with curtailment of production of all fountain pen companies. Sheaffer hopes that those available will perform useful functions in vital war work on the Home and Battle Fronts. The facilities, resources, and personnel of the Sheaffer organization have been, and are being, converted largely to the war effort. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

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Sheaffer's V-Black SKRIP for V...-Mail

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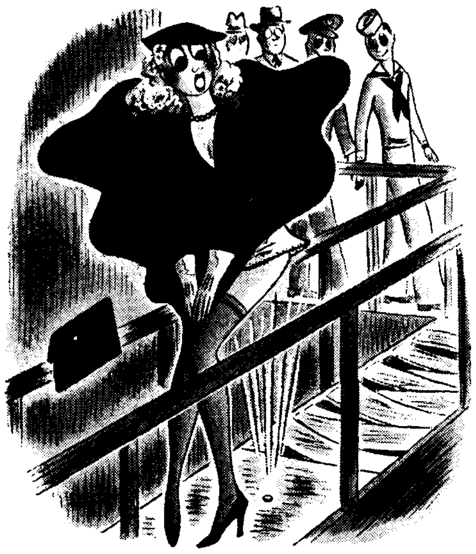
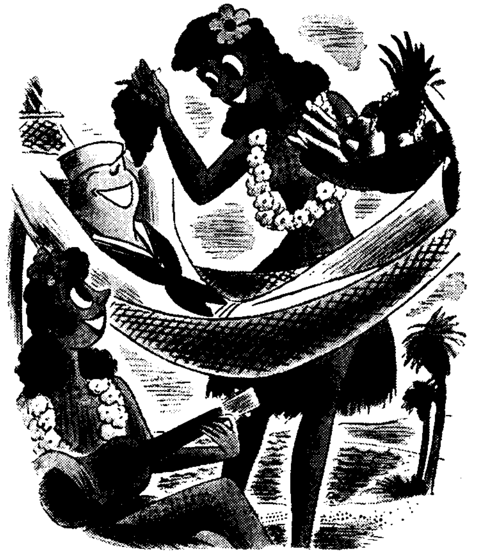
6 easy rules to help keep colds away

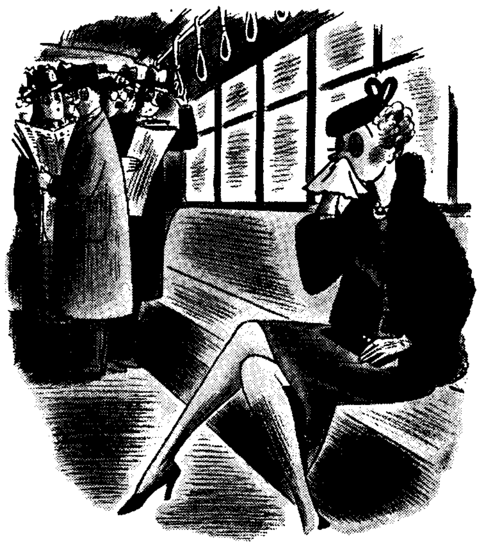
How many have you broken today?



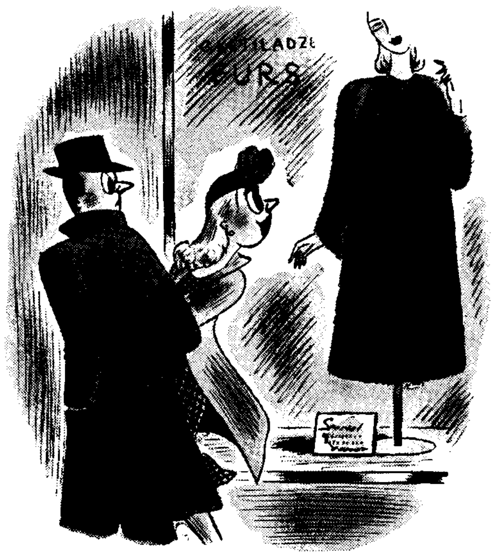
1. Stay out of drafts



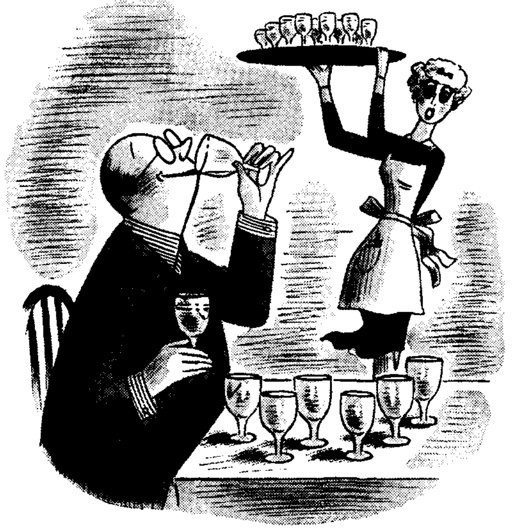
2. Get plenty of rest — eat the right foods



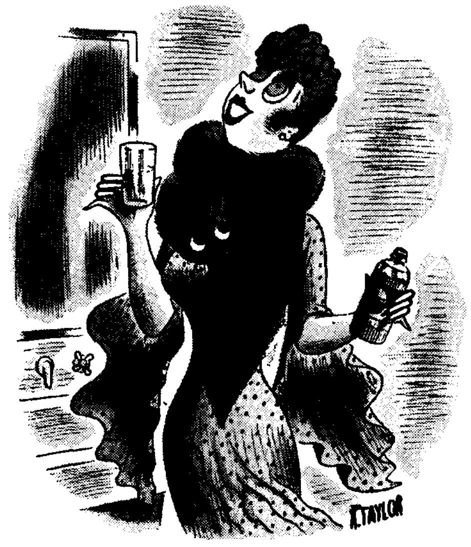
3. Avoid people with colds



4. Dress warmly



5. Drink plenty of liquids



6. Guard your throat

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
PEPSODENT CHICAGO • X FL.OZ • ACTIVE INGREDIENTS • CHLORTHYMOL • BORIC • MALIC • CITRIC ACIDS • ALCOHOL 26% •
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

An effective antiseptic for mouth and throat

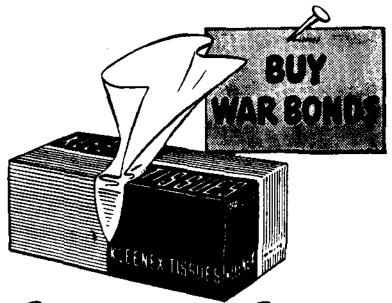
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Gargle frequently with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It is effective even way back in your throat where illness often strikes first. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs quickly—millions of the very type of germs that increase the misery of colds. So guard your throat...get a bottle of mild, pleasant-tasting Pepsodent Antiseptic today.

Sprig has cub!

MY NOSE KNOWS WHEN I USE ANYTHING EXCEPT *KLEENEX* TISSUES* DURING COLDS...IT GETS **SORE!**

(*from a letter by* B. K., Seattle, Wash.)



SAVES FOR SAMMY

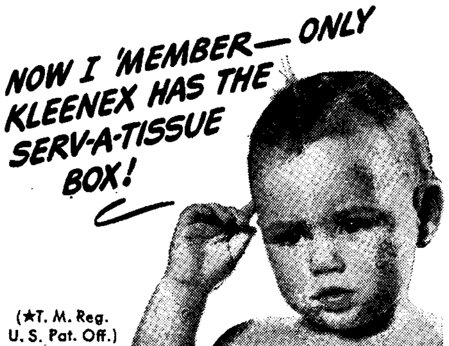
THE *KLEENEX* SERV-A-TISSUE BOX ENDS WASTE–SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME SO YOU DON'T GRAB TWO WHEN ONE WILL DO!

(*from a letter by* M. T., Snowden, N. C.)

Wins-by a Neck!

KLEENEX TUCKED AROUND THE COLLAR-SAVES YOU MANY A CLEANING DOLLAR!

(*from a letter by* J. H., Chillicothe, Ohio)


NOW I 'MEMBER—ONLY KLEENEX HAS THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX!

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

WIN $25.00 (MATURITY VALUE) **WAR SAVINGS BOND**

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Collier's

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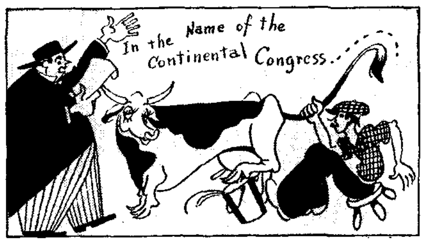
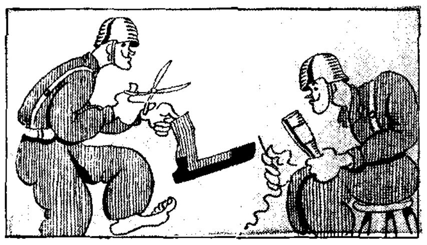
ANY WEEK

MRS. VIVIAN FAY ROHMER, the girl on the cover, is pulling plane with a tug. Mrs. Rohmer is the wife of a Marine now stationed at the Marine "Boot Camp" at San Diego, California. They have been married seven months. Before enlisting in the Marines Robert worked for the Swift Packing Co. Mrs. Rohmer is 19 years old and has been working for the government since February 16, 1942. She took a four-months course at Duncan Field, the air depot. She has since been working as a general mechanics helper at the sub depot. She specializes on repairing the gyro-operated bank-and-turn indicator. She also works on the manifold-pressure gauge, the air-speed indicator and tachometers. Before working for the government she went to the San Antonio Technical and Vocational School, where she took an academic course.

WHEN Joshua ordered the sun to stand still, he created a precedent that has had serious repercussions among various groups in this country, including the bovine. What Joshua could do, Congress also could do—and did—making Daylight Saving a national law. As a result of this, a good many hired hands have been kicked through the side of the barn by cows irate at being bothered in those dark, dreary hours before the dawn. The hired hands have spoken persuasively about the Four Freedoms and the war effort, but the cows have merely lifted an admonitory hind limb and dared them take a step farther. According to Arthur P. Mitchell of Clarksville, Tennessee, he is a brave and God-fearing man who enters his barn in the early morning darkness and yells, "In the name of the Continental Congress and the Great Jehovah, rise and give your milk!" At this juncture, reports Mr. Mitchell, Bossy turns languidly over and says, "Arthur, don't let those English fool you. They are our Allies and we love them, but if it wasn't for latitude and longitude and all that nonsense, we wouldn't have darkness at this time of the morning. Down with Greenwich Observatory Standard Time!" Since Mr. Mitchell obviously couldn't milk a cow that protested with such intellectual fervor, he began thinking. He wrote to some of his friends at the statehouse at Nashville and now they are going to change Central Time to Eastern Time or something like that—anything, evidently, to get back on Cow Time.


In the Name of the Continental Congress..

OUR home-front troubles are nothing as compared with those of David Vannest, who is with our forces in the Middle East and lately has been writing to friends in De Queen, Arkansas. What is bothering David is sand. Eating is not bad, because he has perfected a method of scraping the "sand off my groceries with my tongue while at the same time eating. A considerable feat." He and his buddies have no water except for a very little to drink, and the sock problem is acute. "We are forced to wear them until the toes become stiff and hard. Then we take a pair of scissors and cut off the used portion. Then we stretch them over a beer bottle and sew up the ends. It takes almost a week for them to get form-fitting again. Underwear—it just gets heavy and gritty. We don't wear it." We purposely avoid mention of the outfit to which Mr. Vannest belongs. No silly changing of clothes, no underwear, no Saturday-night baths. If we gave that secret away, the Army would be plagued with enlistments from kids all the way down to ten years old.



HOLLYWOOD has lately gone chicken crazy. This has been brought about by Harry Lachman, the film director, who owns a shop on Sunset Strip where he is selling an egg-producing family unit. Our Mr. George De Zayas, who now lives in Brentwood Heights out there and has never been known to resist a gadget, was one of his first customers. "I walked into the shop, and Lachman asked me how many I had in my family," writes George. "I didn't think it was any of his business, but I said three. 'Okay,' says Harry, 'you need a six-hen unit.' The unit, built of redwood and partitioned off for each hen so she can drink from a sanitary drip pipe and eat out of an antiseptic trough, trundles each egg down a little trough on the outside, so you can see how each hen is producing. I'm sorry to say that one

(*Continued on page 69*)

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COVER HARRY PENNINGTON

Tires Made with B. F. Goodrich Synthetic Now Rolling on Army Trucks

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich leadership in truck tires

Many a U. S. Army truck is rolling today on tires made with B. F. Goodrich synthetic rubber—Ameripol. Here man-made rubber is getting its final tests—tests no proving ground could ever match.

And big city buses in Chicago, New York, Boston, Cleveland, and other cities are now rolling on tires made with B. F. Goodrich synthetics, too.

This does not mean that synthetic rubber is plentiful. Only a fraction of the nation's requirements is being produced today. But it does mean that B. F. Goodrich, the only company to offer tires made with synthetic rubber to the general public before the war, is still pioneering in this great development.

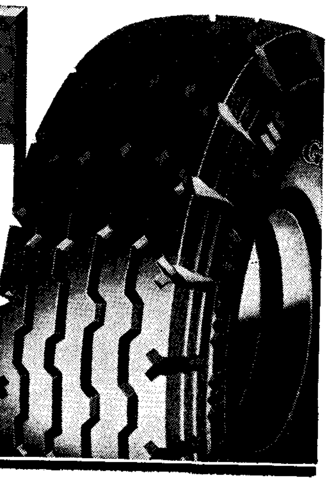
And it means that America will never again be entirely dependent upon foreign sources for its rubber supply. With peace, your truck and your car may have tires made wholly or partially of synthetic rubber. When that time comes remember that B. F. Goodrich, 'way back in 1940, was *first* to offer tires of synthetic rubber for sale.

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

ARMY E NAVY



"I GOT THE GATE WHEN I GOT DRY SCALP...

BUT 5 DROPS A DAY CHECKED IT...

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

GAVE ME GOOD-LOOKING HAIR AND MY LADY FAIR"

DIG DOWN DEEP
FOR WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS!

THE SECRET.... Simple as this... when you comb your hair shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb or rub it on your scalp. Result: It keeps your hair well-groomed... and it checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff too, by supplementing the natural scalp oils. As an extra aid, massage your hair vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before shampooing, and rub a little on afterwards. No doubt about it... for double care, both scalp and hair... you can't beat 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. You see, it's different because it contains absolutely no drying ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40c and 70c

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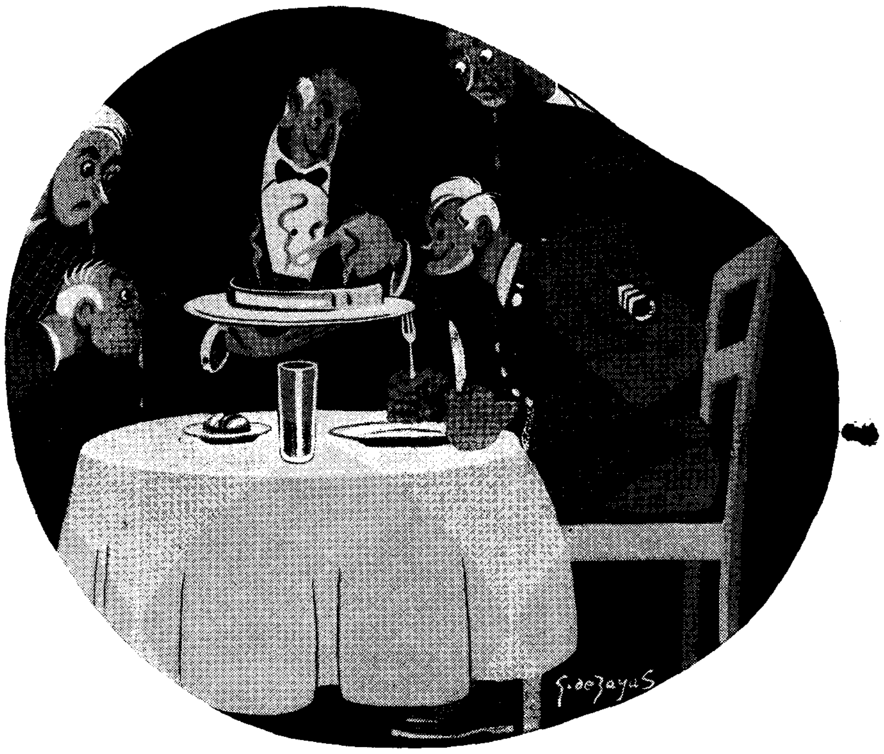

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The quantity of meat eaten in restaurants by members of the Armed Forces caused such a drain on civilian allowances in certain cities that Washington officials have been asked to give the men "meat tickets" which the restaurants may use to purchase replacement supplies for regular customers. The service men who visit Los Angeles consume about 100,000 pounds of meat a week.

Owing largely to faulty nutrition and improper care, approximately forty per cent of all pigs raised in the United States nowadays die before they are ready to market.

The heating of metals by electrical induction has been developed to the point where it is about five times faster than heating by gas. In one war-production plant, this process can heat one end of a two-foot steel bar to a temperature of 2,000° Fahrenheit before the other end becomes too warm to be held in the bare hand.

By studying extremely thin slices of human tissue under the electron microscope, scientists hope to pierce some of the remaining secrets of body cells, possibly including the structure of the chromosomes and even that of the genes.

Although human embryos in their first few days of development are considered to be the rarest of anatomical specimens, one American institution has several, none of which is more than one sixteenth of an inch in diameter.

Penicillin, a new British drug derived from a fungus mold, is likely to supersede the sulfa drugs in certain bacterial diseases if a process for synthesizing it can be developed. While harmless to use, its bacteriostatic action is exceedingly powerful, recent experiments showing that it completely stops the growth of staphylococci in a dilution of one part in 25,000,000 and partially in a dilution of one part in 160,000,000.

When a fully loaded tanker of average size (capacity 75,000 barrels) is sunk, the quantity of oil lost equals that carried by nearly 300 railroad tank cars.—*By George Y. Bell, Machipongo, Va.*

Many prison inmates do not apply for parole when eligible, because of the numerous and stringent regulations imposed on the personal lives of parolees. Violation of these regulations requires them to return to prison to serve their full sentences without time credited for good conduct. In one recent year in Washington, D. C., 489 out of 897 prisoners eligible for parole did not apply for it.

Radio guide beams have been known to deviate as much as ten degrees from normal position during a blizzard.

The loudest continuous noise ever created by mechanical means is produced by the Victory Siren, one of which is installed on the R.C.A. Building in New York City as an air-raid alarm. Although operated solely by compressed air, it has a "wail" equivalent in power at the horns to the combined voices of 4,000,000,000 men, twice the entire population of the world.

The Kirov Tank Works of Leningrad was one of the largest plants that Russia evacuated to the Urals in 1941. Its buildings, which covered 400 acres and were connected by 30 miles of railroad track, contained six open-hearth furnaces, nine electric steel furnaces, nine rolling mills, 310 forges, 420 heating furnaces and 3,500 metal-working machines. A similar feat would be the moving of the Chrysler Tank Arsenal from Detroit to Denver.

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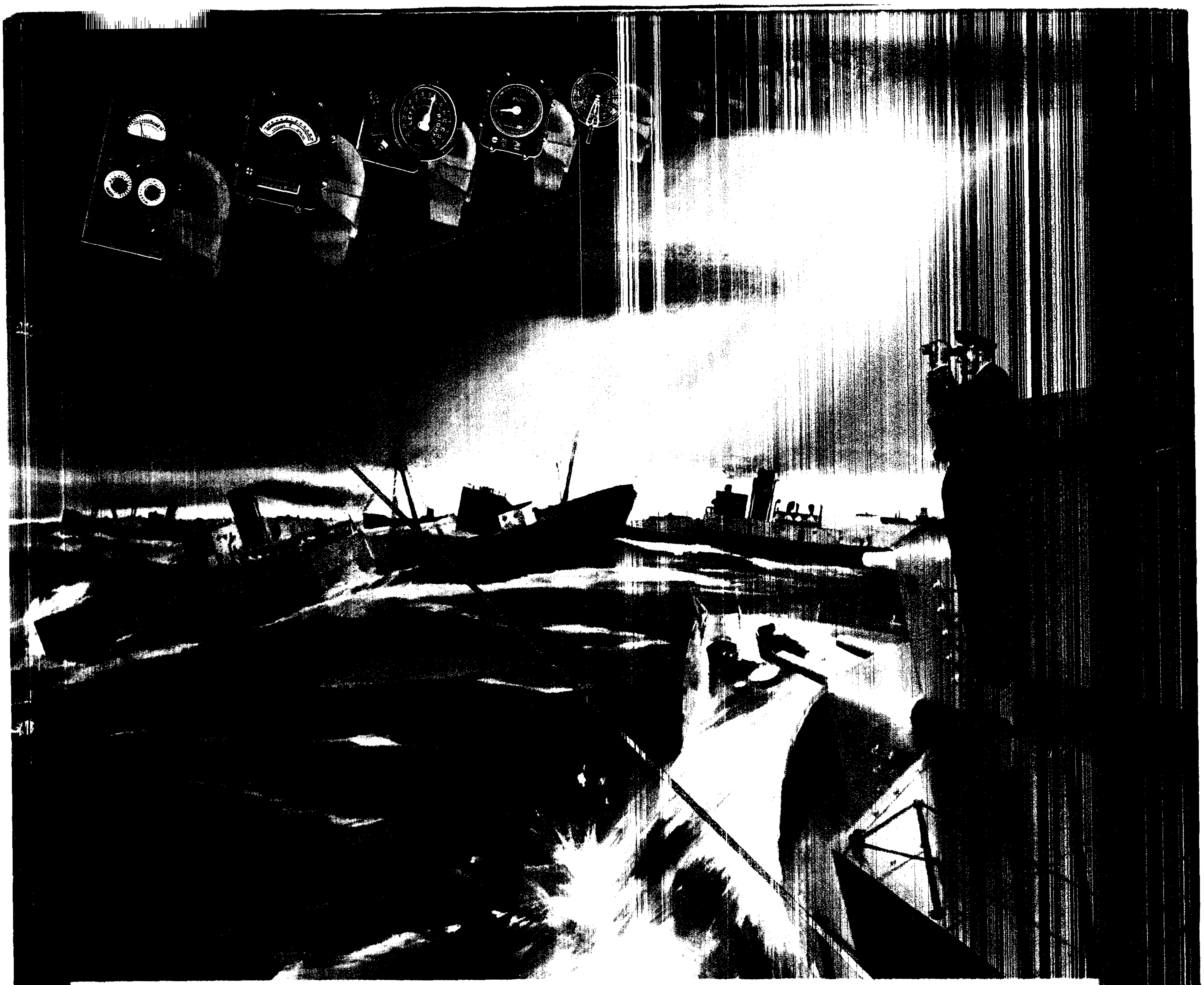

CONVOYED by "The Invisible Crew"

TONIGHT, on the rolling seas off Halifax or Hatteras . . . convoys rendezvous — plunge into the darkness of Atlantic lifelines outward bound for the fighting fronts.

Eternally vigilant, the heroic crews of our Navy and Merchant Marine move men and munitions in ever-growing volume through storms and fogs and submarine "wolf packs" lurking beneath the waves. On every passage, "**The Invisible Crew**" of "BENDIX-MARINE" Instruments and Controls sails and fights with these men of the seas.

Engineered for convoy and combat service, these modern precision instruments perform scores of vital functions. They carry commands —report operating conditions at strategic points aboard ship — measure speeds and distances accurately. When raiders strike, they give alarms, help locate targets, aim and fire guns.

In the air and on land, as well as at sea, other members of "**The Invisible Crew**" of all "BENDIX" Equipment move into battle. Daily and hourly, Bendix craftsmen are turning out thousands of precision products for our Armed Forces engaged in every phase of our drive for Victory.

MARINE DIVISION

Back America's invincible crew... our fighters on every front. Buy War Bonds and Stamps regularly.

THE INVISIBLE CREW

PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY Bendix AVIATION CORPORATION

From coast to coast, 25 Bendix plants are speeding members of "The Invisible Crew" to world battle fronts

ABLE-BODIED SEAMEN of "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

Global war on the sea found Bendix-Marine ready with precision marine products rolling into mass production . . . and with advance marine engineering to solve complex problems for wartime convoys. The complete list of these able-bodied seamen of **"The Invisible Crew"** comprises such vital and varied equipment as: the Marine Log, Rudder and Steering System, the Salinity Indicating System, the Shaft Speed System, the Fire Alarm System, Ship's Telegraphs, Fire Control Switchboards, Target Systems and Marine "Autosyn" Units. In all, the Marine Division contributes 1800 different items to **"The Invisible Crew."**

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Dear Ed:
We're in there pitching with you . . .

"JUST wanted you to know you're missed here at Sealed Power—the whole crew, all your pals, send their regards. George's dad is holding down your old station at the tool crib and keeping them sharp, always a jump ahead. Lots of other old-timers on the job, and young lads, too, doing a great job while they're waiting their draft calls.

"We've heard what you're doing, Ed. More power to you! Give 'em the works! And remember once in a while, that down inside those good American engines that are helping you, are Sealed Power Piston Rings and Pistons and Cylinder Sleeves made *right*, the way you'd make 'em yourself.

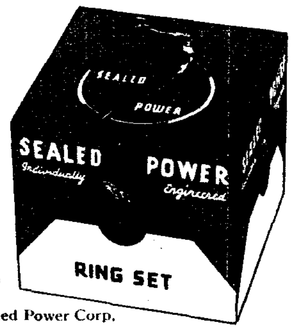
"So long for now, Ed. And good luck to you from the bottom of our hearts. Take care of yourself, boy, and come back to the job that'll be here for you."

* * *

TO ED'S FOLKS AND ALL CIVILIANS CARRYING ON: Your car or truck or tractor is an all-important asset of America now. Guard it. Care for it. And watch your consumption of precious rationed gasoline. When you see smoky exhaust, you're wasting fuel (and oil). Uncle Sam urgently recommends we keep our engines fit. Have new Sealed Power rings put in. Packaged in sets individually engineered for each make of engine. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, Windsor, Ontario.

Every gun, tank and ship is half scrap. Send your scrap to war.

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves



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ACME

WING TALK

In a palm-concealed "Bomb Garden" on Guadalcanal, a crew loads a 500-pounder on a trailer. During the bombardment last November cranes like this one weren't available, but eight-man crews kept the bombers loaded by hand

WAR DEPARTMENT officials report that the Army has begun to train the volunteer observers in aircraft recognition. Many of them have been studying on their own for months. Some time in the future, the warning-net procedure may be changed to require the men and women of the observation posts to identify the type of planes they report, but if this is done, the main features of the present aircraft-warning system will be retained, with the real responsibility for determining whether planes are friendly or enemy remaining with the Army-center officials. It is believed that identification by the spotters will cut down errors in plotting the course of planes.

Under the procedure now in effect, the spotters are not required to identify the planes they report passing over their observation posts. Their instructions are simply to notify their Army control center of the number of planes seen, whether single-engined, twin-motored or four-motored, their direction and altitude. All reports are plotted on large boards at the Army center, permitting the course of the plane or planes to be followed. As the center has been furnished in advance with the flight plans of all military, naval and civilian planes flying in or through their area, Army officials there can thus detect the presence of any intruder. Should an unidentified plane or group of planes be reported, up go Army fighters to intercept them and determine whether friend or foe.

Army chiefs say the Ground Observer Corps—as the spotter organization is called—has done a bang-up job in the two years of its existence. The volunteer watchers have stood lonely vigils in good weather and bad, doing their bit—and often much more than their bit—toward winning the war.

Countless are the stories of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty of the civilian observers. In well-populated areas, where there are plenty of volunteers, the spotters stand one or two four-hour watches a week. In remote sections of the country, they often have to do daily tricks to keep their posts manned twenty-four hours a day—in addition, of course, carrying on their regular civilian jobs or pursuits.

One man recently wrote to the Army asking if they could find some way to help him out at his observation post. He said that he and his wife stood twelve-hour watches at their post every day, as there was no one in their backwoods community to relieve them. Both of them were getting old and couldn't keep it up much longer, he said. They had been doing it for eight months.

There was the case of a woman who was told by her doctor that she had cancer and had only about two months to live. Her answer to this news was to increase the number of watches she served a week.

And there was the case of a woman on the West Coast who was serving as a volunteer plotter at a control center. Just after reporting for duty she received word that her son had been killed in action in the Solomons. Refusing to be relieved, the grief-stricken mother proved that she also was a hero. She insisted on staying at her post for her full watch.

IT ISN'T only the pilots and plane crews of Air Force units who take risks. You rarely hear of it, but the ground crews often flirt with death. During the big mid-November battle in the Solomons, for example, the armament section of the Army air group on Guadalcanal had to load bombs on planes while muddy Henderson Field was undergoing heavy bombardment from enemy warships. And not only that, but they had to hang the big missiles of destruction on the bellies of bombers without the usual equipment which normally makes such an operation quite safe. There were no cranes available, so eight-man crews loaded 500-pounders on the dive bombers shuttling back and forth between the field and the Jap fleet with no other means of elevation than their own muscles and two crowbars.

Again, during the fighting, another emergency arose and was met. One of the United States planes returned from a flight with a live 100-pound bomb still in its bomb rack and proceeded to crack up while landing. Lieutenant Guy C. Muto, of Ashland, Massachusetts, Army armament officer at Henderson Field (tersely declares a brief report received at the War Department, telling of the incident) "deactivated the bomb under almost suicidal conditions." . . .

JOHN G. NORRIS

"WHEN THE LAST BOMB GOES HOME..."

"Some dawn, our orders will come in.

"In the mist and the half light, we'll 'bomb up' as always. Strap on our parachutes. Take our places. Buckle our safety straps.

"Once again . . . familiar thunder will burst about our ears as the motors are gunned and the props bite bright circles in the air. Under our rumbling wheels the runway will tremble. Once more, the long driving rush and roar as we take to the sky!

"Some day, the cross-hairs of my sight will center a target. And at the cry 'Bombs away,' the last train will leave the bay and the last bomb will begin its long curved run to earth.

"And in its dull, exploding echoes, I shall hear the sullen crumble of walls, the crash of falling masonry and shattering glass, as the very *name* of the last stronghold of hate and lust and tyranny is purged forever from the world in one final burst of flame!

"Then—I'll turn homeward in the dusk. Home to my country, home to my town where I want unchanged, just as I left it, everything that is America to me. Everything! I hope they haven't even fixed the fence where the third picket from the gate was missing!

"Out here, America has come to mean just this to me . . . a country where I can live the way my folks and I have always lived . . . a country where there's work to do, where no one is ashamed to work, where there are no limits on a man's ambition or his opportunity to go as far as ability can take him—to grow as great as he wants to be. Whatever you do, don't change that, ever! I know now—*that's* what I'm fighting for!"

• • •

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, we're building giant new 2,000 horsepower engines for U. S. Navy Corsair *fighters . . . propellers for United Nations bombers . . . working to hurry the day when our boys will come home again, the day when we'll turn again to peaceful things, to the building of an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!*

• • •

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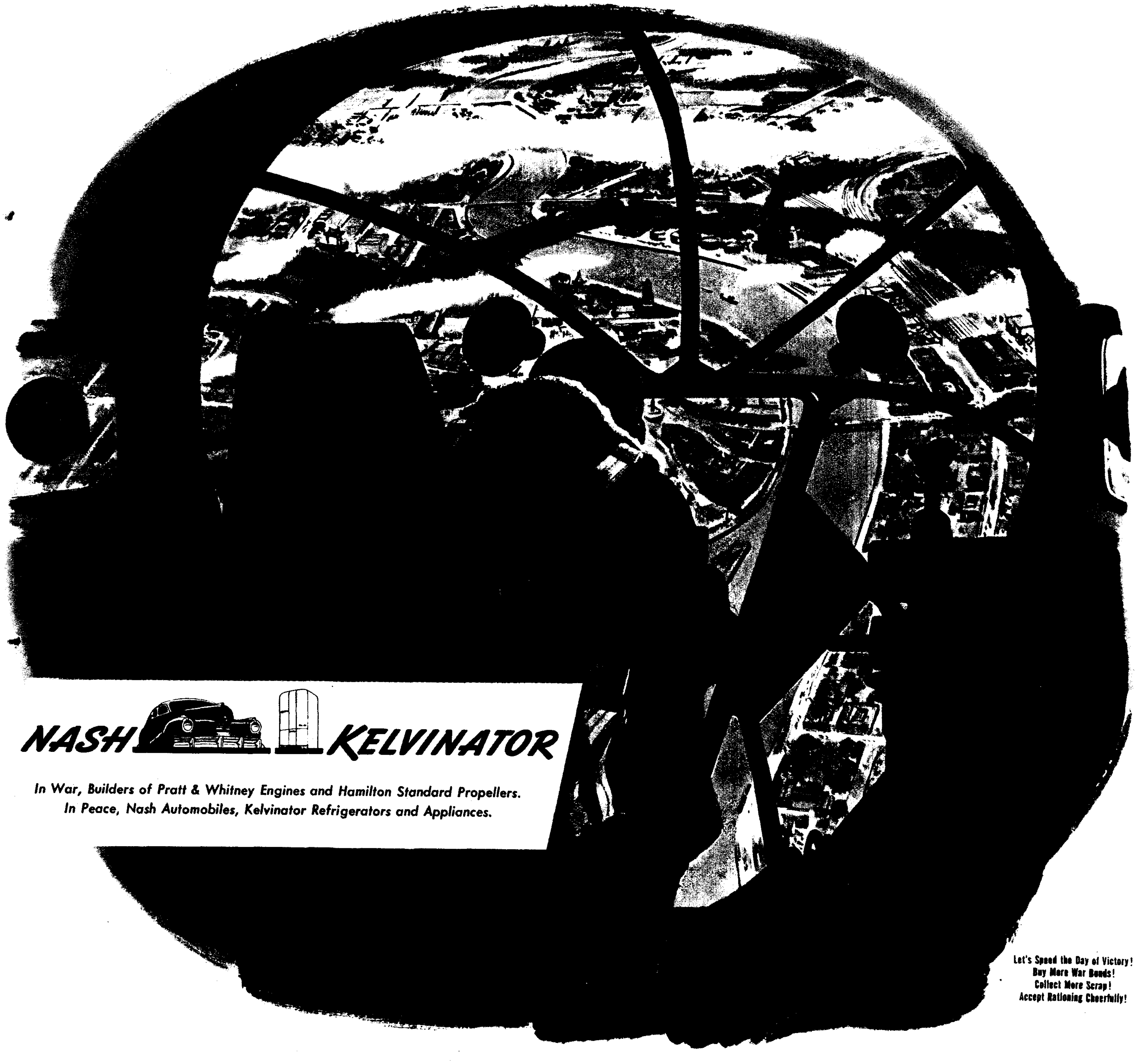

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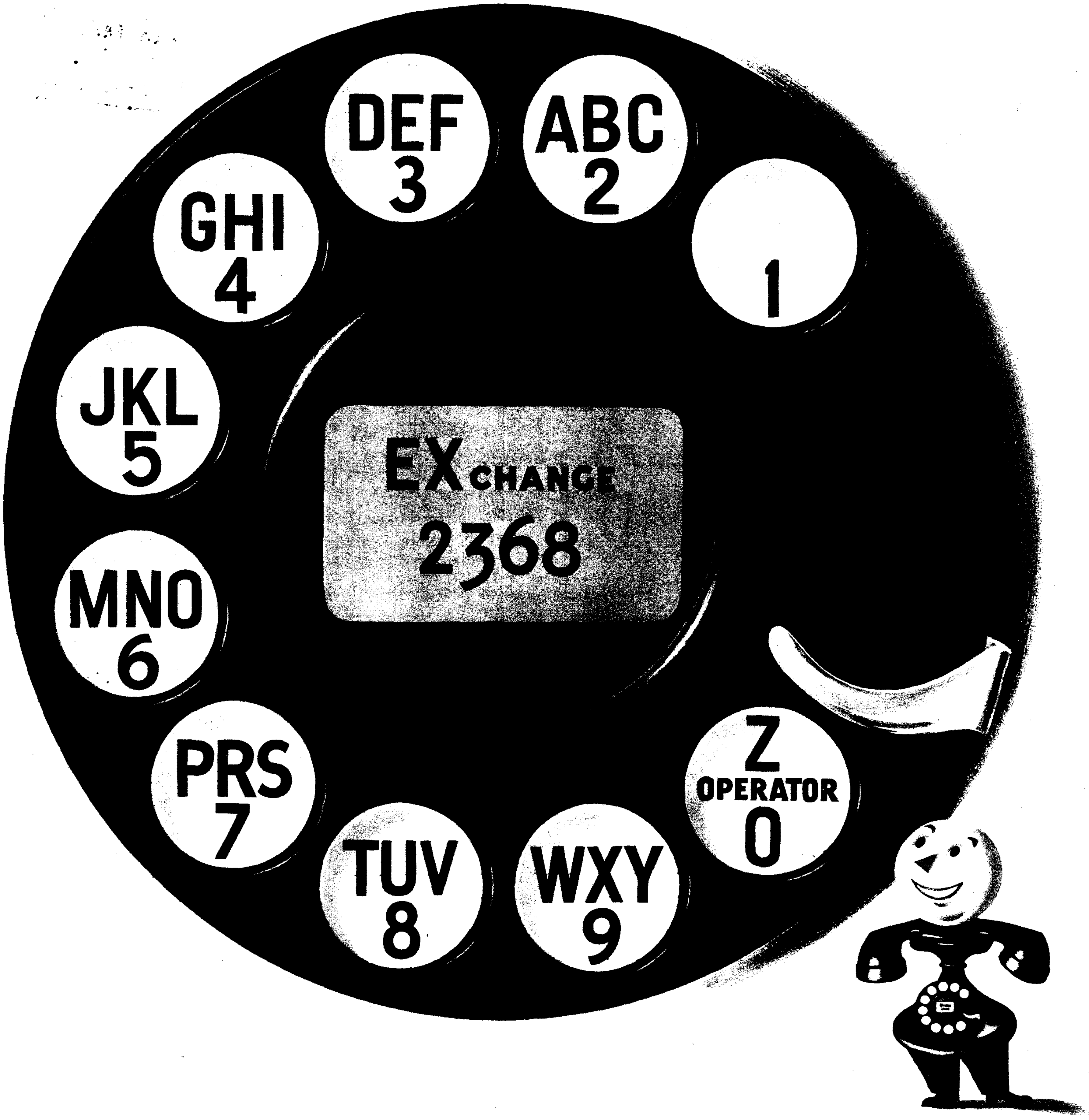
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"Good thing I was here"

Two-thirds of all Bell telephones are now dial. There would be more if the necessary materials weren't needed for war.

Today's rush of business couldn't be handled without dial telephones. They take care of more than 75,000,000 calls a day.

Even with millions of dial telephones in use, the number of operators increased more than 23,000 last year. The total number is now over 160,000.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Collier's The National Weekly for April 3, 1943

POLAND WANTS A TOTAL PEACE

BY GENERAL WLADYSLAW SIKORSKI

PREMIER OF POLAND

As told to Alfred Toombs

PUBLIC LIBRARY
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Symbol of a Fighting Poland, General Wladyslaw Sikorski has headed the Polish government in exile since 1939 when President Racdzkiewicz appointed him Premier and Commander in Chief. For the better part of his 61 years, beginning with his student days at Lwow, Sikorski has worked incessantly for the creation of a free, democratic Poland. A fervent patriot and a born leader, he was active in the underground movement when his country was still under the heel of Germany, Russia and Austria. With the end of World War I, Polish freedom became a reality. The brilliant Colonel Sikorski was made general, and, ironically, he won his greatest fame in 1920 by defeating the Soviets with whom he is now allied. A militant liberal, he broke with Marshal Pilsudski, Poland's boss. He never had any use for dictators—benevolent or otherwise. This caused his retirement to private life and he devoted his time to masterful writing on military matters. When Poland collapsed, he organized an army of Polish volunteers in France to carry on the fight against Naziism. After that country fell before the German hordes, he took his government to England, and from that fortress his leadership has become an inspiration to all Poles and free men everywhere.

General Sikorski stresses a point, characteristically tapping the table with his finger. An advocate for the grouping of small states into federations, the map illustrates his plans for a postwar Europe. The ultimate goal would be the formation of a United States of Europe

THE hour of doom for the Nazis is not yet at hand, but it is approaching. It is not too early to begin thinking of the terms of settlement. The United Nations must be better prepared for the peace than we were for the war. We must not throw down our arms too quickly, but must keep alert and strong until we have organized the world on a basis which will make war impossible. Can such a thing be accomplished? I am certain that it can. A world which has come through a total war will be ready for a total peace.

There are three steps which I consider fundamental in the establishment of a total peace:

First, we must eliminate German militarism. This can be done by destroying the Prussian hold on the Reich, by disbanding the German armed forces, and by rationing German use of essential war materials.

Second, we must punish those who have been responsible for the war and its crimes, removing from contact with the German people the classes which incite war.

Third, we must organize the smaller nations of Europe into confederations, capable of defending themselves, and we must organize all peaceful nations under a permanent system of world government which will promote and enforce peace.

Our last victory over Germany was won on points. This time we must win by a knockout. Let there be no doubt that aggression is vanquished. We are prepared to fight for and occupy every inch of Germany, if that is necessary to convince the German people that they have lost the war—and lost it forever. The occupation must be complete enough to give the United Nations unconditional control.

The revision of the German borders made at the conclusion of the last war was inadequate. This time, we will make it impossible for Germany to wage war. Plans to accomplish this have been discussed, all designed to remove the people of southern Germany from the influence of the militaristic Prussians to the north.

After this war, Germany will be allowed to maintain no armed forces and no munitions factories. It has been suggested that she should be deprived of all industry and be converted into a purely agricultural state. I do not consider this practical. No nation can exist in the modern world without industry. Germany, reduced to peasantry, would become an economic cancer to Europe.

The Polish government favors another plan of industrial disarmament which I consider more feasible, whereby Germany would be deprived of ready access to those raw materials which are indispensable for war. No modern army can fight without iron, oil and rubber.

An international organization should supervise German imports and processing by Germanic nations of petroleum and rubber, and allow no more than is needed for operation of peace industries. At the first sign of contemplated aggression, the supply should be shut off completely. Equally tight control over Germany's imports of iron from Sweden could be established by internationalizing and fortifying a chain of islands in the Baltic and North seas.

All phases of German aviation should be taken out of German hands. In preparing this war, Hitler built his military air force on the foundation of his civil aviation. There must be no Lufthansa to train German bomber pilots to slaughter women and children in the future. There must be no Junkers factories to make "commercial" planes. The manufacture and operation of civilian planes in Germany should be controlled by private enterprise from an outside country or by an international commission.

Demilitarization of Germany will not alone insure total peace. Unless we eliminate from German national life the men who are responsible for this war, we will leave fertile soil on which may be sown another crop of dragons' teeth. We Poles have a deeper interest in punishing the guilty than, perhaps, any other country because the sufferings of our people have

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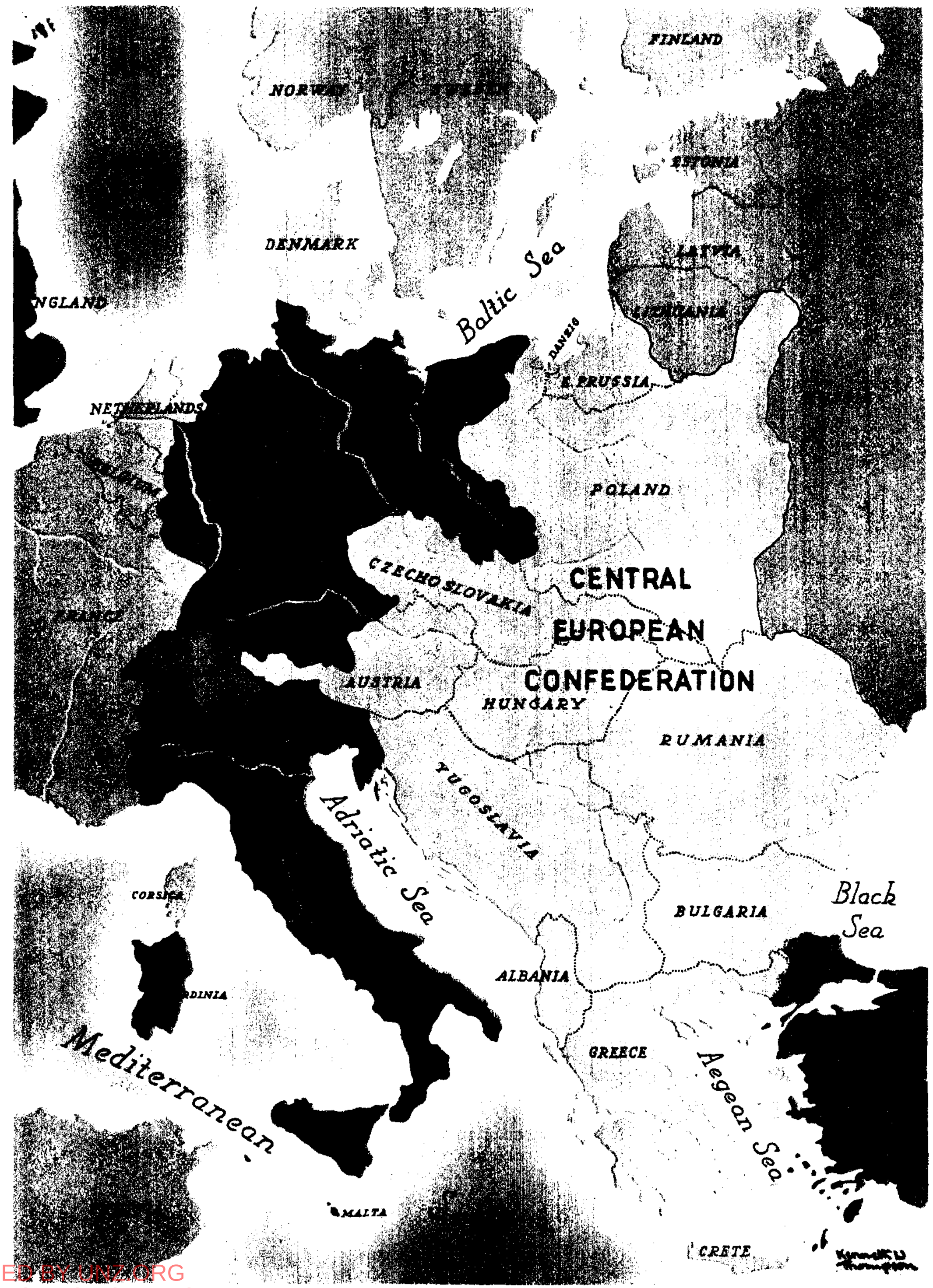
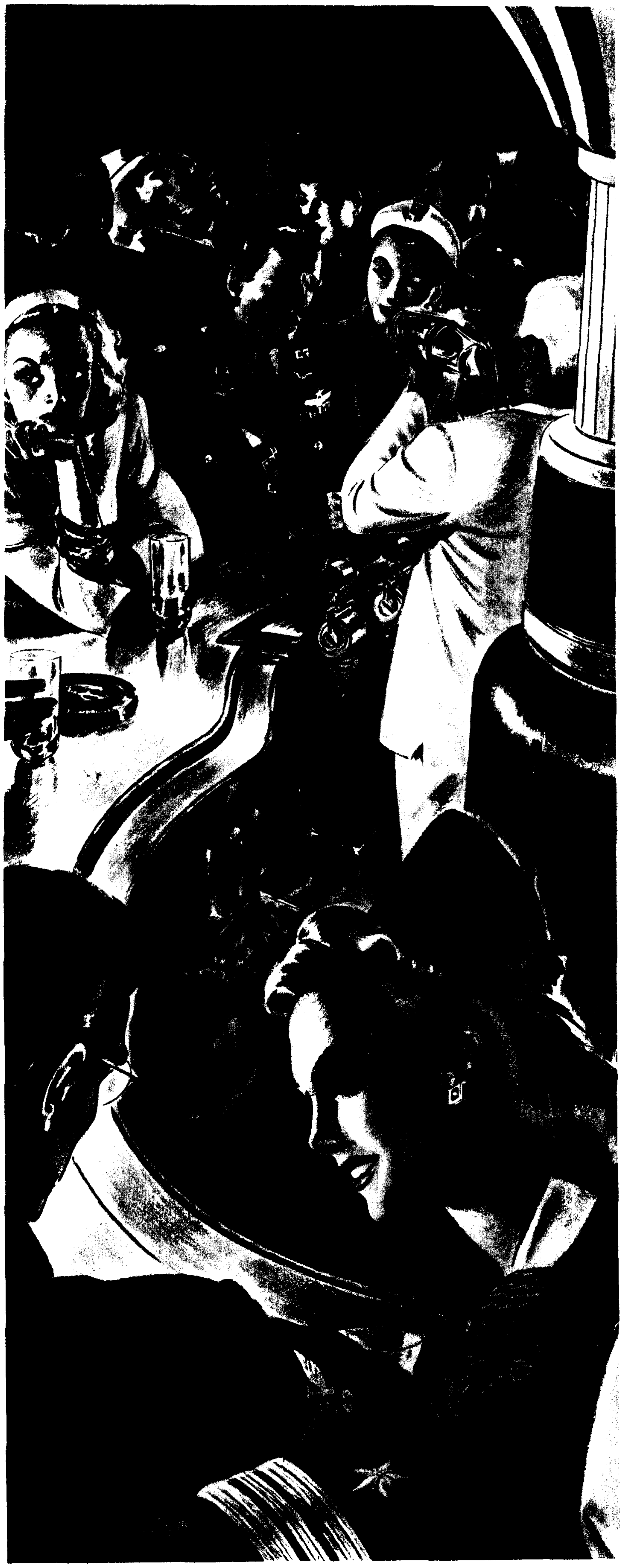




At the bar, Evie ordered a lemonade. "I'm sorry you didn't find whatever it was you were looking for, Jim," she said. "I am truly"

SO LONG, SUSAN

BY WILLIAM L. WORDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

He was a very young major, with a good deal to learn about girls, but he was lucky enough to get some expert instruction

THE major had not known it, but the red squirrel was the most important detail of the scene. A good many times, especially in the past few months, he had looked at that street corner with his mind's eye. He did it as other men took out the photographs of their wives or looked at snapshots of the houses they had lived in before they went to Iceland or Australia or Alaska.

Sometimes, closing his eyes and looking at it so, he had thought it was the thin layer of snow over the campus that he remembered best. Sometimes, there was in his nostrils an indefinable scent, cool, homelike and peculiar to that one corner.

But now, stepping off the trolley at last, he was sure that the red squirrel had been the one really indispensable component of the picture. There had to be a red squirrel at the base of the oak tree where the class of 1913 had left a stone bench as its memorial. He had thought of the squirrel somewhere over Western Canada, again at Omaha and finally as he came out of the Union Station, face to face with a peanut stand.

So now, with the familiar campus in front of him, the stone bench, the thin layer of snow, even the muffled murmur of a class somewhere in the administration building, the major stepped off the car with a bag of peanuts in his hand.

The red squirrel was there waiting, just as a squirrel had been ever since the campus was new and the oak tree young. It jumped from the tree to the bench and back again, flicking its tail, eying the uniform with trust on its countenance and deep suspicion in its heart.

The major was quite young, and it pleased him to find even so small a thing to be the way he had believed it would be. He opened the bag and threw a handful of nuts to the rodent before the satisfaction left him. When it did leave, he was not sure why it had. Perhaps because he realized that, after all, this squirrel could not be the one he remembered—so small a detail can void a dream. Perhaps it was because, after keeping his eyes away in a strange compulsion, he looked at last across the corner at the white house.

When once he looked, he could not look away, although he saw no detail of the house clearly, could tell no more than before whether it was a good house, whether its trim was green or blue. He knew only that, faced at last with the reality of being there, he could not tell for the life of him why he had come.

So, when a pretty girl walked toward him across the campus, he only glanced at her and glanced away, half scowling. Ordinarily, the major would not have scowled at anyone who looked so fresh and so very clean. Especially he should not have scowled now, just back from a number of places where the girls were neither. But the major had his dream in his hand and felt foolish about it, so he looked away.

The girl slowed her pace as she approached and finally stopped directly in front of him, staring frankly. The gaze was direct and embarrassing, even though the major knew that, for once, his uniform was correct, from the garrison cap without its wire to the oxfords scuffed from walking in the gravel of too many company streets. There was nothing the matter with his appearance, but still the girl stared. Then she said, "Well, Jim, did you wire this time? Or are you still coming to town unannounced?"

He looked at her then, trying to remember; but he came up with nothing. He said, "Susan never had a younger sister. I know that, but I've forgotten some things in five years."

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you." It was rude; but he was a very young major, feeling foolish because he was found out, feeling quite stupid to be standing in the snow with a bag of peanuts bought for a squirrel that had lived in an oak tree five years before. He took more of them out and threw them to the new squirrel, which looked very like the one he remembered but it could not have been the same.

Unabashed, the girl held out her hand. The major poured peanuts into it; and she knelt, palm up, while the squirrel tried to make up its mind. "Evelyn West," the girl said. "I was seventeen and I lived next door to Susan."

He remembered suddenly. He said, "You've changed since you threw a snowball at my derby. It had a rock in it."

"You always did the darnedest things," the girl said. "Walking past the house when you knew she wasn't home. Standing over here on the corner, mooning. The derby was the silliest, and it made me mad because I was rooting for you."

"Rooting for me?"

"The whole neighborhood took sides between you and Don, and you were my candidate. I can't imagine why."

THE major felt enough better to smile. It was peculiar to be talking like this to a strange girl; but it was better than just standing, feeling like a disembodied haunt, watching a place where the ghost had been a college boy in love. He said, "You used bad judgment. I was trailing the field most of the time."

"Have you been over?"

"No. Not yet. Maybe she's married."

"So you didn't even wire her!"

The major had stared down infantry officers who thought twenty-seven was too young for his rank even in the Air Corps. He had met Air Corps sergeants who, sure that he was too young, had started with respectful instructions and had ended by being respectful. He said, "See here, you're better-looking now than when you were seventeen, but you're still nosy."

The girl stood up, brushing specks of peanut shell off her gloves. "Why did you come back, anyhow?"

He had an answer ready in his mind and then changed it. He said, "I think you really want to know."

"I'll tell you whether she's married or not in return for an answer."

She seemed like a nice girl and he was sorry he had been rude. "I've been wandering around," he said. "The bastions of empire and all that. The bastions are in peculiar places. Some of them are covered with dust, and it rains all the time at the others."

"And?"

"Almost everybody else had something," he said. "Pictures of their wives, locks of their children's hair. Things like

(Continued on page 40)

TOO LATE FOR WISHING

By Peter Paul O'Mara

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Sometimes a girl knows too much about her boss; sometimes she only thinks she does

SHE looked at herself in the mirror and found herself much as usual, not pretty perhaps, but not repulsive either. A comfortable, competent, cool sort of face she had—not a face to worry anybody, even herself. Her hair was smooth upon her head and her forehead was serene; her mouth and eyes wore even now a little, quiet smile. And that, she thought, was strange—that eyes should reflect so little of what lay behind them.

Her watch said two-fifteen, so she picked up her pocketbook from the shelf over the washbasin and went back into the office, walking smoothly from her slim hips, looking cool and tall and immaculate in her silver-gray flannel suit. She grinned at the people who smiled at her, and winked at the freckled office boy; he had a crush on her, and she knew it. It would not do him any harm, she thought. He could have crushes on lots worse people.

She had had a crush when she was his age, too, she thought, and her grin wavered and almost broke. A crush on her boss, just like the office boy. She wondered if it had seemed as silly in a girl as it did in a boy, and could not decide. And had it been as obvious? She might ask Charles. But perhaps not; Charles was quite capable of thinking it amusing to answer truthfully, and the truth was probably embarrassing.

He was back from lunch when she went into his office—her office, now—and she stood for a moment inside the door, watching him without his being aware of her. His short, bull-shouldered body was bent almost double across the enormous width of his desk and his dark head with its heavy, shining cap of hair was bowed with engrossed interest over the papers he had started to pile together. She thought for a second that she saw a thin spot in his hair, at the crown of his head, and then she saw it was only the sun across its sleek blackness, and she breathed easy again.

He had changed almost not at all in all these years. He still looked exactly as he had looked on that first morning, away back in the days before this was his office at all, when his mother was still alive and still running the firm she had founded—a heavy, terrifying middle-aged lady with all of her son's tremendous vitality and none of his gaiety.

Maggie smiled a little to herself now as she remembered just how terrifying the old lady had been—at least on that first morning, when Maggie had stood quaking in front of this same desk, to be told, as all new girls were told, of the great traditions of the House of Greyling, and of the dire consequences that would befall any employee of the house who did not live up to those traditions. And Charles, all through the interview, had stood in back of his mother's chair and grinned, his brown eyes friendly and merry and mocking, his white teeth gleaming in his swarthy face.

By the time she left the office that morning, Maggie had been in love with him; she knew that now. She could no more have helped herself than she could have helped doing everything in her power, from that moment on, to work herself into a position where she would be more under his eye than she was in the long row of typewriters and typists in the back office. And she had succeeded. Within a year, partly through ability and hard work, and partly through sheer force of will power, she had become his secretary.

And perhaps the fact that he had known quite well what she was up to, and had been amused by it, had helped in her series of quick promotions. She had not realized then that he had known, but she knew it now.

Now, she continued to watch him for a moment, and then at last she spoke quietly: "It's two-seventeen, Charles."

He looked up and stared at her blankly, as though he had never seen her before, and then grinned and pushed the papers away from him. "I keep forgetting that these are your worry from now on. Is it time for me to be on my way?"

"Your train leaves in fifty-two minutes. Before I forget it, you'd better tell me how long you'll be in Chicago."

"Two days. Three, at the most. I'm supposed to report for duty on the sixteenth. But if it's business you're thinking of, keep it here. Claire de Lune Cosmetics are your headache for the duration and six, baby!"

They stood for a little while, looking at each other in silence.

"Maggie," he said at last, and repeated the name with a faint, odd intonation of surprise. "Maggie, it's going to be funny, trying to get along without you."

"It would be funnier trying to get along with me in the Army."

"They don't know what they're missing. A few Maggies around, and we'd have the mess cleaned up in no time."

"I know," she said dryly. "You'd just leave the war on your desks, marked 'Urgent; clear up by Monday!' And then go off and get drunk for the week end."

"And you'd have it cleaned up and filed away in time to make your Saturday-night dates."

She knew with sudden miserable desperation that they were only talking to fill up the empty, slow, terribly fleeting minutes—the way people talked in railway stations, when they were waiting to be torn apart from someone they loved. They had not talked about the weather yet, she thought. Or the latest books. But how could one talk about the things that mattered; even now, when Charles was going away, and might not be back, how could one do anything except laugh and be gay and brittle, as he expected?

"It's been a long time, hasn't it, Maggie?" he asked suddenly, and she wondered if he had read her mind.

"Longer than you think, my Charles! Eight years."

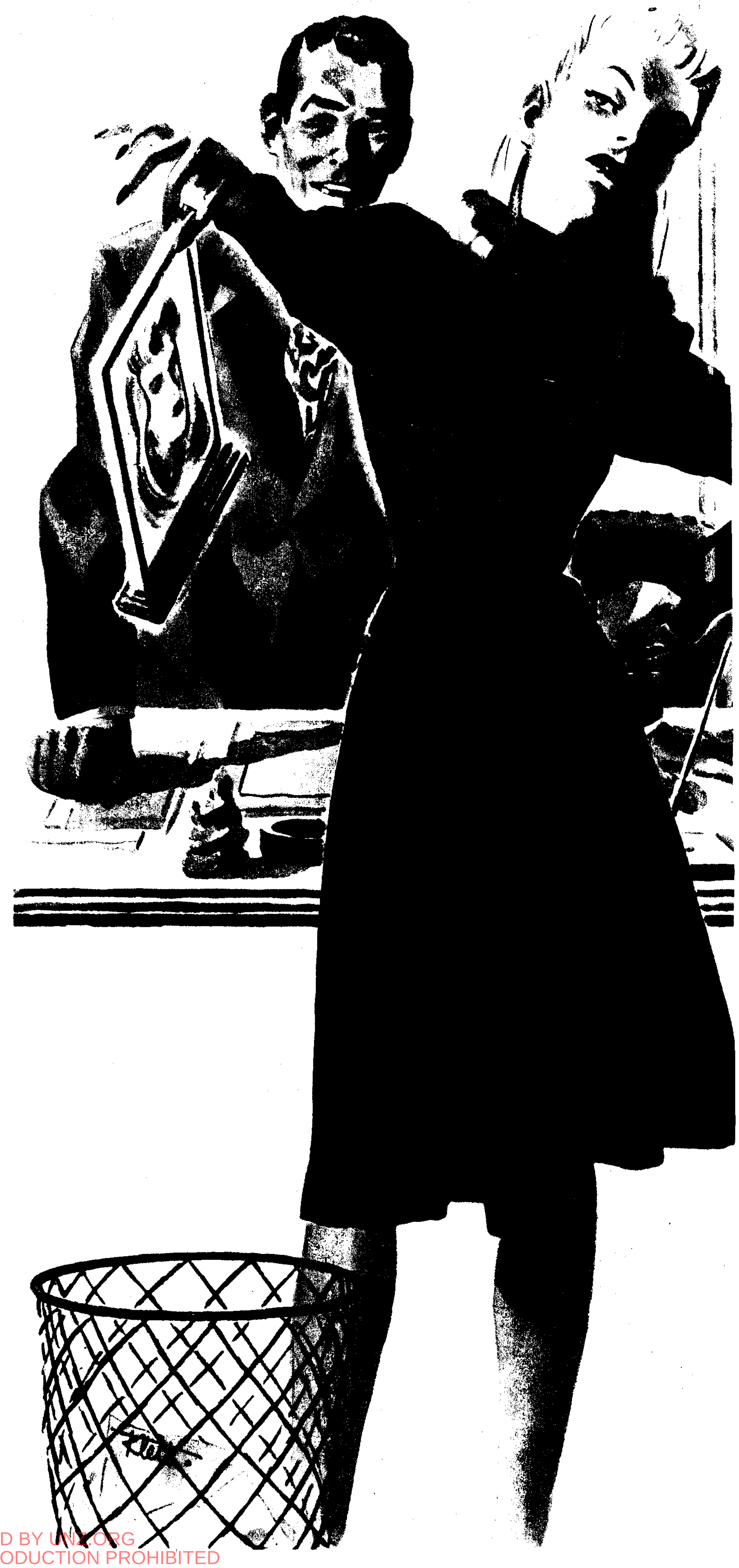
"Eight years!" He shook his head wonderingly. "And you still won't marry me. You're a hard woman, Maggie!"

It surprised her that she could still laugh. "Nails aren't in it, darling. I'd rather marry a—a—a—"

"Last time, it was an organ grinder's monkey. Top it, if you can."

She tried to top it, but nothing came to her mind, only an unaccustomed, bitter sense of frustration. Abruptly, she turned away from him and picked up a picture from his desk—a gaudy picture of a gaudy but very famous lady. Maggie looked at

(Continued on page 34)



Maggie picked up a picture from his desk—a gaudy picture of a gaudy but very famous lady. She looked at the good-natured face with distaste, holding the picture well away from her

The war-created janitor shortage means that college girls have to shovel snow, wash their own dishes, and clean their own rooms. Scripps girls, shown above, wear favorite dungarees while they are gardening

Wartime hair-do's on the college campuses have gone to baby bobs and copies of Veronica Lake's ex-style

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, GEORGE DE ZAYAS AND HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

CAMPUS CHANGES

By Anne Sinclair

IF YOU telephone Stuyvesant 9-9603 in New York, the fellow who answers will tell you it's Joe King's Fraternity House. But if you drop over, you'll find the same steins of beer as always, yellowed pictures of boxers on the wall, girls with long hair and rolled-up sleeves. Joe King's Fraternity is the new name for the German-American Club, home for wandering college students.

What has happened to the old G.A. is just about what's happened to college life in general. The outlines are changed. Campuses are crowded with men and women taking military training, refugees, women professors. Courses are so accelerated that half the boys can't remember whether they are sophomores or juniors. There are fewer and shorter vacations, more women students, harder exams. Welding, typing and war minors are pushing into strictly classical curricula.

With the 18-19 draft bill taking away a large slice of the college population as well as college revenue, rumors fly thick and fast. Already fifty schools have been forced to lock their doors. More will undoubtedly follow. Schools exclusively for men have begun to admit women.

Professors and students agree that there is a new seriousness at colleges. No automobile rides, fewer formal dances, USO functions for soldiers. At one school, the girls decided to cut down their own dormitory hours to save gas and fuel. Weeknight deadline was changed from midnight to eleven, week end from two to twelve. Most schools have organizations for scrap sorting and collecting, stamp selling.

A college course, instead of being an easy way to pass the time, has become important. Profs don't have to worry about speaking to sleeping and vacant classrooms. Reason: because education is the road to becoming an officer and a way of keeping clear of the draft until technical education is completed. Sometimes, it works the other way. Boys who still have a couple of years to go, feel pretty hopeless, are sure they'll be drafted before they can accomplish anything. Consequently, they don't bother with studies. Some have quit altogether and are marking time until called. More students are marrying, several girls taking time out to have babies, then continuing their studies.

For entertainment, the boys and girls go on hay rides, sleigh rides—anything that requires a minimum of fuel. The great problem seems to be how they can get together without cars. Scripps girls are lucky. Cal Aero, full of

Petroleum Engineering students at Texas A & M drill a well on campus. Similar war-training courses have been added to many arts curricula in our colleges

Bull-sessioning is popular sport for late hours. Above, Smith girls talk mostly on philosophy, religion, dates and their relation to war. Notice display of boy friends' pictures

lonely Air Force pilots and cadets, is a stone's throw, and a new crop comes in every six weeks. Bike armadas are organized, and everyone cycles over to Lucy and John's for spaghetti.

Girls at coed schools, while finding that men are scarcer, are fortunate when it comes to big house parties and fraternity week ends because the b.m.o.c.'s are having trouble finding transportation to import girls from the elite girls' schools —thus leaving the field open for home campus products. Smith and Amherst students, who would have "lost face" previously if seen on a bus going from Hamp to Amherst or vice versa, travel that way often and enjoy it.

Many colleges have soldiers stationed near, and there is much effort to take care of them. One, grumbling at having to appear at his fourth dance in one week, complained that he only went "to keep up the girls' morale."

There is less dating than formerly, the average girl having about two dates a week; the very popular one about five. No more things like late dates, or staggered dates, except at a few of the large Middle Western coed universities. The girls stand 50-50 as to whether they like soldiers or college men better. They think that college men drink to be smart, soldiers drink grimly. Both groups are accused of restlessness because of their uncertain futures.

Military slang has crept into college talk, though not as much as may be expected in the future—with soldiers going to classes at 200 colleges. "G.I." describes almost anything that is wrong. But the students have a language all their own. Witness these two headlines from a student weekly: "Coeds Say Riverats Sobered But Still Lush With The Mush." "Be It Booze or Cooze Prince Street Beetle Solid." The first you can figure out; the second, when translated, means: "Be it drinking or love-making, the girls of Prince Street campus are all right." Girls are beetles, janes, pigs, dishes.

In California, you "suit up" to go out. If you're stood up, you've been given the "rinky-dink," at Pomona; and at Amherst, a fellow who doesn't show up "flushes" his date. Two people saying good night often "neck up a storm." At Scripps, a juke joint is a "passion pit."

It is curious to see how slang migrates from one college to another. The expression "How about that?" used as an idle exclamation ("How about that car?" "How about that gal?") was used at Texas two years ago. It is all over the Eastern colleges now.

Each college has its special problem and interest concerning the war. Columbia worries because the grass on South Field is worn bald by marching midshipmen. Vassar girls worry about the shortage of soft drinks, chewing gum, coffee and wool. Cornell finds that bicycles are no solution to its transportation problems. The hills of Ithaca are impossible to pedal up. Yale finds that its average freshman is taller and younger than ever before. An average age is 18, height 68½ inches, weight 151. Six per cent of the class is over six feet.

One ray of light in the confusion is the example of England, where, through nearly three years of war, the universities have kept open. Another hope comes from the students themselves. They manage somehow, to preserve what they have.

Conclusion? The kids are much more serious. They've got to be. But still have a lot of fun. As to the future, no one can guess. ★★★

Left: Moving out for the Waves. These girls at Smith have moved several times in two years. Mops, lamps, books, evening dresses are lugged down Paradise Road

What Our Submarines Are Doing

By Frank Gervasi

In the control room of one of the newest and most modern class of U. S. submarines, Lieutenant Commander Samuel D. Healey, commanding officer, takes a sight through his periscope. At the left is Executive Officer Lieutenant John H. Maurer, and, in the center, Chief Torpedoman Vernon Sloggett

Our submarines, manned by efficient and reticent men who flatly refuse to blow their own horns, have been doing a big job ever since the attack on Pearl Harbor. Of all the Jap ships sunk by American weapons, the undersea boats have accounted for 37 per cent

SUBMARINERS are word-shy men. Aviators aren't usually. Neither are sailors. Fliers love to yarn about themselves and their exploits, and surface sailors like to shoot the breeze, but not the submariners.

They live and work, fight and die in an element that is silent and imposes silence. You learn to be quiet when you're lying doggo on the bottom with enemy ships searching overhead, dropping 300-pound cans of TNT and listening with sonic devices to pick up voices, the sound of a dropped wrench, the grind of a propeller.

Swede was an exception. But Swede wasn't talking about himself, now. He was talking about Fearless Freddie, a very remarkable skipper, and about his boat, a very remarkable submarine. It was not clear whether Swede loved Fearless Freddie more or the submarine less.

Swede is J. M. Eckberg, chief radio and sound man on the sub, and Fearless Freddie is Lieutenant Commander Frederick B. Warder. It is said of Fearless Freddie that he must be watched carefully lest he decide to fire a torpedo at an airplane when the submarine has a steep angle on her, climbing up out of the deep.

"I figure," Swede said, "our boat got 21 enemy ships," and it was obvious that he was slightly annoyed at the Navy's insistence that the submarine be credited with only 14. But whether the figure is 21 or 14, his submarine has proved what all submariners have known for a long time. This is that the submarine is a deadly weapon of almost infinite offensive possibilities, so far realized and capitalized almost exclusively by the Nazis.

"Freddie is just a little shrimp," said Swede, "only a little more than five foot high and weighing maybe a hundred and twenty pounds. But what a guy! He watched 'em build his boat piece by piece and then he took her out there and brought her back. He made ten patrols when most men would make two or maybe three.

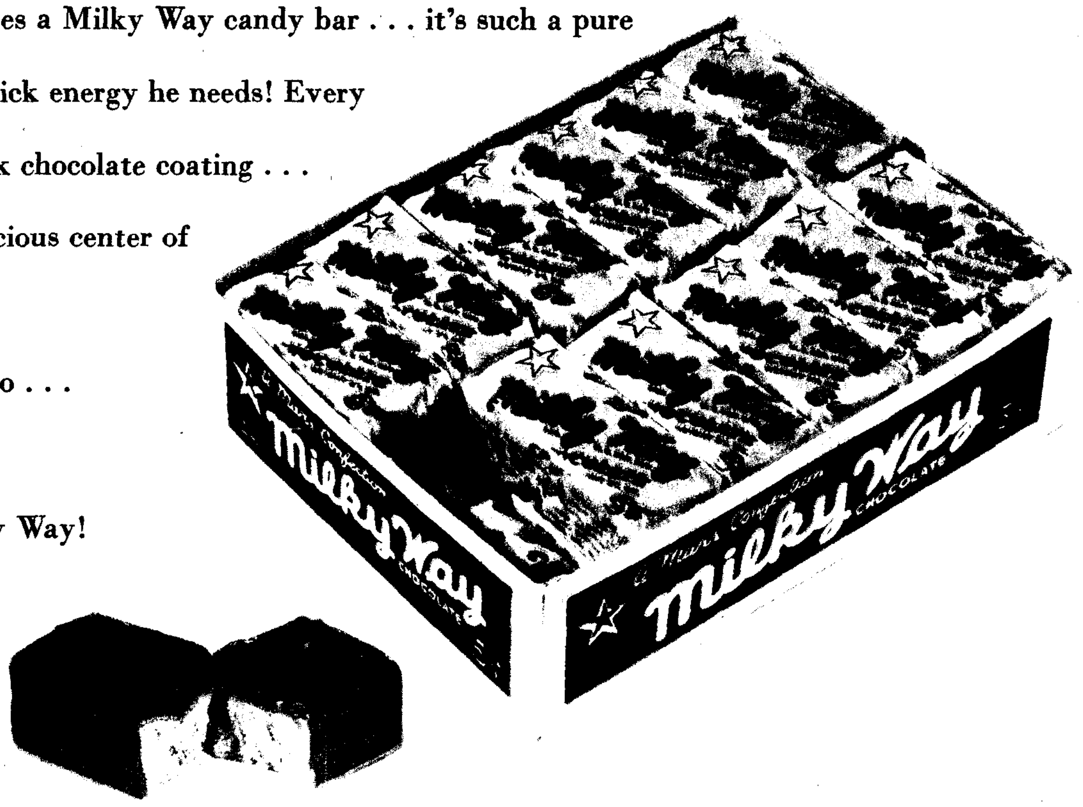
"We were doing the milkman's run in the Macassar Straits one time out. It was early in the morning and very pretty. The sun was just barely warming the night air, and it smelled good on deck. We were

Joseph G. Savageau gets his turn in the sub's tiny shower. He's a machinist's mate, 2d class

NOT TOO MUCH, DADDY

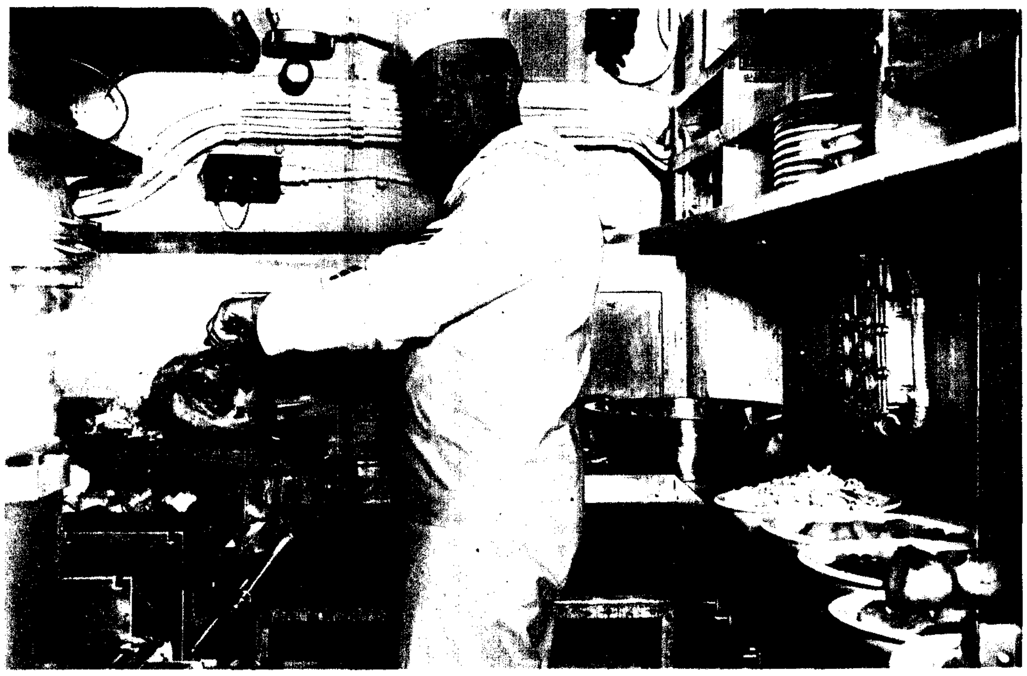
You can be glad he loves a Milky Way candy bar . . . it's such a pure and wholesome source of the quick energy he needs! Every bite's a thrill . . . thick milk chocolate coating . . . layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . luscious center of chocolate nougat, richly flavored with real malted milk.

For little boys . . . and big ones, too . . . there's no taste treat in all the world quite like a Milky Way!



In crew quarters aft, a submariner relaxes alongside a live torpedo. Because of a submarine's limited space, crew quarters must do double duty as torpedo rooms

Mess Cook William Holden serves the chow in the crew's mess, affectionately known as "the dinette." Food served on U. S. submarines is the best in the Navy



Submarine cooks are justifiably proud of their ability to turn out lots of food in little space. Here is Chief Commissary Steward Audley Carver in his tiny galley

Chief off-duty recreation is the fascinating game of Salvo, explained on page 23. Playing it: Lloyd Weidman, Electrician's Mate, and Seaman Frank Majuri, Jr.

running on the surface, getting ready to dive for the day. Then the diving signal rang.

"I'll never forget that morning as long as I live. Like I said, the water was shallow. We dived and hit coral twice. The first time we came up there was nothing in sight. The second time we broached, which means we came spang up fast and burst out of the water all drippy and shuddering.

"We took a quick look around and there we were, smack in the middle of a covey of Jappos. So help me, they were so close we could almost hear 'em hiss with surprise. We'll never know how many ships we got. Freddie was shooting at everything in sight. He never made any claims about how many we got. But we got four or five. Look, I know, I'm the sound man."

In the earphones of the sound man's mechanisms, the explosion of even a distant ash can is like the clap of thunder. Swede said he could hear the sub's torpedoes strike and explode, and the dull, distant sounds of bursting boilers.

"I could hear the innards of the dying Jap ships gurgle just like listening to a baby's belly," Swede said. "And I counted five ships. . . ."

But that was one patrol. His submarine made ten. Swede's estimate of how many Jap ships were sunk by his favorite submarine is probably accurate. The Navy Department, however, credits a submarine with a sinking only if (a) the skipper comes out flatly and says, "Yep, I sank her," or (b) a sufficient number of the crew can testify to same, or (c) a photograph provides the evidence. What the sound man hears isn't regarded as conclusive evidence.

Damage to Enemy Understated

"It's easy to deduce, from this insistence on proof, that the number of enemy ships sunk or damaged since we entered the war is probably much greater than either the admitted or the real total. If you knew that last figure—one known only to those privy to the secrets of the Navy—you'd be wide-eyed at the extent of the punishment inflicted on the enemy by our subs.

Here's a clue: On the basis of the number of United Nations vessels sunk in the Atlantic by German U-boats up to the end of 1942, our submarines have done a proportionately better job against the Japs in the Pacific. And when Germany went to war, it had at least 250 submarines and possibly 300, while we had a censorable fraction of that number in actual service.

Swede's skipper Warder is but one of dozens of American submarine commanders who've made records in the Pacific. Their roster grows every day, and to Warder's name you can add, among others, those of Frank Fenno, Elton Grenfell, Lewis Parks, and Moon Chapple, whose story was told in Collier's of May 16, 1942. There are proportionately more Navy Crosses in the submarine service than in any other branch of the Navy, and for this, there are many reasons. The submarine is an American weapon, invented and now perfected by Americans. Our men understand what the submarine can do and they employ it as what it is—an offensive weapon of irresistible hitting power. Most important of all, however, is the fact that German U-boat men are ordered or "sent" into action in ships lacking even elementary comforts and unequipped with any safety devices. Our men "go." They love the submarines and spend as much time telling you how safe they are—"safest ships afloat"—as fliers will say in describing the good qualities of our planes. Submariners and fliers are the most weapon-proud men I've met in this war.

There *is* evidence of the submariners' contention concerning the safety of our submarines. Since the war began the Navy has reported the loss of only six undersea boats, including the Argonaut.

Concerning their exploits, however, submariners are invariably mum, and no matter how well prepared you might be to contend with a submariner's economy of words, his reticence will still surprise you. Warder, a round-faced young man from Grafton, West Virginia, where he has a wife and four children, has a habit of saying, "Good," at the most surprising moments.

His sound man might report ash cans exploding very close. And when the cans are bursting and rocking the ship about, Warder will still say "Good" with each report. Swede says he couldn't figure out at such times whether Fearless Freddie was happy that the ship was still safe after each explosion or that he's caused the Japs overhead to become so roiled.

A quiet "Very well" is the accustomed acknowledgment of all orders, disasters, communications and missions aboard ship. A torpedoman might come to the control room with news that the aft or the forward torpedo room is flooded, and he would probably obtain from the Warders and the Fennos and the Grenfells who boss our subs *nothing more than* a "Very well."

This reticence, however, as admirable as the submariners' courage and ingenuity and calm efficiency, has contributed to the neglect which was the lot of the service until war came. The submariners never had a Mahan, a Mitchell or even a De Seversky to ballyhoo their virtues. Hidebound naval traditionalists with limited imagination couldn't see the submarine as

(Continued on page 22)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

OUT WHERE MAN HAS NEVER SEEN BEFORE

The colors of light which man can see are called the Visible Spectrum. But they make up only a *very small* part of the complete spectrum. Beyond man's sight are the ultra-violet, infra-red, radio and X rays, and many others today being converted to the service of mankind.

The naked eye sees very little. It can't see in the dark, through mountains or buildings, or around corners. And yet today man is seeing the wonders of a great, invisible world never before open to him — through the magic of the science of electronics.

One branch of this science, *electronic television,* lets you see what is happening many miles away, through dark or fog or walls.

Television — for industry and for your home — must wait until the war is won. The great Farnsworth laboratories, whose research has done so much toward making television a practical reality, are today engaged in the development of instruments for our Army and Navy.

Farnsworth's plants, with years of experience in the precision manufacture of the superb Capehart Phonograph-Radio and other equipment, are now devoted solely to the production of sight and sound devices for ships, planes, tanks and field forces.

But out of today's work is coming a greater knowledge for tomorrow. When the war is finally won, Farnsworth will be able to bring you radios and phonograph-radios far better than any you have known in the past. It will be ready to provide studios with telecasting apparatus of remarkable efficiency. It will provide businesses with special television equipment for many new and interesting uses.

And eventually, of course, there will be Farnsworth television receiving sets for your own home — so you can *see* news and entertainment and the great wonders of science right in your living-room. You can bring that day closer by buying today the War Bonds that will spell out the Allies' Victory!

E. A. Nicholas
President
Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION

• Manufacturers of Radio and Television Transmitters and Receivers . . . Aircraft Radio Equipment . . . the Farnsworth Dissector Tube . . . the Capehart, the Capehart-Panamuse, and the Farnsworth Phonograph-Radios

MARTHA SAWYERS

China Flight

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Three of the enemy fell in this one night from Daniel's gun, and a fourth he would not count, for as he took aim he saw the Silent Wolf lower his gun

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Pearl Harbor is attacked, Lieutenant Daniel James, of the U. S. Marines, is houseboating in China with two friends—Arnold Hatford and his Eurasian wife, Leone. James rushes to Shanghai, but his ship has sailed, and he is arrested.

Shigo Kuyoshi, a Japanese official, sends him to prison and at the same time interns two women: Jenny Barchet, an American newspaper correspondent; and elderly Mrs. Shipman, who runs a house for unfortunate girls.

Secretly in love with James, Leone Hatford deserts her husband and makes her way to Shanghai, where she takes refuge with her grandfather, old P'an Lao-yeh. . . . Fascinated by Jenny Barchet's beauty, Shigo Kuyoshi terrifies her with his advances. Then, guessing the truth—that the girl is in love with James—he forces the lieutenant to become his ricksha man.

Assisted by Shigo's chauffeur—a Chinaman named Ling—James eludes his guards and finds a hiding place in P'an Lao-yeh's house. A short time later, Shigo goes to Jenny's hotel room and orders her to accompany him. In terror, Jenny leaps from a window. The fall does not kill her; it does, however, render her unconscious, and Shigo takes her to his establishment.

Leone induces a noted Chinese guerrilla leader—the Silent Wolf—to get James out of Shanghai. . . . Learning what has happened to Jenny, Mrs. Shipman—her home closed—goes to Shigo's, where she nurses the girl. Then, when Jenny has recovered a little, Ling helps her to escape. Mrs. Shipman is not so fortunate. She is seized, taken before Shigo and shot.

Like James, Jenny takes refuge in P'an Lao-yeh's home. The Silent Wolf—who loves Leone and hopes to marry her—is there. He and Leone agree that Jenny must, somehow, be spirited out of the city. But the girl cannot walk. How can she be carried past the Japanese guards?

The Silent Wolf tells Leone that he will place Jenny in a coffin, form a funeral procession and take her to a village where James is hiding. Then he sends Ling out to procure the things that will be needed.

As darkness falls, Ling returns, lays everything he has collected before the Silent Wolf. The guerrilla is pleased. "You have done so well," he says, "that from now on, I command you to stay by me always and be one of mine." Ling listens. "I will indeed," he says joyfully.

IX

IN THE depth of the night Leone rose softly, without waking Jenny until she must, and she set about the preparations for the escape. The Silent Wolf and Ling were already at work in an inner room from which no light would escape from windows to tell that there was disturbance in this house. Into the bottom of the coffin the Silent Wolf now bored five or six small holes for air to come in and out, and then he took out an end and grooved the inside of the coffin less than halfway up, ready to slide in the false bottom. It was not an easy task, for the joiner had made the coffin exceedingly strong, and yet the end must come out so that the false bottom could be slid in.

When all was ready it was well past midnight and halfway to first cockcrow, and then the Silent Wolf said to Leone when she came in, "It is almost time to wake the foreign girl and bring her here."

And Leone answered, "When you bid me, I am ready."

This she said so sweetly that the Silent Wolf looked at her with love in his eyes, so clear that she turned her head quickly away from him.

Now the menservants of the house were already gathered here and dressed as coolies, and all was ready, except that Leone said to Ling, "How is it that your friends do not bring the Old Foreign Mother here? We cannot leave without her."

At this Ling saw there was nothing for it but to tell a tale of her death, and so he said bluntly, "Lady, I wish I had not to tell you something, but I have no other way. When I went to my friend's house today they said that the Old Foreign Mother had been found and killed in their courtyard before their eyes."

Leone's eyes grew big at this and her lips trembled, but she said as steadfastly as she could, "I cannot believe it—for if it had happened so, why were not your friends killed too?"

Ling thought to himself quickly that having made such a large tale he had no choice but to make it big enough to fulfill its usefulness and so he wiped his eyes on his sleeve and said, "Alas, so my friend was killed and his son with him, and the younger daughters taken to give to the enemy soldiers, and the house is ruined because of what I did when I left the old foreigner there, and I wish I were dead with my friend."

At this Leone turned away to hide her tears, and she had not the heart to reproach Ling, seeing his own case, but now sadly she went out of that room. The Silent Wolf was putting on his disguise, and he looked after her and then he said to Ling, "Is it true what you say, man?"

"It is true that the Old Foreign Mother is dead," Ling said.

"I am sorry for that," the Silent Wolf said, and then he went on frankly, "and yet I will say that it is easier for us all if we have not the old foreign woman to hide, too. We have a better chance of our lives, now."

Not one word of it did she tell Jenny until she must. But be sure that Jenny asked very soon when she found the time had come to escape again, and then how could Leone refuse to answer her?

"Where is Mother Shipman?" Jenny asked when she had been roused. "We must not go without her."

Then Leone helping her to dress told her very gently: "She is dead. Do not ask me how, please, for I cannot tell you. But—she was seized—and she is dead." Her lips trembled as she spoke, and she said very quickly: "Please let us not speak of her. She was dearer to me than my mother and kinder to me always than any other ever was. If we speak of her I shall weep again and I must not weep now. When we go through the gate I will think of her and weep indeed, but not now. We must make haste to do what is to be done."

So without another word, in sad silence the two young women hastened and made themselves ready. There was nothing to do for Jenny except to wrap her warmly enough, but Leone disguised herself well as a mourner, and she put ashes into her hair and made her face pale with powder mixed with water, and she put on the coarse white cotton garments of mourning, which had lain ready for old Mr. P'an's funeral. Then hand in hand they went into the room where the coffin was, and Jenny lay down in the bottom and the false bottom was slid over her, and the end of the coffin fitted into its place.

Now the Silent Wolf had bored a hole where her nostrils could breathe most easily as she was carried, for he feared the stink of the offal would creep through the wood and he bade Leone tell her to hold her face close to that hole, and so Jenny

(Continued on page 80)

This is the Doctor

of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

. . . whose Wartime Prescription is worth writing down

℞ "TAKE one or two War Bonds
in regular doses,
Keep calm and avoid
an unhealthy 'psychosis,'
Get plenty of exercise—
salvaging steel;
Be sure what you eat
is a *nutritive* meal;
Stay cheerful—yes, even
when paying your taxes,
And work with your neighbor
to help smash the Axis!"

P. S. May we add
to the doctor's advice—
Keep friendly Pabst Blue
Ribbon Beer on the ice,
For now more than ever,
this kindlier beer
Is a symbol of friendship
—a mark of good cheer,
It's *full-flavor blended,*
—which, we might explain,
Is the same method used
by the finest champagne.

In standard 12 ounce and full quart size bottles. Also on draught at better places everywhere.

Pabst
Blue
Ribbon
PABST
BLUE RIBBON
BEER

Now More Than Ever
A Symbol of Friendly Companionship

THE best prescription for friendly companionship these days in Blue Ribbon Town, U. S. A. (your town—everybody's town) is a refrigerator filled with mellow Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. To get that softer, kindlier taste, Pabst blends together no less than 33 fine brews into one great beer.

"Full-flavor blending," we call it—a Pabst process that enables you to enjoy in Pabst Blue Ribbon ALL the delicious taste tones of a "complete" beer. There is no finer, friendlier beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED
into One Great Beer

© 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

A cop's story
...with two different endings

BILL NEEDS A LAXATIVE. But he's one of the policemen assigned to duty for the parade at 11.

"No time to take a laxative," Bill figures. Too bad he doesn't know about fast-acting Sal Hepatica.

FEELING OUT OF SORTS due to constipation symptoms, Bill has a hard time keeping the crowd in hand, and flies off the handle.

"You've got to keep fit on a job like this," his sergeant tells him later.

TOM NEEDS A LAXATIVE. He's another policeman assigned to parade duty at 11.

But Tom takes Sal Hepatica as soon as he gets up, knowing it usually acts within an hour. "Never put off till tonight, the laxative you need this morning," says Tom.

TOM FEELS IN THE PINK at the parade. He handles the crowd with good-natured efficiency, is on top of the job every minute.

"Nice going, fellow," grins Tom's sergeant. "You're the kind of a cop we need."

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP FIT in times like these.

Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning. Take speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica acts *naturally* without discomfort or griping by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. What's more, Sal Hepatica helps turn a sour stomach sweet again by helping to counteract excess gastric acidity.

3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this sparkling saline laxative. Try Sal Hepatica.

Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.

SAL HEPATICA
Product of Bristol-Myers

TUNE IN: "TIME TO SMILE" starring Eddie Cantor—Wednesdays 9:00 P.M., EWT

What Our Submarines Are Doing

Continued from page 18

anything more than an adjunct of the battleships and cruisers. To the horse-and-buggy naval strategists of yesterday, the submarine represented merely a scouting and observation auxiliary weapon which might, with luck, sometime surprise and sink an enemy ship.

And on December 7, 1941, we had, for a major sea power, a third-string submarine force. Theoretically we had 113 submarines, with 73 building and 23 more scheduled to be constructed with appropriations passed by Congress on December 23, 1941. Actually, however, there were substantially less than 100 submarines in service. Thirty-five subs of the 113 were of the S-type which were found to be unsatisfactory and had been withdrawn for refitting.

Problems of Long-Range Subs

Out of the total of submarines available for duty, roughly only one third could be spared for action against Japanese shipping lanes. For this, there were several technical reasons. Our submarines, unlike those of any other nation, operate at extremely long range, as much as 5,000 or 7,000 miles from their bases. They're away from home for from two months and upward. After their long war patrols the boats must be repaired and refitted.

Unless there are reserves and replacements available, there can be no continuity of effort in the battle zone. Each sub that comes home is immediately replaced. A constant number is kept in any designated region to prevent the enemy from taking advantage of a lull in our submarine operations to rush supplies or men to weakened theaters of land warfare.

With our declaration of war on Japan, the picture changed rapidly, although not fast enough to suit our submariners. In May, 1942, an additional appropriation was made by Congress for the construction of 200,000 tons of submarines which are now coming off the ways in yards on both coasts at a rate surprising to the layman but still unsatisfactory to submarine commanders.

Even the publishable figures appear to support their point of view. Up to August 19, 1942, American submarines had sunk or damaged 82 of the 219 Japanese ships sunk by all weapons—surface vessels, bombers, torpedo bombers and torpedo boats. This represented 37 per cent of the total. Our submarines accounted for 27 per cent of all enemy warships sunk, and for 60 per cent of all noncombatant shipping sent to the bottom.

The submariners' record improved as more boats entered service. The Navy Department has credited our submarines with having sunk approximately 180 Japanese ships of all categories. The actual figure is considerably higher.

Written down beside the total number of United Nations ships sunk or damaged by German U-boats since September, 1939, the admitted 180 sunk or crippled by our own subs in the Pacific might not seem so startling. But every Jap ship sent to the bottom represents a proportionately higher loss than the equivalent in American or British tonnage.

The reason our submariners give for this is a simple one: The Japs, they say, send supplies to their overseas troops only when absolutely necessary. The Jap soldiers fight on less food, medicines and other nonmilitary supplies than their American or British counterparts. When a Jap ship leaves a Nipponese port with materials for troops in the Solomons, Burma or anywhere else, it means more to Jap operations than would a comparable British or American ship.

The submariners see their mission as twofold in the Pacific. First, they must prevent ships with raw materials for Japan's war industries from reaching Nippon. Second, they must intercept and sink all ships sailing from Japan for overseas battlefields. The Japanese soldier might be able to live on the country in the rice regions of the Pacific, but his guns, tanks, shells, planes and other fighting equipment must come from Japan over thousands of miles of water. That's Japan's greatest weakness—her long supply lines.

"Let's really blockade Japan," say the submariners.

They recognize the airplane as a great weapon. But they insist that until the bomber is built which can fly one quarter of the way around the world and return in all weathers the submarine is the answer. Weather, major enemy of the airplanes, doesn't bother the submarine much. While our bombers might be weatherbound on Alaskan bases, our submarines have cruised near enough to Jap shores to see Fujiyama.

Although the pace of submarine construction has increased many times in the past year, there is a tendency in Washington to neglect the submarines in favor of more highly advertised weapons such as PT boats and big bombers. The members of the Silent Service aren't complaining about favoritism shown toward other sea- or aircraft. They merely want a just share of the appropriations and a fleet of submarines big enough to do to the Japs in the Pacific what the Germans have done to us in the Atlantic.

Take Ensign Sam Clark. He was recently promoted to his rank after twelve years in the Navy as an enlisted man. He was aboard the submarine commanded by Lieutenant Commander Stanley P. Moseley, which was the first of the fleet to patrol off Tokyo and the first to sink a Jap ship with a submarine deck gun.

"The captain told me to hit the bridge with my first shot," Clark said. "He said I was to put my next shot right through the big, red Jap Rising Sun painted on the vessel's side. Well, that's just what we did. The enemy caught fire and went down. My conscience hasn't bothered me yet for anything we've done. We were bombed by a Jap dive bomber on our way to Pearl Harbor on the morning of December 7th. I guess none of us will ever forget that and what we saw in Pearl Harbor later. . . ."

Tokyo Rose Changes Her Tune

Moseley's ship often worked close to Jap shores. The sub lay almost within sight of land at night, waiting for strays, while the crew listened to Tokyo Rose. She was a broadcaster who spoke in English on propaganda broadcasts beamed to the Philippines and California. Clark said she liked to refer to our subs as mere toys which the Jap fleet would wipe out in no time at all. "But after we'd sunk a few of their ships," Clark added, "she began calling us the Black Panthers of the Pacific. We got a big kick out of her."

It doesn't take much to amuse submariners. They make their own fun. The cooks take pride in producing meals under difficulties. There was the one, for example, who baked the fleet-famous "Up-Angle" cake. The sub was running upstairs fast to take a shot at a Jap ship which the sound man had picked up with his instruments. The cake was in the oven. When it was served later, the cake had a thirty-degree slope on its frosted top.

Aboard ship, the men pass the time reading, playing checkers or their favorite game, Salvo. One submarine refused to leave port until 5,000 mimeographed forms on which to play Salvo had been taken on board.

American submarines are among the largest and certainly the most comfortable afloat. Our long-range boats are as big as a destroyer and much roomier. They fire six torpedoes from the forward tubes and four aft; if necessary, they can remain at sea for as long as six months.

Food is tops. Submarine cooks are the best in the Navy, although how they manage in galleys barely wide enough for a good-sized man to stand in sideways is the wonder of all skippers in the fleet. To learn how the submariners live, I took a dive and made a short Atlantic patrol in one of our bigger and more modern boats.

It was a cold New England morning as we moved away from the dock with the Diesels roaring. There was ice on the fat hull above the water line. Captain Sam Dealey took me below for the first of innumerable cups of coffee.

Like all submarines, our ship glistened and it smelled sweet. It was bright with polished brass and stainless steel, and the myriad control lights, red and green, of the panels in the control room were merry as a Christmas tree.

I wanted to smoke but I'd heard or read that you couldn't smoke on a submarine.

"Go ahead," said Dealey. "This sub's air-conditioned. We just blow the smoke out. The men may smoke any time unless they're at battle stations or we have been submerged for a long time and don't want to foul up the air too much, or we're lying low and there's an enemy ship overhead. Then we can't blow the smoke out. Bubbles give you away as easily as noise."

Lying on the bottom in 150 feet of water with the motors dead and all machinery stopped as though we were being attacked by enemy destroyers with ash cans, we had a good lunch in the shiny wardroom. Everyone was careful not to make any noise.

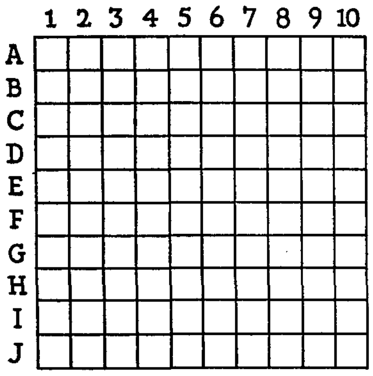
"If this were the real thing," Dealey drawled, "we'd make the men take off their shoes, too."

THE END

How Submariners Play Salvo

THIS IS THE GAME REFERRED TO IN WHAT OUR SUBMARINES ARE DOING ON PAGE 18

Salvo is a two-person game. Each player has two identical charts of 100 squares each, numbered and lettered like this:



Charts A and B

Each player shows, by blacking in certain squares on his A chart, the disposal of his fleet (see example below). On Chart B he records the number and location of shots he fires at his opponent's fleet. How this is done will be explained presently.

Here is Chart A filled in and representing a typical arrangement of a fleet:

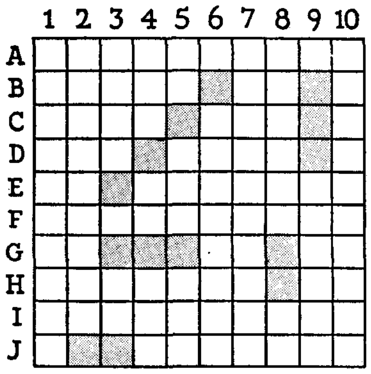


Chart A, showing fleet in position

A fleet is composed of one battleship (four adjoining black squares), two cruisers (three squares each) and two destroyers (two squares each). Ships may be placed horizontally, vertically or diagonally, in any arrangement, but each separate ship must be in one line as shown. Players do not see each other's charts.

To begin the game the first player, elected by the toss of a coin or agreement, fires ten shots by naming ten squares at random, calling them by number and letter.

For example, the first player might call out his ten shots thus: "3-E, 5-C, 7-D, 9-A, 9-C, 9-D, 10-F, 10-J, 8-H and 8-I." As he calls these shots he writes the figure 1 (for series No. 1) in the proper squares on his B chart. Meanwhile, the second player puts a figure 1 in the corresponding squares on his A chart, where his fleet is lined up.

After the first player has finished his ten shots the second player announces the number of hits, if any, and the identity of the ships damaged. In the example above, the second player's battleship suffered two hits (3-E and 5-C), a cruiser was hit twice (9-C and 9-D), and a destroyer once (8-H).

Now, for keeping track of the damage done to his opponent's ships each man has chart C, which looks like this:

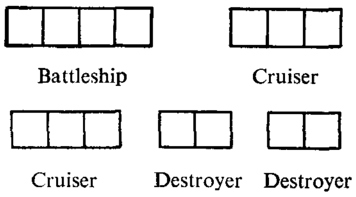


Chart C

To record the damage described in the above example, the first player writes the figure 1 in each of two battleship squares, in each of two cruiser squares and in one destroyer square.

The second player then fires his ten shots, keeping a record on his B chart and this time writing the figure 2 (for series No. 2) in the corresponding spaces. The first player is of course writing the figure 2 in the same spaces on his A chart.

As the game progresses and the rounds fired begin to group on the respective B charts, each player can plot his shots. For instance, if the first player's battleship is hit once in series No. 3 and once in series No. 9, the proximity of the figures 3 and 9 on the second player's B chart will reveal to him the general position of his opponent's ship and he can concentrate on sinking it. The C chart tells him at all times when and where the hits were made.

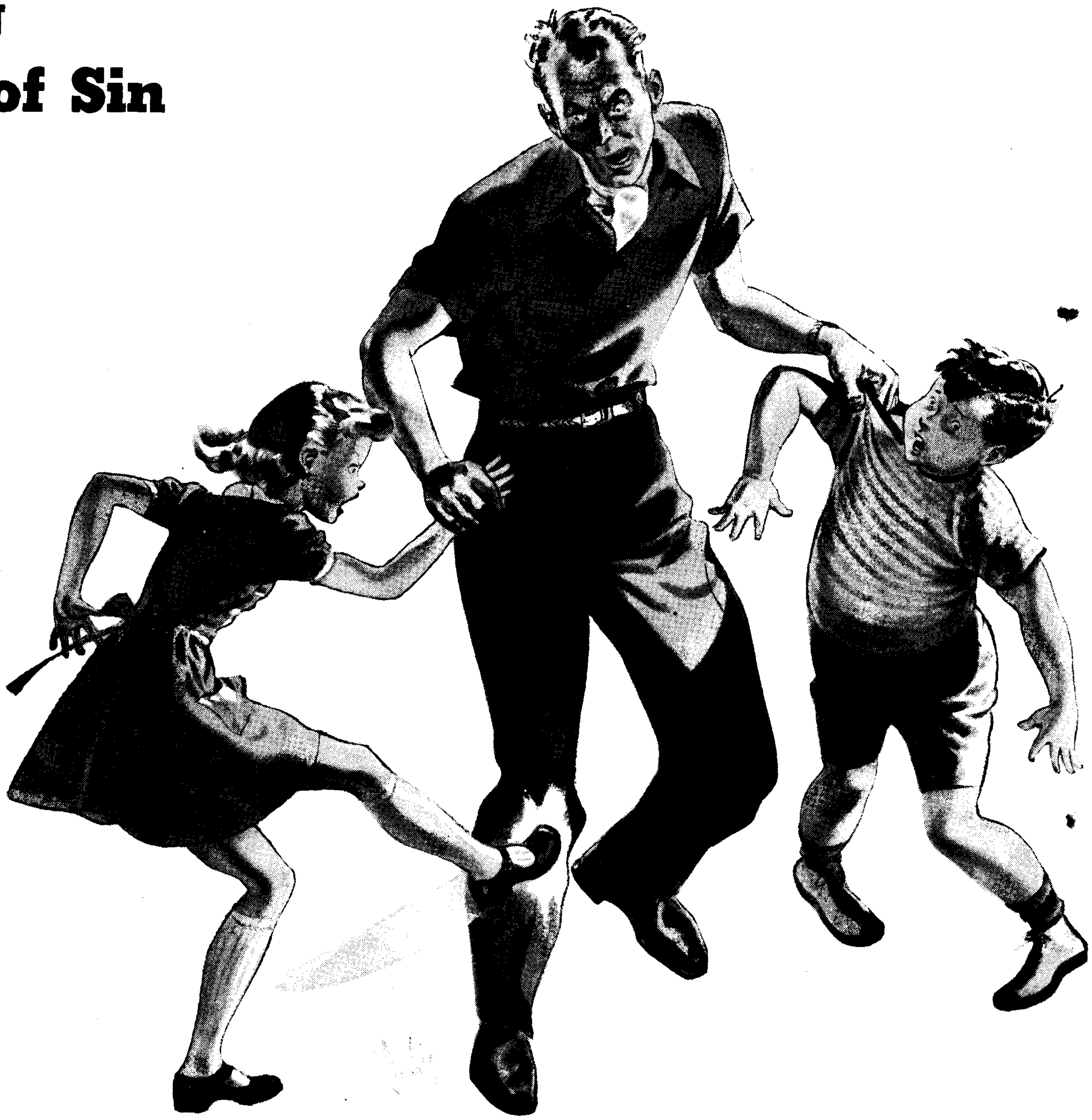
When and if one player wipes out all the black squares representing one enemy ship, his opponent is penalized a certain number of shots per turn. Penalty for the loss of a battleship is four shots; for the loss of a cruiser, two shots; for the loss of a destroyer, one shot. Thus if a player loses his battlewagon he is allowed only six shots in succeeding series. First to annihilate the other's fleet wins. ★★★

HERE IT IS! THIS NEW LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER IN THE NEW WAR-ECONOMY CONTAINER
LISTERINE
TOOTH POWDER
DOUBLE SIZE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
NET WEIGHT 4.2 OUNCES
10% More Powder
No Higher Price
IT'S A NEW QUICK-FOAM POWDER THAT GIVES REAL "WHIRLPOOL CLEANSING" —BOY, HOW IT POLISHES!

Concerning A Woman of Sin

By Ben Hecht

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



Orlando lifted Moriarity to his feet, then shouted at the little authoress, "I'll break your neck!" . . . "I'll break your neck, you!" Daisy screamed. She rushed at Orlando and started kicking his shins and biting him

Conclusion

CONSIDERING that Orlando Higgens, Inc., was less than two miles removed from the Empire studios and that some thirty Higgens employees were more or less involved in the Daisy Marcher secret, you would naturally conclude that the whole thing would be out of the bag in a day or two. This is a conclusion, however, based on logic and rationality, neither of which attitudes will get you far as a Hollywood historian. For the cinema capital has a psychology of its own—as illusive as a frog's dream and as capricious as a June bride.

I will not go into the matter further than to explain how so elephantine a conspiracy as that launched by Orlando Higgens could thrive undetected practically in the open. The basic reason is that nobody believes anything in Hollywood. The rest of the world may be skeptical about Hollywood stories, but Hollywood itself is far beyond that. It unblushingly knows itself for a liar and behaves accordingly, ignoring anything short of murder.

It was thus that Orlando was able to become the guardian of Daisy Marcher, to board and room her in his hotel, to ride her to his office every morning (as befell later) and to continue in his desperate deception of Jerome B. Cobb and his myrmidons without discovery. I was, myself, amazed.

Daisy remained in the hotel only for a brief time. Three nurses, hired by Orlando to watch his little client when he was too busy with other business, resigned in the first three days. Daisy refused to be treated as a parasite. She insisted on continuing with her literary career.

"Well, you can do your writing in this hotel suite," said Orlando. "It's a beautiful place. And when you get tired you can use the pool and learn how to swim."

"I don't want to swim," said Daisy. "Once when I was crossing the ocean the boat was sunk and I saw two hundred people drown, most of them little girls just beginning life. Swimming didn't help them any."

"You did, eh?" Orlando beamed.

"Yes," said Daisy, "the sight of water makes me sick ever since. And besides, I can't write in a place like this."

Orlando was eating ice cream with his little client during this discussion.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because it's a firetrap," said Daisy, "and yesterday I smelled smoke. There was a fire in one of the rooms but they put it out. And they bribed the elevator boys not to say anything about it."

"Where would you like to work?" Orlando asked.

"In your office," said Daisy, "because I'll feel safe there and don't have to worry about getting drowned or burned alive."

"Okeydoke," Orlando said. "I'll have everything fixed up for you in the conference room."

"That will be fine," said Daisy, "but I don't like conferences. And I don't like all those chairs in there, either. When I am writing I always lie on the floor."

"We'll take the chairs out," said Orlando.

"And nobody can come in except me," Daisy cried.

"Nobody," Orlando promised, "unless you want them. It'll be your own personal studio. But you've got to stay in there. I'm going to keep the door locked. And no monkey business!"

After this, Daisy rode to work with Orlando every morning and was locked away in the conference room for the rest of the day. Within two weeks, the whole thing had become a matter of routine to the Higgens organization.

The contracts were signed, and Mr. Cobb, laying aside his Pharaoh mantle, busied himself personally with his chef-d'oeuvre. His work consisted of hourly conferences with the heads of his publicity department, for Mr. Cobb felt that his moods as an artist were a matter of great public interest. The Empire studios buzzed with the magnitude of the event, and the nobles sweated loyally to make certain that Mr. Cobb's achievement would be worthy of his position.

There was only one disturbing element for Mr. Cobb. This was the continued absence of Daisy Marcher from the arena of his labors. J. B., who had never felt the existence—let alone the need—of an author, conceived an odd longing for Miss Marcher. He spoke of her frequently, and it was obvious that her indifference to his favors had impressed him as much as her great work.

"She's an unusual type for a writer," he explained to his publicity heads; "the kind that you read about. She lives in her dreams and refuses to come out into the world. I understand that—and respect it."

And Mr. Cobb wooed this fellow dreamer daily in the press. His publicity department filled the movie columns with copy relating the depth and beauty of Daisy Marcher's mind. She was—one columnist friend of Mr. Cobb informed seven million readers of her syndicated articles—the first great dramatic talent to write directly for the motion pictures. Another proclaimed her as the greatest sex psychologist since Havelock Ellis.

A number of literary figures, expensively employed by Mr. Cobb, read her screen play and likened it in print to Dostoevsky and Joseph Conrad, and some of the more sophisticated ones to Balzac and Bernard Shaw.

Mr. Cobb's hopes of endearing himself to the seclusive Daisy Marcher by allowing her to share his press campaign had an unhappy effect on Orlando. He was reminded every morning of the volcano on which he was sitting, and his digestion suffered—for part of the day. But Orlando found a use for the Empire fanfare of Marcher publicity. He was able to keep his child authoress reasonably contented by reading the stories to her at night.

I WAS away for two weeks attending a life-and-death rewrite matter on location. The new ending I had written for our picture had necessitated a new beginning. I called on Orlando immediately on my return. He was bland and untroubled. He assured me that everything was hunky-dory and that Daisy was an interesting child and was getting along nicely.

"I've changed her a little," he said, "so she don't look so much like a baby cooch dancer. We've had a barrel of fun."

Daisy came out of her atelier holding some newspapers in her hands. She was somewhat changed. The hair ribbon was gone and the hair itself had been reasonably cut. Her dress came below the knees and she had on long stockings.

"Looks a little older and a little fatter, don't you think?" Orlando chuckled.

"I'd still take her for about nine," I said.

"Yes," said Orlando, "but not a young nine."

Daisy greeted me happily.

"What do you want now?" Orlando glowered at her, but there was a chumminess in his voice.

"I want to know," said Daisy, "who

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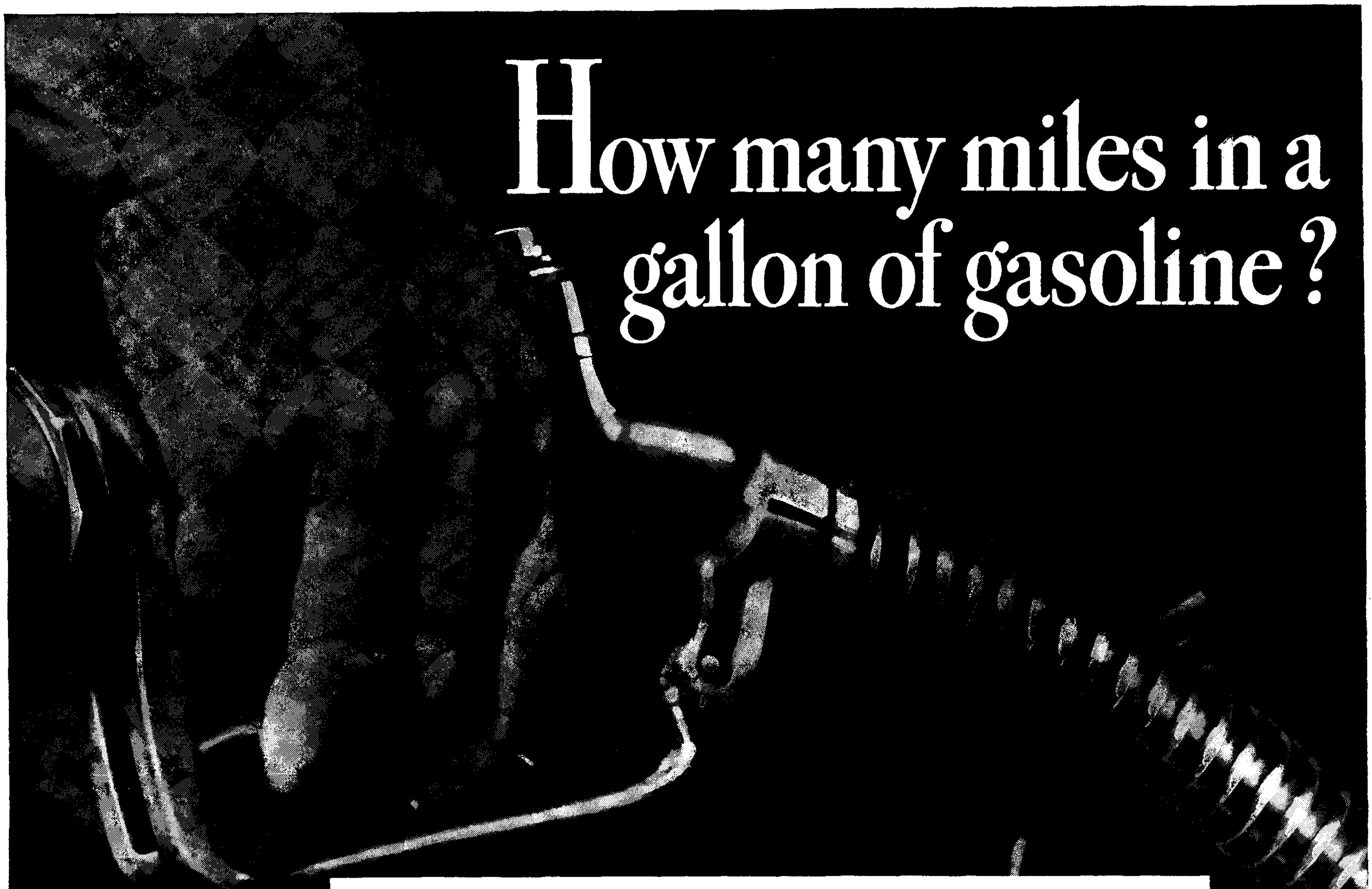

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puts all these things in the papers about me."

"Why, I do, honey," said Orlando tenderly.

Daisy climbed up on his lap and kissed him. "You're wonderful," she said.

"How about my red-rimmed eyes, huh?" Orlando asked.

"Oh, those," said Daisy. "They're getting better."

I was impressed by the fact that in some curious way the mastermind of Higgens, Inc., and Daisy Marcher seemed twins, mentally and spiritually.

"I would like you to put something else in the papers," Daisy pursued.

"A real ham," Orlando chuckled proudly. "What's biting you now?"

"I'm tired of reading about A Woman of Sin," Daisy pouted. "I would like to read about The Sea of Blood."

"What's that?" Orlando's eyes widened.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Daisy scowled. "I've told you and told you a hundred times. That's the screen drama I'm writing about those pirates I told you about, and it's half finished, too."

A phone rang. Miss Flannigan announced, "There's a Mr. Moriarity to see you."

Daisy slipped to the floor and ogled the door excitedly.

"Oh, he's come!" she panted. "Oh, goody, goody! Oh, my, isn't that wonderful?"

"Who's Moriarity?" Orlando demanded.

"You'll see. Just wait." The little authoress started jumping up and down. "Tell him to come in right away, Miss Flannigan. Oh, dear, this is very nice. Now I can finish The Sea of Blood. He knows all about pirates."

"He's on his way," said Miss Flannigan coolly.

THE door opened slowly, as it had done on a certain afternoon some weeks ago, and there appeared on the threshold a figure almost as startling as had presented itself on that other time. It was a small fat boy in tight knee pants with legs protruding at a remarkable angle like a pair of props. He was wearing a sort of pancake hat and holding a large ice-cream cone in his hand.

"Is this Moriarity?" Orlando asked.

Daisy was too blissful to speak. She nodded.

"Yes, I'm Moriarity," the fat boy squeaked.

"Come on in," said Orlando, and Moriarity advanced two paces before his valor gave out. He covered his confusion by concentrating on the ice-cream cone.

"What's your first name?" Orlando asked.

"They call me Captain," said Moriarity. "Hello, Daisy. I got your letter and I come over soon as I can. First I come over to your mother and she told me here."

"How is her mother?" Orlando asked.

"Knittin'," said Moriarity.

"Come on in here," said Daisy. She had skipped over and seized Moriarity's unoccupied hand. "We're going to work in here, and you can bring your boats. He's got a whole navy. There's plenty of room and a sink, even."

"I can only stay a couple hours," said Moriarity, "then I gotta go home. But I'll come back and bring my boats."

The two children vanished into the conference room.

"Kinda cute," said Orlando, beaming.

A phone rang.

"It's Mr. Cobb," said Miss Flannigan; "the white one."

"Hello, J. B.," Orlando greeted him. "How's everything coming along? . . . Oh, is that so? Start Wednesday, eh? Well, here's hoping." Orlando nodded and yepped for several minutes. He resumed suddenly, "Listen, J. B., you know I'm on your side. I've been breaking my neck to get Miss Marcher to see it your way. I told her straight I considered her absolutely psychopathic for behaving the way she is. She owes it to you to attend the studio party in her honor. Listen, we're absolutely together on that, J. B."

There was a pause and more yepping. Orlando resumed, this time in a hurt voice, "I give you my word of honor I've done everything humanly possible. Do you know what happened? Last night I went so far as to threaten to kidnap her and drag her over to you by main force. She lit out and grabbed a midnight train. . . . Oh, I don't know. She'll be back. Just one of her huffs. . . . Okeydoke. I'll keep plugging, J. B. Will do. And good luck to you!"

Orlando hung up and shuddered.

"This is getting a little complicated," he said. "They start shooting next Wednesday."

I asked him if he were worried. The larkish light returned to his eyes.

"Uh, uh," he said, "nothing will happen. These sort of things always blow over."

A WOMAN OF SIN was finished on schedule. I sat with Orlando and a group of Empire nobles in the projection room and watched a first rough cut run off. It was as daffy a piece of cinema claptrap as I had ever seen. It had cost two millions and it was acted almost entirely by stars earning from four to seven dollars a minute. It related the woes of a beautiful girl of the people who sought happiness through four different society men, all stars, and ended by dedicating her broken heart to the Red Cross. Here in the great struggle between Democracy and the Nazi philosophy, she met a patriotic doctor—the only nonstar in the picture—with whom at last she found true happiness as an ambulance driver.

When the lights went up, I beheld Jerome B. Cobb in a back seat. His eyes were streaming with tears. He was too overcome to speak but handed Orlando a sheaf of publicity matter. A Woman of Sin had been seen in its first rough cut by nine of the nation's leading cinema critics and acclaimed by all of them as Hollywood's finest and most sophisticated sex drama. These opinions were already in print awaiting the monster advertising campaign.

"The picture," said Mr. Cobb, who had finally stopped sobbing, "will be released in two months—just in time for Christmas week. It is my present to the thinking people of America."

"Great idea," said Orlando and then looked thoughtful. The Pharaoh's eyes were regarding him with the hunger of the artist before his wet canvas. Orlando was always at his worst in a projection room. "I can't help it," he had often apologized to his clients. "I guess I'm no judge of movies. I hate 'em too much."

"Well, J. B.," he continued in a strained voice, "it's quite a picture. Lots of stuff in it. Ought to go big. But do you think you can get those sex scenes by the Hays office?"

"What sex scenes?" Mr. Cobb cried.

"Well, for instance, the one where she leaves her first husband's bed and rushes in her nightgown to the arms of her lover," said Orlando, "and gets into bed with him because it's raining."

"Only a pervert would notice that," said Mr. Cobb and stalked out.

I WAS sound asleep a week later when my phone rang. It was almost noon and the caller was Orlando. He spoke in a throbbing sort of voice and said he had to see me at once. I asked, for what reason.

"I can't tell you over the phone," Orlando throbbed, "but you'd better shoot over right away. Don't stop for anything!"

There were four people in the office when I got there. Two of them, Miss

Flannigan and Daisy Marcher, were crying. Moriarity, the fat boy, was sitting in a chair, his hands folded in his lap like a neutral and his splayed legs dangling.

Orlando's face was mottled. "There's hell to pay," he greeted me hoarsely.

"What happened?" I asked.

"That big know-it-all Flannigan," he glared at her.

"I tell you I didn't mail that script out," Miss Flannigan interrupted tearfully. "She mailed it herself."

Orlando continued in a relentless voice: "Flannigan, that big know-it-all, mailed a copy of The Sea of Blood to Jerome Cobb, personally—with Daisy Marcher's name on the envelope, so he would be sure to open it and read it. His favorite writer!"

"I didn't!" Miss Flannigan threw herself on the couch and wept.

"Who did, then?" Orlando cried. "I've watched Daisy like a hawk. Ever since I read that pirate hogwash I've been worried something like this might happen. I haven't taken my eyes off her." His face grew redder. "The lousiest drivel I ever read," he went on, as if fascinated by the horror of his tale. "A hundred and thirty duels to the death in the first twenty pages. And fifteen women have their heads cut off including five harmless old ladies. And the hero singlehanded captures a whole fleet of ships. He stabs seventy-five sailors to death in the battle all alone. And for a finish, guess what? They hang a whole town. Two thousand men, women and children get hanged and then they set fire to them. Everybody gets hanged—and nobody knows why!"

"Didn't Cobb like the script?" I asked.

"He threw a fit." Orlando glared at the phone. "He hollered for two hours. I told him it was a practical joke—some sorehead writer trying to get back at Miss Marcher."

At this point, Daisy flung herself to the floor and sobbed aloud.

"Go on. Cry!" Orlando sneered. "I ought to break your neck. Why didn't you stick to sex? Why'd you have to show what an ignoramus you are by writing about pirates?"

He had entered the conference room as he talked and started hurling various sailing-ship models across the office.

Moriarity began to scream.

"Get these fool things out of here," Orlando roared.

Moriarity slid from his chair and, still sobbing, started moving cautiously across the room.

"You little sneak!" Light struck Orlando. "You did it! You sent that script out, didn't you?"

Moriarity made a bolt for it, but Orlando thrust out a long leg and tripped him. The fat boy sprawled on his face and let go an ear-splitting bellow.

"You've killed him," cried Miss Flannigan.

"Shut up," Orlando shouted, "or I will!" He lifted Moriarity to his feet. "Come on clean, you little tub-o'-guts, you sent it out, didn't you?" He shook the fat boy by his shoulders.

"Only a carbon copy," Moriarity wailed.

"That's right, that's right!" Daisy screamed. She was crying savagely. "I never let anybody have the original one. I keep it myself. So there! You horrible monster, you!"

"You sex maniac!" Orlando glared at the smeared face of the little authoress. "Gimme that original, do you hear! And I want the original copy of A Woman of Sin or I'll break your neck."

"I'll break your neck, you!" Daisy jumped up and down and rushed for a lamp base. It was too heavy to lift. She continued screaming as she tugged at it, "You can't have it. You can't have A Woman of Sin either. I wrote it and it's mine. Nobody can have it. Stand back or I'll kill you."

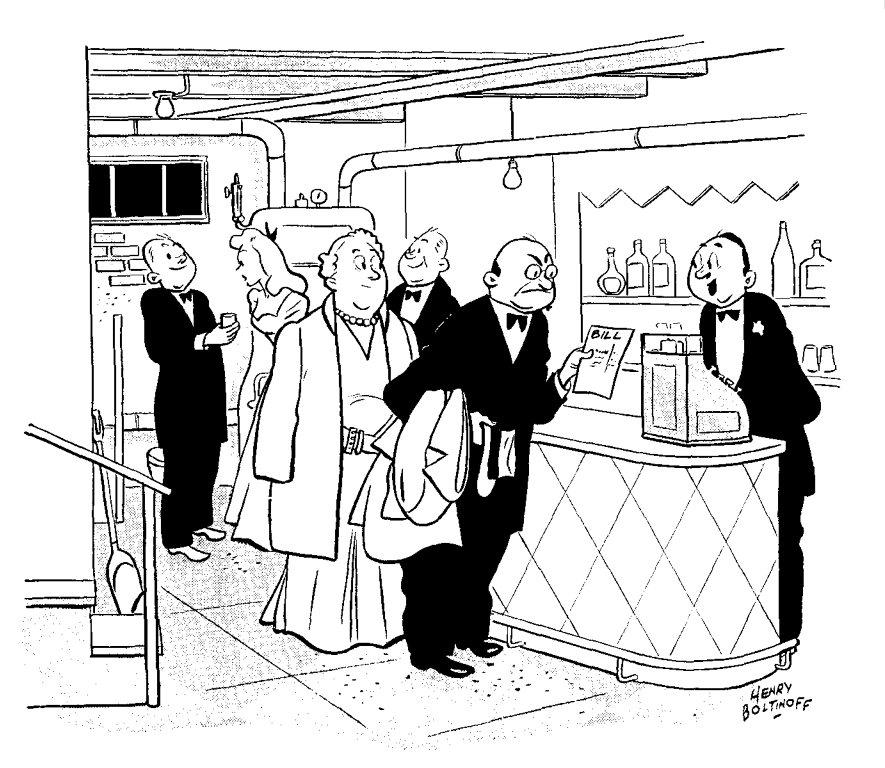
THIS was evidently out of The Sea of Blood. Unable to take the lamp base with her, she rushed at Orlando unarmed and started kicking his shins and trying to bite him. There was a considerable racket in the room, but the noise was not loud enough to mute the voice that spoke from the open doorway.

"What are you running here, a madhouse?" said Jerome B. Cobb. "What's the idea of beating up children in the middle of the day?"

Orlando turned, but his eyes were not for Cobb. They rested on the persons of Freddie Blue and Mike Devlin who stood behind the Pharaoh and, staring at the scene, were ominously still.

"Come in, come right in, J. B.," said Orlando and waved his arms at the bleating Moriarity and the attacking Daisy. "My sister's kids. They've been raising Cain."

He pulled himself out of range of



"I hope you don't mind, Bill, but we're cutting down on our expenses this year!"

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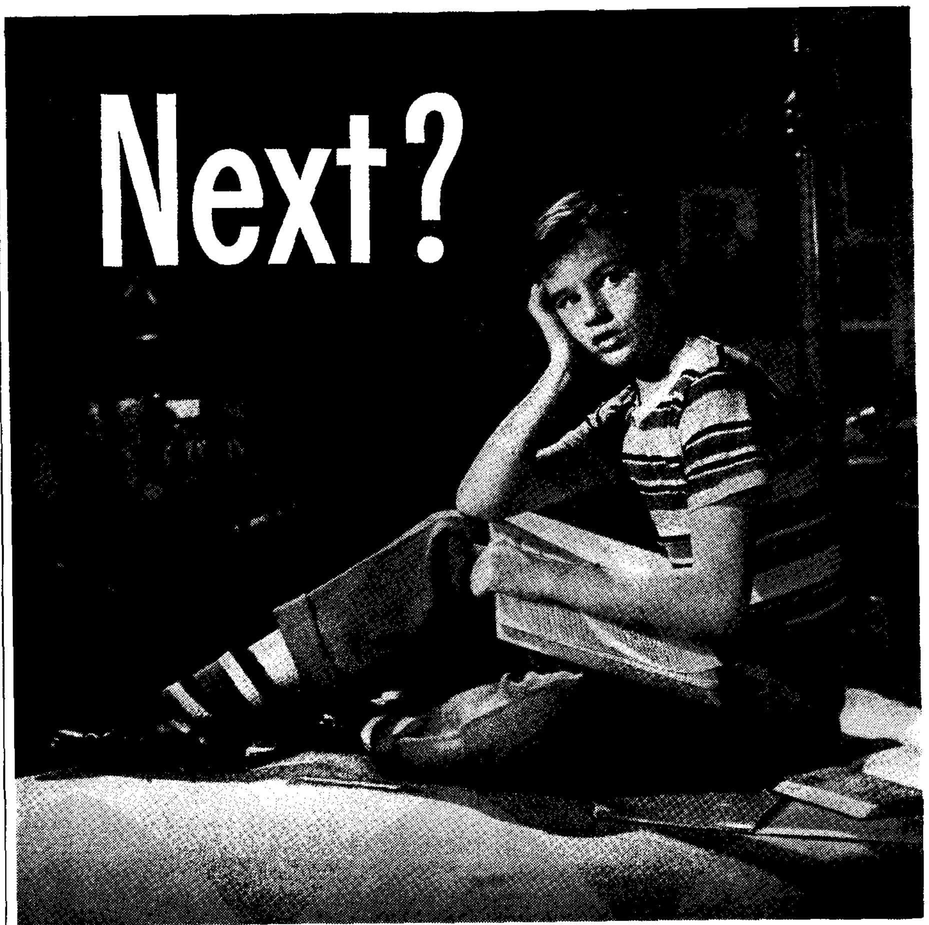

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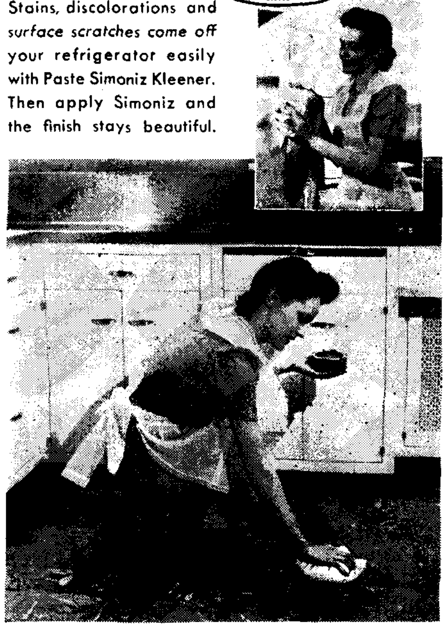

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Daisy's teeth and mopped the back of his neck.

"I came over," said Mr. Cobb, whose patriarchal soul appeared revolted by the scene, "because I want to track down personally the dirty crook who wrote this dreadful thing." He waved a Manila envelope in the air. "This thing called The Sea of Blood."

"You give me that," cried Daisy and made a jump for the envelope.

"Go away, little girl," Mr. Cobb said sternly. "Go to your mother!"

"Gimme that!" Daisy yelled again, and kicked Mr. Cobb.

"Where are your manners?" Mr. Cobb shouted. He glared at Orlando. "Get these children out of here. I want to talk to you."

"Hold it, Chief," Freddie Blue broke his silence. "Let 'em stay."

"Don't be a stinker, Freddie," Orlando whispered desperately.

Freddie Blue, a dapper, lean-faced little man with cold gray eyes and a thin gray mouth, knelt on one leg and confronted the little authoress.

"What's your name, little girl?" he asked soothingly.

"Daisy Marcher," she gurgled through her teeth, "and I want my story back from that fat man over there."

At the name, Jerome B. Cobb clapped his hand to the side of his head. He looked down at the disordered tot and asked in an abstracted voice, "What do you mean, your name is Daisy Marcher? What are you talking about?"

"Hold it, Chief." Freddie fastened his eyes on Orlando. "There's something pretty fishy around here."

The blood was out of Mr. Cobb's face and with it the organlike voice of the Pharaoh ebbed to a whisper.

"What are you trying to tell me?" he inquired, and his eyes rolled toward Orlando. He moved vaguely toward a chair and sat down. It was obvious that his mind had stopped working for the moment.

"Little girl," Freddie Blue resumed in a seductive voice that seemed to fascinate Daisy, "did you really write The Sea of Blood?"

"Yes, I did," Daisy answered. "I did so, absolutely."

"I helped her," Moriarity spoke up with sudden pride. "But I got to go home now. My ma's waiting."

Mike Devlin, a stocky and powerful figure, closed the door and placed himself in front of it, barring the little fat boy's way like an ogre in a Walt Disney picture. Moriarity began to bellow. Mr. Cobb was wiping his gray face with a handkerchief that smelled of violets.

"Can you prove you wrote that story?" the unctuous Freddie Blue pursued and patted Daisy's head tenderly.

"WHAT are ye askin' questions for?" Mike Devlin's gravelly voice sounded from the door. "You heard what she was sayin' when we came in. She's got the original copy. That one we got is only a carbon. I noticed that when I was reading it."

"Yes, I heard her," said Freddie Blue softly. "I also heard her say she had the original copy of something else." He pursed his thin mouth.

No one spoke.

"If you'll just let me handle this," Orlando finally said in a down-to-earth voice, "everything will be okeydoke. My word on it."

Mr. Cobb's eyes had been devouring Daisy for several minutes. He managed now to pull them away from her and look at Orlando. The sight of Orlando brought him roaring to his feet. He shook a finger wildly at Orlando.

"This man," he shouted, "is trying to put something over—something so dirty and cheap I refuse to believe it. I refuse to believe that any human being could sink so low as this man!"

"Hold it, Chief," Freddie Blue said quietly. He was still kneeling in front of Daisy.

Orlando frowned and kicked one of the sailing-ship models across the room.

"Is there any other Daisy Marcher besides you?" Freddie Blue asked.

"No, there is not," Daisy cried. "I'm the only one."

"Go on, Freddie," Mr. Devlin growled from the door. "Ask her and get it over with."

"Have you ever written any other screen play than The Sea of Blood?" Freddie Blue pursued softly and patted the little golden head with a gentle hand.

"Yes, I did, I should say I did," Daisy answered.

"What was the name of that other screen play?" Freddie Blue continued his gentle quiz.

"A Woman of Sin," said Daisy. "It's been in all the papers every day. A Woman of Sin. So there!"

Freddie Blue stood up and looked intently into Orlando's eyes. "Is that true?" he asked.

"Listen, fellas." Orlando hopped to a seat on his table. "You come barging in here like a pack of hoodlums and frightening the wits out of that poor baby."

"You ain't said if it's true yet," Mike Devlin growled, and his jaw muscles began working.

"It isn't going to do any good to start getting tough about it!" Orlando yelled. "You'll spill *all* the beans then. I've broken my neck trying to protect you fellas from the beginning."

A cry came from Jerome B. Cobb but there were no words. His hand moved furtively to his bosom and rested over his heart. He closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair.

"Get Mr. Cobb some water," Mike Devlin growled.

Miss Flannigan hurried out.

"Never mind me," Mr. Cobb moaned. "The company . . . the company."

Orlando ignored this seeming deathbed interruption.

"Listen, let's get everything straight," he said. "I begged J. B. not to buy that story. I pleaded with him. I told him it was pure childish tripe. But he wouldn't listen. I went on record that only a half-witted baby could have written it."

Miss Flannigan had returned with the water. Mr. Cobb pushed her aside and leaped to his feet like a Lazarus on springs.

"You scum!"

His roar filled the room and he moved slowly toward Orlando. "You grave robber! Taking advantage of my friendship!"

"Nobody took advantage of you," Orlando shouted. "You took advantage of yourself like you always do!"

"Shut up!" The Pharaoh's organ voice opened two more stops. "You have ruined me! For what? Why? Tell me why! Using a dirty child to make a dirty penny."

"Hold it, Chief," Freddie Blue interrupted. "She's the author of our biggest epic. There's no sense in antagonizing her."

Mr. Cobb reeled. He clapped a hand against the side of his head again. His other hand reached out blindly for a chair.

"It's a lie! It's a rotten lie!" he shouted. "She never wrote it. I don't believe it! This innocent child write that thing? Never! Mike, call the police!"

Mr. Cobb had come close to Orlando, but there were no blows struck. And Orlando at this minute did a curious thing. He laughed—not hysterically nor mockingly. He laughed with a sound of honest if somewhat childish relief and he sat down calmly behind his fifteen-foot antique desk.

"Call the police," Orlando said aloofly. "Do anything you want. I'm washed up on this. You boys have got the ball."

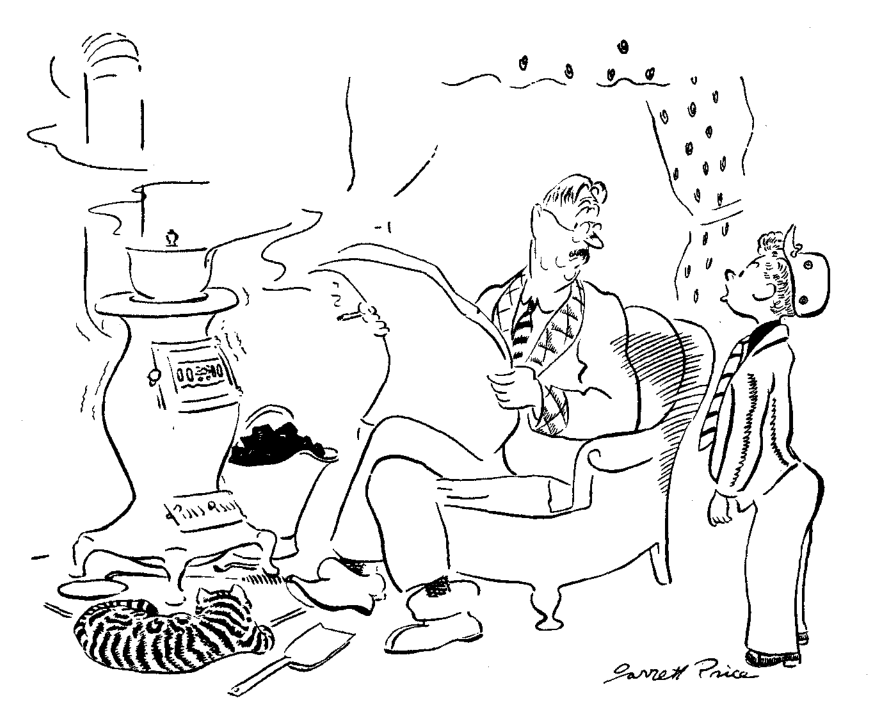
THE ironing out of the Daisy Marcher imbroglio took a full fifteen hours and was accomplished in Jerome B. Cobb's secret office, the one to be entered through a sliding panel. It was tastily furnished and had no telephones.

Until eleven that night, there were present Mr. Cobb, his two nobles, three lawyers from the legal department famed for their loyalty to the company, Orlando and myself. I had been invited as an accomplice.

Daisy, under the guard of Mr. Cobb's sister-in-law—a Mrs. Sophia Cobb—was forced to cool her heels in one of the conference chambers adjoining the Pharaoh's main sanctum.

Mrs. Sophia Cobb was a tall woman with a square face set in an expression of aversion, an expression she may well have caught from anyone around her. I felt sorry for Daisy as we left her to this monitor.

I also felt sorry for Mr. Cobb. The spectacle of a man face to face with the incontrovertible proofs of his own idiocy is never a pleasant one, however idiotic



"Dad, will you give me ten thousand dollars with no questions asked?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

FOUND:

THOUSANDS OF TONS OF BRASS!

IN one of Buick's busy plants, large calibre shell cases are now being built of *steel* instead of hard-to-get *brass.*

Coming from the line by the thousands, these cases mean an important saving in a highly critical material.

But, you may ask, doesn't this simply mean that our already-burdened steel-producing facilities have to turn out just that much more steel?

The answer is – not at all! Through careful redesign and development of new methods on other of our war jobs, Buick has effected important savings in steel too.

These are more than enough to offset a load on the steel mills that might have been involved in this switch from one material to another.

It is very much like finding several million pounds of brass every year – not by accident, but in reward for a patient, careful process that goes on constantly in Buick plants.

We're *always* looking for ways to save materials of any kind. Even a fraction of a pound per piece produced is not too little to get our prompt attention.

Such care pays, as this instance proves. It makes all materials stretch – and there is no better way of making sure our fighting men get plenty of what they need to win.

WHEN BETTER ~~AUTOMOBILES~~ war goods ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BETTER BUY BONDS
Let your dollars lend a hand

BUICK DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

the victim. But my sorrow was more or less flitting.

Mr. Cobb, confronted by the fact that he was an imbecile and that he had mistaken the droolings of a nine-year-old child for art of the highest water, revealed himself a man of great resource. He pointed out in an oration lasting three hours that he had taken the cheap nonsense of this horrid child, Daisy Marcher, and converted it by his own genius into a powerful motion picture.

He defied anyone to deny this. He defied anyone to deny the fact that he had been suspicious of that manuscript from the moment he clapped eyes on it. But somehow, by a miracle, this childish nonsense had struck a creative chord in his bosom. He had toiled (nobody would ever know how hard he had toiled) and created an adult Academy Award picture out of absolutely nothing.

These thumping lies were received with clucks of wonder by the three loyal barristers. Freddie Blue kept himself in a state of suspended animation during this rebuilding of the Pharaoh, by the Pharaoh for the Pharaoh. Mike Devlin scowled as if these revelations of human mendacity were too much for him. I felt he was thinking of happier days in the ring.

As for Orlando, my friend conducted himself like a veritable craven. He bore out each and every one of the Pharaoh's idiotic statements and professed himself solemnly amazed at what J. B. had managed to make out of the sow's ear he had sold him.

"He turned a debacle into victory," said Orlando, beaming on everybody.

I decided that sorrow for Mr. Cobb was an emotion wasted.

AFTER Jerome B. Cobb's summing up of his own genius, the meeting took up more general topics. It was decided that the good of the industry required the suppression of the fact that a nine-year-old child had written Empire's two-million-dollar drama of human emotions —already advertised in all the magazines as Hollywood's top art film.

"Exactly what I've been doing right along, hiding that fact," Orlando chirped. The group ignored him.

"We could explain to the public that I actually wrote it," said Mr. Cobb, "but I don't want to figure personally in the matter. It has always been my policy to work behind the scenes. I don't want to start hogging credit and setting a bad example for everybody." He looked sternly at Freddie Blue and Mike Devlin.

"Well," said Freddie Blue, "it wouldn't help the situation to advertise you as Daisy Marcher's collaborator."

Mrs. Egelhofer, summoned from her seashore retreat, arrived at this point. She had left in a hurry and forgotten to bring her knitting, which seemed to rob her of her personality and her wits. She was touchingly pleased to see Orlando and hoped in a quavering voice that nothing had happened to her child. She was certain it had. She didn't want anyone to keep anything from her. The truth was better than the terrible suspense under which she had been laboring ever since the telephone had wakened her.

"There's nothing to worry about," Orlando assured her. "Daisy's in the next room and she's in fine health."

Mrs. Egelhofer trembled and sat down. Her maternal heart was not entirely convinced. It was explained to her that she would have to sign some papers transferring the guardianship of Daisy Marcher from Orlando Higgens to Jerome B. Cobb. Mrs. Egelhofer was unexpectedly stubborn.

"But I don't know any Mr. Cobb," she fluttered. "I can't just give my little girl away to anybody."

"But you gave the kid to that guy," Mike Devlin growled, pointing at Orlando; "and for all you know, he might have been a burglar."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Egelhofer, "his aura was quite good. Very good. That gentleman's aura"—she looked critically at Mr. Cobb—"is quite something else. Dark green. I don't like it."

"Mr. Cobb's aura is all right when he's feeling better," said Mike Devlin, and it was explained to the perturbed mother just who Jerome B. Cobb was. The Pharaoh himself sat down next to her and took her plump hand in his.

"My dear young lady," he said soothingly, "I want to place the little girl in the best private school in southern California. And more than that. I am sending my own sister-in-law to live with her. She is a grand woman and understands children better than any of us. They're a hobby with her. In such a school, under the guidance of great teachers, who knows but what the child will have a chance to amount to something?"

"I don't think any more fame would be good for her," Mrs. Egelhofer demurred. "At her age, too. She's had quite enough, don't you think?"

FINE RUGS
ENGLIS SPOKE
Lichty

"By the beard of the prophet, effendi, this is the McCoy!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE LICHTY

"I'm talking about real, human education," said Mr. Cobb, "something that will make a human being out of her and not just a—a movie writer."

Mrs. Egelhofer sighed. "I don't know," she said. "It's all so queer and yet so heartbreaking. My little girl has been taken from me again."

TEN minutes later the papers were signed and Daisy was brought in. It was one A. M., but the little authoress was as alert as at any high noon.

"My poor darling!" Mrs. Egelhofer said holding out her arms.

"What are you doing here?" Daisy asked and backed away.

"I came here to rescue you," said Mrs. Egelhofer, putting a handkerchief to her eyes. She recovered a smile. "Let me be the one to break the news to her." She looked mistfully at the group. "Babykins, you are going to have a new father."

"Who?" said Daisy impassively.

"That gentleman over there." Mrs. Egelhofer indicated the Pharaoh. Daisy made a noise as of dice rattling in the back of her throat. The openmouthed stares of the group in no way embarrassed her. She looked from one face to the other and said, "Why him?"

"Darling," Mrs. Egelhofer assured her, "Mother knows best."

Daisy turned and started for the door, but Orlando grabbed her. He held her by the shoulder, pretending to pat it.

"Well, as I see it," said Orlando, "the whole thing depends on my little friend Daisy here. If she'll keep quiet, you're okay. If she won't—well, that's another situation."

"Come here, little girl." Mr. Cobb smiled sourly at the child.

Daisy made no move.

"Of course she won't say anything," Mr. Cobb went on. "Why should she? She isn't a crook like you, Higgens. She's an honest, decent, sweet little girl."

Daisy was silent.

Orlando shrugged his shoulders. "Okay," he said. "If you want to take a chance, that's all right with me. But I don't feel it's straight thinking."

Something seemed to give way in Mr. Cobb.

"Get out of here, you crook!" he shouted. "Get out of here and never darken this door again, or I'll throw you out of the window with my own hands."

"Hold it, Chief," said Freddie Blue. "Let's see what Higgens has to suggest."

"I don't give a hoot what he's got to suggest," Mr. Cobb tried to scream, but his voice broke, and both his eyes appeared to fill with red tears.

"Take it easy, J. B.," Mike Devlin said.

"I have this to suggest," said Orlando, as if there had been no interruptions. "I suggest that you buy The Sea of Blood and produce it—with a few rewrites, of course—and also that you take an option on any other works from Miss Marcher's pen. She's going to be a great name in pictures after A Woman of Sin and all the ballyhoo you've given her. The critics are nuts about her. I think you're damned shortsighted if you don't cash in on all this."

He turned amiably to his little client.

"How about it, honey?" he asked. "You'll keep quiet if they do that, won't you?" He looked happily at Mr. Cobb. "Frankly, I wouldn't blame her if she blabbed her head off if you let her down now."

The room was silent.

"A Daisy Marcher picture every year," Orlando continued, beaming at his little client. "Each one a superspecial. And your name in lights—same billing as the star or director. What do you say, Daisy?"

"Oh, yes," said Daisy. "I would like that very much—if I can work with the captain."

"Who's that?" Freddie Blue asked softly.

"Moriarity," said Orlando. "You met him in my office."

"Hell!" Mike Devlin groaned. "Did he help her write A Woman of Sin?"

"No, he did not," said Daisy. "I wrote that all by myself."

Mike Devlin sighed with relief.

"Well, gentlemen," said Orlando, a jolly note in his voice, "is it a deal? Same price as A Woman of Sin for the next two, and a slight increase on the two thereafter. We can figure all that out later."

Mr. Cobb said nothing. His eyes were closed. Freddie Blue was likewise silent. Mike Devlin alone spoke. A faint grin was around his fighter's mouth. I could see he admired Orlando Higgens almost as much as I did.

"It's a deal," said Mr. Devlin.

IT THUS befell that Daisy Marcher was whisked off to a private school in southern California, her little arms loaded with papers, among them contracts for The Sea of Blood and for her next four pictures. Mrs. Sophia Cobb sat in the drawing room facing her, but all the distaste that lady could summon into her square face was not enough to flicker one of Daisy's eyelids.

No sooner had the train started than Daisy had asked for a table. When they were passing the town of Azusa, the little authoress was already sitting hunched over it, her tongue protruding from the corner of her mouth, and a fierce light in her eyes. She was writing Picture No. 3.

Mr. Cobb, accompanied by his entire court, several nurses and a special osteopath, rushed off to the mud baths at Arrowhead Lake. Here the Pharaoh and his nobles lay basking for several weeks. The latter took short walks and discussed the state of J. B.'s health. It did not seem to be improving.

The Pharaoh lay on his sun porch and grew grayer. He complained of pains around the heart. Mike Devlin summoned a specialist from Hollywood. The Empire publicity department sent three movie columnists down with the doctor. The specialist was glum. J. B. had been doing too much. The doctor couldn't say what might happen.

His face gaunt, with the marks of dissolution plainly on him and a tall glass of milk at his side, Jerome B. Cobb unbosomed himself to the movie columnists in what he termed his first personal interview.

"And maybe my last," he added with a wan smile.

"Movie-making is more than a job," he said slowly. "It's a man's whole life. It's not earning money or fame that counts. It's bringing beauty and pleasure to a sorely troubled world."

THE Pharaoh's eyes brightened for a moment with memories. "We who make movies are on a battle front day and night. Sometimes we fall—and others take our place and carry on. And we are forgotten. But as long as there is life left in us, we must keep the show going with everything we've got."

Jerome B. Cobb closed his eyes. The movie columnists were deeply moved. They rose and silently tiptoed out of the sun room.

Mr. Cobb's recovery amazed his nobles. The very next morning he was up at dawn packing his own suitcases and touching his toes fifteen times. He tarried only long enough for a final massage and then, gathering his court about him, whizzed back to Hollywood, refreshed for the great problems of moving-making.

A Woman of Sin, written by Daisy Marcher, the new Balzac of the screen, was released the week before Christmas. It grossed four and a half million dollars.

THE END

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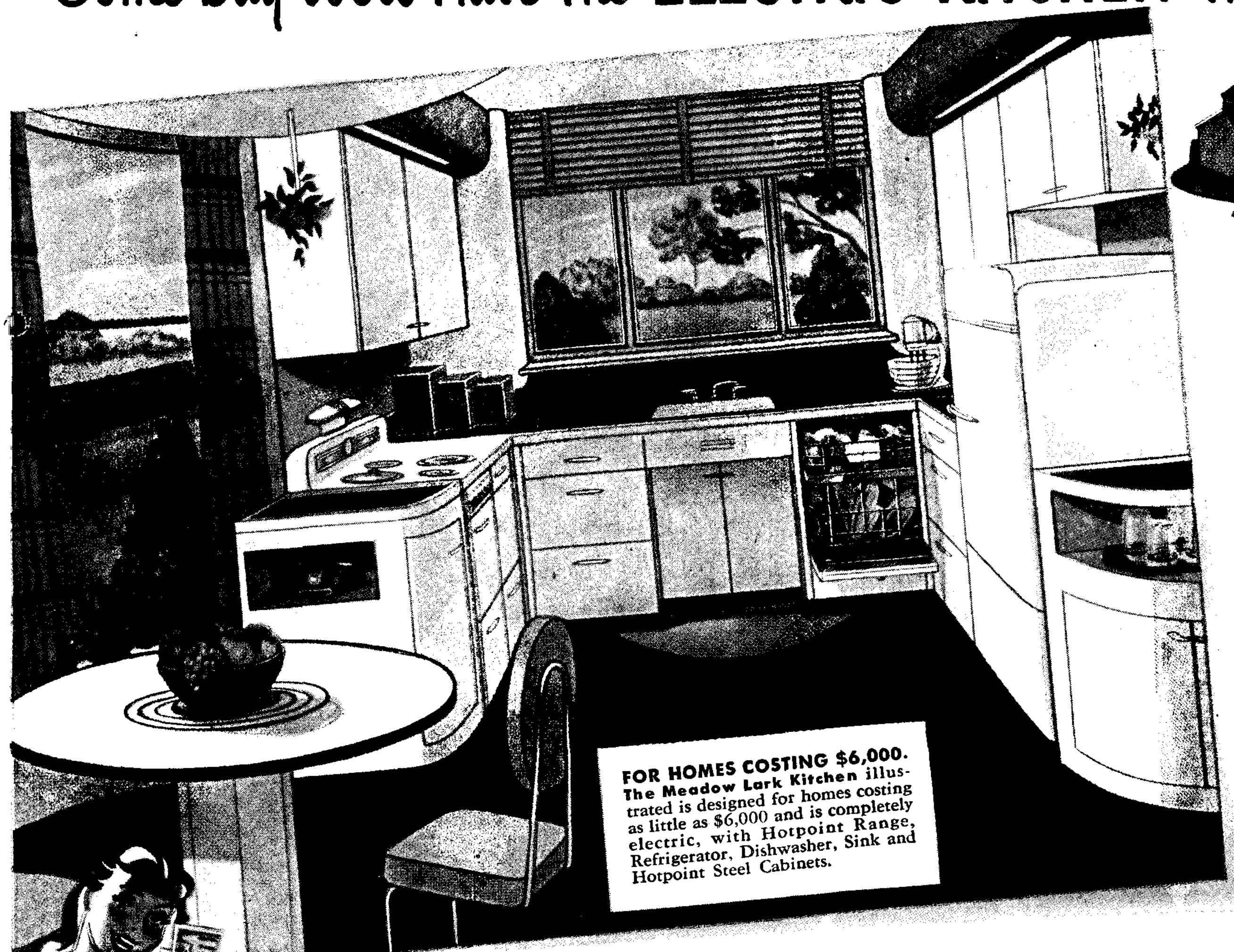
Some Day We'll Have The ELECTRIC KITCHEN That Bonds Bought!



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THERE'S a whale of a lot of incentive for you to make every sacrifice you can today! For after the war—with all the new appliances that are being perfected—the homes of America will be *finer* and cost *less* than you can imagine! Cooking will be done by Hotpoint Electric Ranges that require no watching. Electric refrigeration will be improved beyond belief . . . All these miracle-working conveniences can be yours—when the war is won. So back up your man in the service and speed the day of Victory by buying more and more War Bonds.

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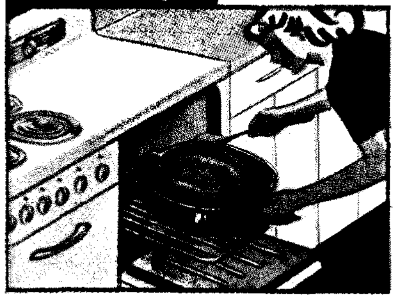

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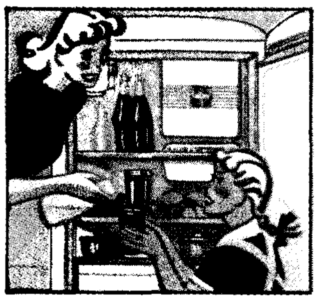

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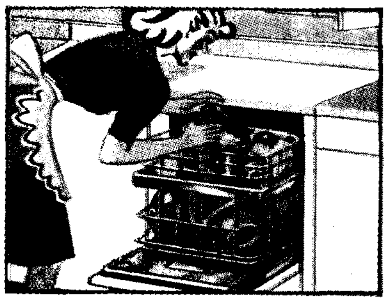

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ELECTRIC Hotpoint KITCHENS

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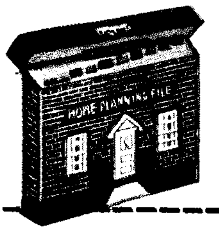

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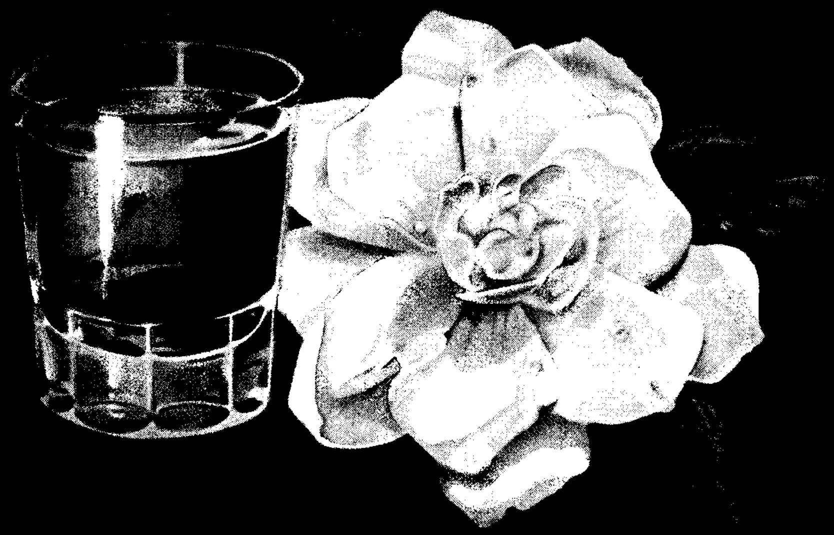
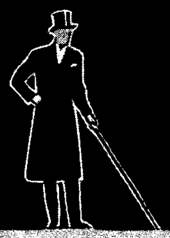


What whiskey is so supremely fine that it has come to be associated with Nature's loveliest flower... the Gardenia?



ANSWER: PM DE LUXE

Always remember that PM means in whiskies what the gardenia means in flowers . . . *perfection!*

RYE OR BOURBON

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SHANGHAI SITS IT OUT

BY M. C. FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

With Sikh traffic cops, Chinese constables, American and British newspapers, cabarets, gambling and dope, life in the International Settlement goes on pretty much as usual. But the Japanese make the rules and also take the profits

SHANGHAI today finds the International Settlement an oasis of peace, where Americans, Germans, British and Italians often treat one another to drinks and tread lightly on the subject of war. Here, 3,000,000 Chinese, 35,000 Russians, 12,000 Portuguese, 8,000 British subjects, 1,500 Americans, 1,500 Germans and 500 Italians more or less continue their old modes of living, adapted, of course, to the restrictions of wartime.

This idea of "business as usual" suits the small, jittery Japanese army very well, for the Jap forces garrisoned at Shanghai would not be large enough to handle an unruly city. Consequently most of the Japanese acts are given a legal polish. Contracts are respected in ordinary business affairs, and there is a noticeable effort to conform to international law, at least outwardly.

Arm bands designating "American" or "Briton," by the letters A or B, are now worn to impress the Chinese with the humiliation of the white man. And, as a mark of "retaliation," 400 American and British men are now interned in the U. S. Marine barracks on Haiphong Road. New internees include several prominent Anglo-American "collaborators" whose charmed lives have run out.

American and British members of the Shanghai Municipal Police are carrying on just as before, except that the commissioner of police and his deputies are now Japanese. Sikh policemen, British subjects, still watch over traffic, and Chinese constables, part of the foreign force, patrol their old beats. A Japanese now heads the Shanghai special police, an organization of civilian volunteers, but American and British members turn out for emergency duty as they did before the war. Crime is checked and rice lines are bossed by "enemy" sergeants under Japanese supervision. But the foreigners expect to be ousted when the Japanese feel able to run the city alone.

Two months after the war began, it took an order from the Japanese military commander to bring about the resignation of the Municipal Council with its dominant British and American membership headed by a British chairman. A Japanese is now chairman, and other Axis members have been added.

All foreign "enemy" officials are allowed a flat monthly salary of $2,000 Wang Ching-wei money in Central Reserve Bank notes (about $70 U. S.), no matter what salaries they enjoyed before.

British department stores are still in business, though under Japanese direction, and often advertise special sales as in the past. American and British engineers continue to operate the public utilities, likewise under Japanese supervision. Of these, the Shanghai Power Company and the Shanghai Telephone Company are American, while the Shanghai Gas Company and the Shanghai Waterworks are British. Profits of the big utilities, with the exception of the French Tramways and other French Concession companies go to "Koin," the Asia Board of Development of the Japanese. Nothing is taken directly from other businesses, but all bank deposits are under the thumb of the Japanese.

American and British banks spent several months liquidating the insurance companies and the Chinese dollar accounts, a task which was done by American and British bankers with Japanese bankers supervising. Much to their annoyance, the Japs found no gold in any of the banks, all U. S. dollar and pound-sterling accounts having been transferred to America or England before the war.

Hoarding Dollars for Victory

The Japs offered to pay off U. S. dollar safety deposit accounts at five Central Reserve Bank dollars to one U. S. dollar, but there were few takers because the actual rate of exchange was thirty to one. Before the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, there were an estimated 700,000,000 Chinese National (Chungking) dollars circulating in Shanghai. When the Central Reserve Bank notes were forced on the city (the Japs offering one of the Wang dollars for two Chungkings), only 300,000,000 good Chungkings were turned in. The rest is hidden, much of it buried, to be dug up when the war is over.

As usual, Chinese native and foreign-style banks have adjusted themselves very cleverly to the situation, and the Japanese are seldom able to find out what goes on "under the punkah" in a Chinese organization. For five years, the Japanese have been carefully devising hurdles designed to tax or hamper Chinese business, but the Chinese have never been at a loss to find a way out. This ability to circumvent the restrictions of the Imperial Japanese forces has not gone without notice by thinking Japanese. Not only are high Jap officials mindful of the historic ability of the Chinese to absorb invading races, but their dreams are disturbed by the thought of having their conquests jettisoned in the quicksands of Chinese wiles.

All the sinews of war in Shanghai, including metal stocks, automobiles, rubber and chemicals, have been confiscated by the Japanese. Coal may be obtained by special permit, as necessary to the life of the city. Last winter, landlords used the difficulty of getting coal as an excuse to curtail the heat.

In the newspaper field a British morning paper and an American evening sheet still publish regular editions, using cable news from Havas Telemondial (Vichy French), Transocean (German), and Domei (Japanese). The use of Tass (Russian) is discouraged by the Japanese supervisors. News of Japanese reverses can be found only in the Russian Daily News, organ of U. S. S. R. propaganda, which prints a single sheet in English.

The German propaganda paper in English, called The Noon Extra, is published every day at twelve o'clock. One of its six pages is now called The Italian Daily News, relic of an independent effort by the Italian propaganda office. In the French Concession, *Le Journal de Shanghai* looks pretty much the same. The old White Russian community, now pretty Red, reads The Zaria, which treats the Russian-German struggle circumspectly, lest the Japanese be displeased. To prove that citizens of Shanghai were not mere nationals of countries at war, the Japanese navy permitted Reuter's Agency (British) to resume operations a few weeks after Pearl Harbor, much to the displeasure of the Japanese army. The following April, however, Reuter's was incorporated into Domei, which is dominated by the Japanese army.

Motion-picture theaters are still doing business in Shanghai and are supposed to have enough first-run pictures to last a year and a half. Admission prices have been raised in line with the general increase in the cost of living. An American company which owns most of the first-run houses operates with the usual Japanese supervisor in control, and the American film-distributing offices are working under the China Film Company, a Japanese outfit. Propaganda newsreels from Japan and Nanking are incorporated into all programs.

Two American radio stations are still broadcasting, but one has been taken over outright by the Japanese Army Press Bureau. The other is run by the American newspaper organization under light Japanese supervision, with a cultured British-Eurasian woman announcing news programs which are sponsored by a German import firm selling a California wine. Vichy French and German stations have not been molested.

The world's oldest profession flourishes as of yore, having drawn many recruits from the Chinese and Russian girls out of employment

Shanghai can live off its own fat for two years, it is estimated, using up stocks of canned goods and similar consumer stocks in the godowns (warehouses), which have not been touched by the Japanese. The Japanese have closed one of the two British breweries, but both beer and hard liquor can be had at high prices. A quart of good beer, with a high content of rice, costs around $17 Central Reserve Bank, or more than fifty cents in United States money. Scotch whisky, most of it watered down, costs around $15 a drink, CRB. There are enough hoarded stocks of good liquor and wines to float the town from its foundations.

Handcart coolies are living the life of Riley, pushing carts fitted with rubber tires and wheels from latest models of American automobiles. They find plenty of business.

Change in Values

Former Chinese taxi drivers and chauffeurs are buying or borrowing the wheels and tires from their masters' cars or trucks, now that gasoline costs too much to buy. Of course, Americans and British have no cars at all, because they were confiscated by the Japanese. Neutrals still have cars.

As a result of the shortage of taxis and private automobiles, new businesses have been established. Bicycles are the vogue, some built for two. With them came bicycle insurance against the many thefts.

The ricksha has become an expensive mode of transportation, and the ricksha man, living in a grass hut on the outskirts of the city, is doing well. He earns an average of $300 a month, CRB, and worries little about the high cost of living. Replacing the taxicab has come the "peddicab," a ricksha attached to or superimposed upon a bicycle.

(Continued on page 85)

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BUY WORSTEDS—BUY NAPHTHALATED

Too Late for Wishing

Continued from page 13

the lovely, common, good-natured face with distaste, holding the picture well away from her with two fingers.

"And what shall I do with dear Lorna?" she asked. "Preserve her in lavender until you get back?"

"File her, with the others."

She dropped the picture, glass frame and all, into the wastepaper basket and stood for a moment mutely, looking down at the rubbish that remained, wondering why she should feel disdainful of Lorna, why she should ever have felt disdainful of any of the Lornas that had ornamented Charles' life? Protective armor, probably, she thought wryly. Sour grapes. Nothing but a half-hour of nervous weeping had prevented her from being a Lorna herself—or trying to be one. She had been a failure in the role of Maggie, the Passionate Playgirl, and she could lay her failure, not to any intrinsic virtue of her own, but to sheer weakness and lack of purpose.

Even now after five years, she could feel herself blushing internally at the fiasco she had made of things. She had been Charles' secretary for a year then, and she still loved him as much as she had on that first morning. But she had known him better. She had known, for instance, that he was a playboy—one of the city's harder-working examples of the genus. She had become, to a large extent, the liaison officer between him and the girls he was trying to get rid of, and between him and the girls whom he had not yet got around to noticing.

CHARLES had driven her up to New Haven to a football game one Saturday afternoon, as a reward for a hectic week of working nights. Afterward, they had driven between hills splendid with autumn up to Salton in Massachusetts, a little white town with an enormous village green and an old, rambling, outrageously expensive hotel. They had eaten dinner there, sitting in front of the fireplace.

After dinner, they had stayed in front of the fireplace, Charles lying on the wide couch with his head shining in her lap and his hand holding one of hers loosely and quietly.

"It's going to be a long, cold drive home," Charles had said at last, casually.

Her heart had stopped for a moment; she knew what was coming. Subconsciously, she must have been expecting it ever since he had suggested that they drive all the way up here to eat. Now, before anything really started, was her best chance to stop it. But she did not want to stop it, she had decided suddenly. If the only way to get Charles was on his own terms, then his terms were good enough for her.

"I wouldn't drive a dog out on a night like this," she had said, grinning at him.

And he had looked at her with sudden surprise and speculation, not saying anything for a second. Then, his fingers tightened on her wrist and his eyes went a little sleepy.

"In that case, why don't we stay right here until tomorrow?"

She had felt very brave and gay and reckless. She had even laughed down into his sleepy eyes. "Why not?" she had asked, and had quoted at him, "'Time was; Time is; Time may not be again!'"

The brave and gay and reckless mood had lasted quite a time, at that. It had survived the lifted eyebrow of the clerk; it had survived the rheumy and cynical eye of the ancient bellhop who had shown them to their room. It had even survived the little click the key made in the lock when Charles turned it.

He had taken her in his arms and lifted her chin and kissed her and then he had held her quietly and strongly against him.

"Happy?" he had asked at last. "Happy, Maggie darling?"

"Yes!" she had answered, and noticed for the first time that her teeth were chattering. "Yes!" she repeated, more strongly.

He had kissed her again, and then held her away to look into her eyes, smiling at her. "You're frightened, aren't you, my poor baby?"

"Don't be silly!" she had snapped at him. "Why should I be frightened?"

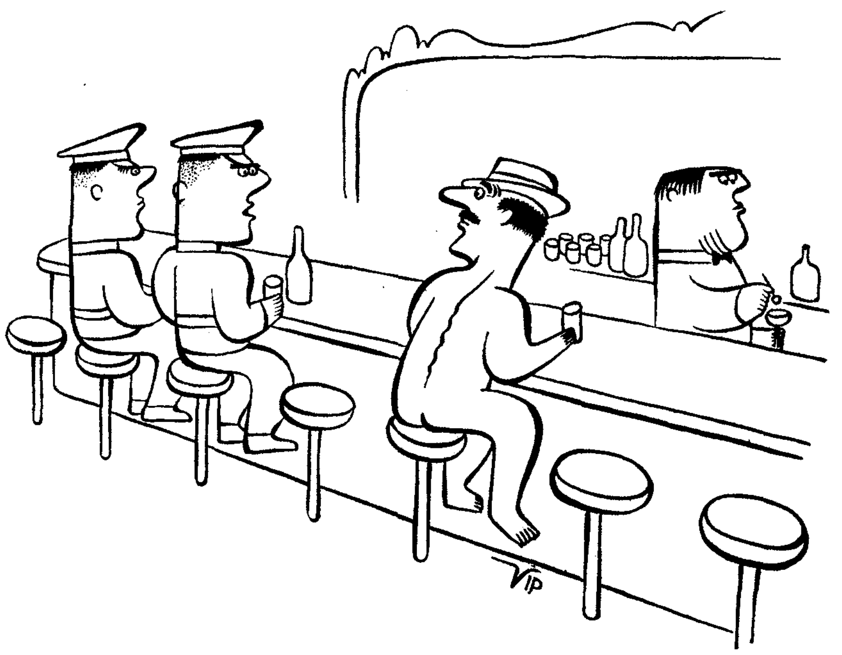
Even now, when she had had five years to think about it, she could not be quite sure why, at that moment, she should have started to cry. Probably the fact that she was terribly tired after a week of hard work had as much to do with it as anything. That, and the memory he had evoked when he called her "my poor baby." Her grandfather, who had brought her up, had called her that every time she went running to him with a skinned knee or a disappointing report card, and the words spoken softly in Charles' voice brought the old man back across the years to look at her in astonishment at finding her in a strange room with a strange man.

But she did weep, and shivered away from him when he tried to comfort her, not wanting him to touch her, wanting only to be little and safe again, back in the security of her grandfather's house, in her own warm bed.

She had not stopped crying until long after she heard the door close behind Charles. He had not come back that night, and she had left very early the next morning, on the first bus which she could get going in the general direction of the city.

Now, after five years, she looked at a broken picture in a wastepaper basket, and remembered all that. Almost, she found it in her heart to envy the girl whose picture it was; at least, for a little time, however precariously, Charles had been hers. But what must she be feeling now that he was no longer hers? Would she lie awake in the night and scream his name into her wadded pillow, and would she walk heavy-footed and empty-eyed through streets where there was no Charles? How could she live through all the gray years ahead, who having had his love would have it no longer?

Maggie shivered a little and thanked God for the thousandth time that she, at least, had escaped that. Never having had him, she could never lose him.



COLLIER'S "We've been wondering why you're not in uniform" VIRGIL PARTCH

"It's almost time," she said aloud not looking at him. "You'd better be going."

"Anxious for me to vacate the seats of the mighty, so you can occupy them?" he asked, and there was an unaccustomed bitterness in his voice.

She looked up at him in swift bewilderment and held out a hand toward him in protest. "Charles?" she spoke his name questioningly. "Charles?"

But he did not say anything, nor reassure her with his sudden, gleaming smile. Instead, he came from behind the desk and walked across the room to put his hands on her shoulders and look down into her face. She met his eyes without flinching, trying to understand their question.

"Sometimes I wonder, Maggie!" he said at last. "Sometimes, I wonder just how much you've put over on me! Sometimes, I think you got the most and gave the least of any girl I know, and then I get to wondering if you aren't the cleverest woman I ever met."

She was a little angry now, and she tried to pull her shoulders away from his hands, but he would not let her go. She knew what he was going to do before he did it, and she twisted furiously from him so that his lips fell on her cheek. But he forced her head back and met her mouth with his. She tried to stay rigid and unresponsive in his arms, but the blood in her body betrayed her, and she felt her lips and her arms responding to him.

THIS would go on for as long as she lived, she thought wearily. Not time nor pride nor strength would give her security against him. Any time he wanted, as long as they both could walk, he would be able to put his arms around her like this, and find her without armor, without defense.

Unexpectedly, he released her, and stepped back, laughing. Wild anger shook her for a second as she felt herself swaying and his hand strong under her elbow to steady her.

"I'm glad you find me amusing," she said, shaking herself free and moving away. "Something to remember me by."

He laughed silently, standing with his sturdy legs spread apart, his fists on his hips. "Why don't you let yourself go and enjoy it for once?" he suggested. "Millions of people do, you know!"

"At any rate, *you* know!" she told him tartly, and fought fiercely for the power to

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★ SAVE DRY BREAD
and Bread Crumbs

Make Delicious Leftover Bread Dishes!

JOIN the home-front army of housewives pledged against waste! Now that bread is enriched, more nutritious, you can't afford to waste any.

Leftover dry bread is delicious in bread pudding, crumb pie, as the crusty outside of fish, or as a "meat extender." Try "bread-baskets" filled with vegetables and served with nutritious "No Waste" SKINLESS frankfurters and wieners. (Recipe below.)*

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Skinless-the No WASTE food

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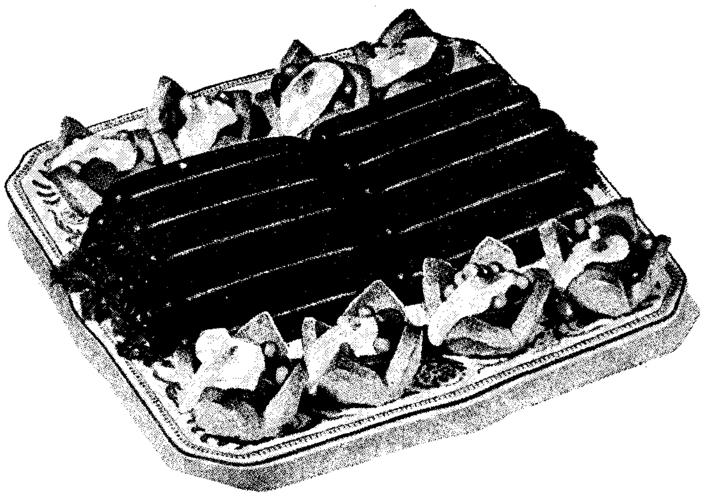
- SKINLESS frankfurters are truly a nutritious "No Waste" food! They have no skin to peel (children love them) . . . 100% edible. You eat every bit you buy. No flavor is wasted, for SKINLESS don't split open. They waste no time, fuel, money, for they are quick to prepare and economical.



- Ask for your favorite brand of frankfurters and wieners made the "No Waste" SKINLESS way. They cost no more than ordinary frankfurters.

***Recipe:** Remove crusts from 8 slices of day old bread. Press into greased muffin tin. Brush with melted butter. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (425°F.)—until golden. Fill with creamed carrots, peas or other vegetables. Serve with SKINLESS frankfurters.

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laugh back at him, and found it. There was no strength any place, except in laughter; long ago she had found that out.

And again they were silent for a moment, looking at each other. Almost like enemies, Maggie thought suddenly, despite the laughter. Almost as though they hated each other.

Then, suddenly, Charles took his eyes away from her and looked all around the office, as though he were bidding everything in it goodby. He picked up his hat and started for the door.

"Goodby, Maggie," he said, turning with his hand on the knob, not smiling now.

"Goodby, Charles." Her voice, she thought wonderingly, sounded just as casual as though she were bidding him farewell on a week end of golf and dancing.

"I'll tell you something before I go," he said. "You're an awful dope, really. You really are! But I love you just the same!"

He went then, closing the door behind him, and she sat on a corner of the enormous desk, her hands supporting her, her fingernails digging into the wood. Through the heavy wooden door her imagination watched him walk the length of the office, square and strong and humorous with his cocky stride and the jaunty way his head sat above his square, broad shoulders. She could even see in her mind the tiny shining black hairs on his wrists and the superlative cleanliness of his white collar against the red-brown of his throat. Through the thick soundproofing of the walls and the door, she could even hear his voice, soft and merry and masculine, making bawdy answers to the goodbys and the good lucks that were called after him.

SHE sat there for a long time, not thinking of anything, not feeling anything, straining her eyes and her ears and all the nerves of her heart.

The clock struck three and she came to herself with the realization that there was work to be done. She looked around at the enormous office that was hers until Charles came back, and felt, all at once, not elated, but oppressed and inadequate. And frightened.

And that was silly, she thought. She knew as much about the firm as Charles did, if not more. She would have to do very little now that she had not been doing all along. For years Charles had felt free to dump everything in her lap and go wherever he wanted to, for as long as he wanted.

She moved restlessly to the window and looked out over the gray city, silver under a weak, warm sun. The winter was going, she thought. And she wondered what would she be doing now, in this spring, where would she be now, if she had not come back here the Monday morning after that Saturday night in Salton. Married, perhaps, and free of Charles forever? Or working in some unimaginable other office where there was no Charles, and only the memory of him, dreamlike and pallid, to wear next to her heart?

She could almost grin when she remembered the struggle it had been to force herself to come back that morning. By the time she had reached the city that Sunday, she had been in a cold sweat of shame and terror, knowing that she had behaved like a fool, knowing very well that Charles would never want to see her again. She made up her mind a thousand times that day and all through that night that she would never go back to Greyling's, even to collect the week's pay that was due her. But in the morning she did go back; the thought of not seeing him at all was worse than the thought of how he would look at her when she did see him.

But he had greeted her as though nothing had happened and had never by word or action referred to what Maggie had already begun to refer to in her own mind, with a desperate attempt at wry humor, as her "weepy week end." Only once, about a month after the whole thing had happened, had he come anywhere close to mentioning it.

That was on another Saturday afternoon, and they had just finished work and were ready to leave the office. Maggie was concentrating on her hat—she remembered that hat; it was one of those that never seem to go on just right, no matter how you manage it—when he came up behind her and looked over her ~~shoulder~~ into the mirror.

"New, isn't it?"

"Mm-m." She was not surprised; he often noticed new hats and dresses. "Like it?"

"I think it's horrible. Maggie, how about taking Monday off and marrying a guy? It might keep us both out of trouble."

She had paused for a second with her hand still on the brim of her hat, and in that second a hundred years of pain and pride and indecision and fear were lived by her heart. She thought of all that marriage to Charles would mean—the happiness and the misery, the constant, ineradicable dread of the day when he would come home and say, "Look, babe, I'm sorry, but there's this dame I want to marry. How about taking a trip to Nevada or Florida or Mexico, or some place?" Because the day would come; she knew that. It might be different if Charles loved her as she loved him; in that case she might have taken the risk. But he didn't; he didn't have it in him to love anyone in that way. Charles' love was vivid and strong, but it was never constant.

POINTED REMARKS ON AN EMPTY STOMACH

Dear lord and master, do not pout
Because you're getting sauerkraut.
A pound in points costs only four . . .
Remember, darling, this is war.

Don't plead for peas—a can comes
high.
To staples such as those, Goodby.
How's that? You crave a lima bean?
A pound of limas costs thirteen!

Asparagus and spinach too
Rate thirteen, so before you're
through
You'll either have to go without,
Or learn to relish sauerkraut.

MARGARET FISHBACK

So, she had laughed at Charles in the mirror. "Marry you?" she had said, and laughed again, wrinkling her nose and looking into the reflection of his eyes. "And wear myself to a shadow before the honeymoon is over weeping into my pillow? I think not, my Charles!"

SHE was remembering that when she looked out of the window, and remembering the other times in the years since then when he had asked her to marry him —always in that same, offhand fashion. And her own answers, always bright with laughter and mockery. And then the telephone shrilled on the desk behind her, and she whirled to answer it, realizing as she did so that she had been waiting for his call, that the blood in her veins had been going slower in anticipation of it.

"Charles! Charles, you idiot, you'll miss your train."

"Listen, Maggie, I'm sorry I was nasty. And, listen—"

"You fool, you know it doesn't matter! Now, hurry! Hurry, or you'll miss the train."

"Maggie, listen. There's a box in the top right-hand drawer of my desk. It's got your name on it. I—"

"I'll find it. Now, get going!"

"But, listen! Don't open it. Burn it or put it in the safe or something. I don't want you to open it. Hear?"

"Of course, Charles."

Quite plainly, she could hear his sigh of relief. "Thanks. I was— They're closing the gates. Goodby, Maggie darling!"

"Goodby," she said dully, out loud to the empty telephone receiver. "Goodby, Charles." She put the instrument back on its cradle and felt her stomach turn over dismayingly with the thought that now there was nothing further to wait for. Now, he was gone.

She went to his desk—her desk now, she thought with a flash of gloomy pride—and opened the top right-hand drawer. There was the box, all right, a small, oblong package carefully and somewhat clumsily wrapped in brown paper. She picked it up and was surprised at its weight. What on earth had he bought for her and then decided not to give her? Something ribald, probably, which he had decided at the last moment was too ribald. Charles' mind was likely to go too far in any given direction on occasion, but his innate taste usually saved him.

ALMOST against her will, she opened the package.

There was a little golden box inside. Like a cigarette box, only the wrong shape. It was too small for a jewel box, she thought. Besides, it would be worth more than any jewelry it was likely to house.

It took her a moment of searching to find the little catch that released the lid. And when she did find it, and the box was at last opened, she stared at its contents, frowning and puzzled: A key and a note. The key was just a plain, ordinary key, with one of those oval composition tags attached to it. She picked it up and looked at the tag. DROP IN ANY MAILBOX, it said boldly. RETURN TO HOTEL DUKE, SALTON, MASS. POSTAGE GUARANTEED.

Quietly, her face flaming, she put the key back in the box and picked up the note. "I wish you hadn't left so early that morning, my darling," it said. "And I wish you'd married me any of the times I asked you these past five years. Now, it's too late for wishing. Anyway, here is my souvenir, and I wish you'd loved me. C."

She put the note back in the box with the key, and closed the cover gently and then sat staring straight in front of her, trying to think. One phrase particularly kept repeating itself over and over in her mind: "Now it's too late for wishing."

Now, it was too late for wishing. Now, it was too late for anything. Charles was gone now. Even if he were to come back, it was still too late. You could not expect him to carry a hollow dream in his heart forever; he had carried it for five years, and five years was a long, long time. No dream could survive forever the constant derision, the constant mockery and laughter with which she had pelted his for all this time. When he came back, he would have found something warmer and more rewarding than laughter to comfort him.

After a long time, she reached over and picked up the telephone. Thank God, she thought, for the glycerin they were manufacturing down at the plant. Thank God for priorities.

"La Guardia Field?" she asked. "When does the next flight leave for Chicago?"

She moved in a world in which time had ceased to exist, and volition was only a myth. She was not conscious of making any decisions; she did what was to be done without thinking at all about it. Occasionally, during the next twelve hours, her mind would clear for a moment or two, and she would look at herself with panic-stricken amazement, and wonder what in heaven's name she thought she was up to. But, invariably, the fog closed down again in time to prevent her from turning back upon the course she had set herself.

It was not until she had lain down to take a nap on a bed in the Chicago hotel where Charles always stopped, that she really came to her senses. Then she sat up again in a sudden cold sweat of fear.

"I must be mad!" she said aloud. "I must be completely insane!"

This, she thought, was just the kind of thing that was always happening to successful businesswomen; she had heard about it often enough. They went off their rockers. And usually about some man, too—or men. Probably, the next step would be flirting with policemen!

She got up in a flurry of panic and started to repack her bag, and halfway through changed her mind again and went and sat in a chair by the window, clenching and unclenching her hands, wishing to heaven that she were back in New York, wishing Charles would hurry up and come, and wishing the next second that he would not come at all, but would break the custom of years and go to some other hotel.

She went through that performance a dozen times in the next few hours, trying to laugh at herself every time. It was silly; it was even funny. She could see that quite clearly, but she could not laugh. There was no laughter left in her; she wondered now if she would ever dare to laugh again.

When he finally got there, she was asleep, curled up in the undersized easy chair. She woke to find him standing at the door, his bag at his feet. He was staring at her with his mouth open.

They did not say anything for a long time. Maggie felt ridiculous and untidy; she knew that her hair was a mess, and she had a strong suspicion that her lipstick was smeared and her nose shiny. A nice thing, she thought grimly, for a tired man to find waiting for him. A lovely, lovely surprise

"Surprise!" she said aloud, inanely.

"Well, I'll be darned!" Charles said. "What are *you* doing here?"

It wasn't too late yet, she thought suddenly. She could say she was here on business; she could invent some plausible story. She could say the OPA was acting up again, or something.

"And what," Charles said, "is the idea of signing the register 'Mr. and Mrs.'?"

HER stomach sank; she had forgotten the register. You couldn't very well blame the OPA for that. She looked at Charles miserably and suddenly realized with horror that she was about to stage a return performance: she was going to cry.

Apparently, it showed in her face, because Charles closed his mouth and hurried across the room to kneel down beside her chair and put his arm around her comfortingly.

"Don't cry, darling!" he pleaded, and his voice sounded almost as panic-stricken as she felt. "Please, don't cry!"

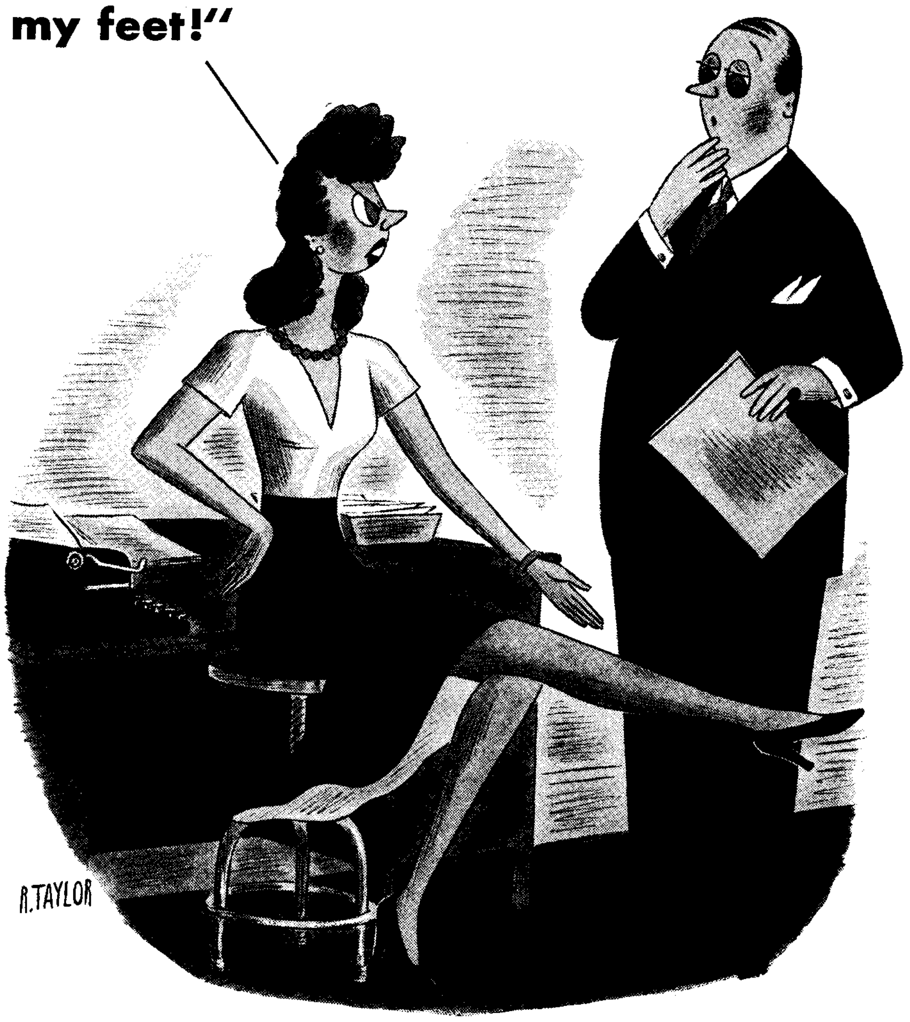
Charles, she thought lugubriously, must think that there was something about the mere sight of a bed that brought out the dreariest side of her. He must think that she always wept in bedrooms, automatically. The idea struck her suddenly as funny, and she turned her head into the hollow of his shoulder and giggled hysterically.

He held her away from him for a moment, looking angry, and then his eyes began to smile, and his mouth, and he pulled her into his arms and kissed her laughing mouth, smothering the laughter in her throat.

The last flurry of panic flared in her heart and died while she clung to him. This was it, she thought. This was where she abandoned everything that made her safe—laughter and mockery and reserve. This was where she stripped herself of her armor and became forever vulnerable to all the hurts and all the fears and jealousies he could inflict upon her. From now on, she would have nothing left but love.

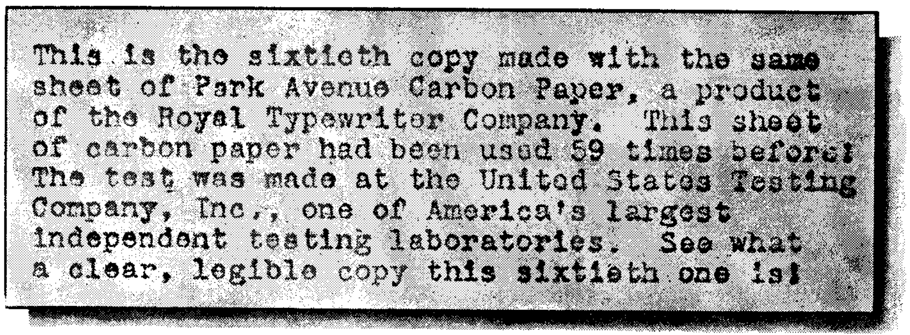
THE END

"Sure...and maybe I could run another typewriter with my feet!"



GIRL: *I'm not a magician . . . so I can't use one piece of carbon paper 60 times!*

MAN: You're new here, and maybe you haven't noticed that we use Roytype's Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The Royal Typewriter Company makes it, and one sheet can be used up to 60 times, cleanly and clearly. This test copy proves it . . .


This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

Laboratory test No. 36092-NY, issued October 6, 1942

GIRL: *Gee, maybe you're right! This looks almost like a first copy. How's it done?*

MAN: Why, Park Avenue is *deep-inked* by a special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. And notice Park Avenue's extension edge . . . it lets you reverse the sheet, top to bottom, so that all areas of the paper can be used.

GIRL: *No magic about* that, *is there? Just common sense! Right now, I'll start getting a lot more copies from each sheet of Park Avenue!*

Complete line of carbon papers

THERE ARE MANY different carbon papers in the Roytype* line, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. One of these . . . it may be Park Avenue, or it may be another . . . will exactly fit your needs, depending on the particular type of work done in your office. Your local Royal Typewriter Representative will gladly show you the whole price range of Roytype carbon papers and help you choose the weight, finish, and quality best-suited to your requirements.

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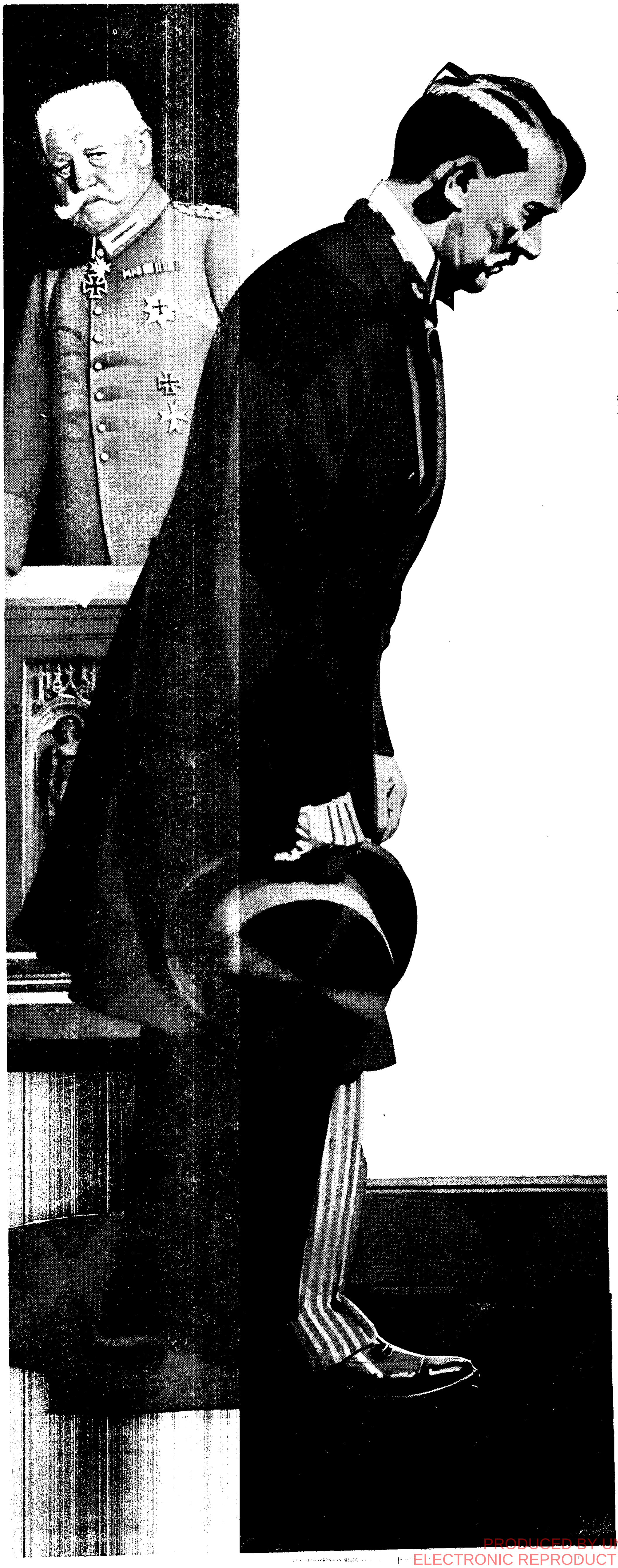
Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

By Lion Feuchtwanger

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



Hitler walked toward the door. His gait was awkward; his back was bent. He had entered that room hoping to leave it as chancellor of the German Reich. Now he slunk out, his heart torn with helpless resentment

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE year 1931 Oscar Lautensack, a mind reader and clairvoyant, is living in Munich. He is desperately poor. His brother, Hannsjörg (a murderer just released from prison), makes a startling suggestion: that Oscar go to Berlin and worm his way into Hitler's confidence, become the Fuehrer's foremost adviser!

Sure of himself, and knowing that Hannsjörg, a Nazi, will finance his operations, Oscar goes to Berlin. Soon his so-called clairvoyance, his mind reading and his impressive personality make him a much talked of man. And soon he has friends: notably the Baroness von Trettnow and the Kadereits—Dr. Fritz Kadereit and his wife, Ilse—all enthusiastic Nazis.

The great man has a mistress: a little seamstress named Alma. But, feeling the need of another woman—someone who can understand him, he finds another one: Käthe Severin. Käthe is supposed to be his secretary. She loves Oscar; but she does not trust him.

Once established with a few powerful friends behind him and a superbly furnished establishment, Oscar decides to prove, in public, how great he really is. And prove it he does, in a theater before an audience of two thousand persons, by raising a naval hero from the dead (needless to say, the whole business is faked) and making a political prophecy that "comes true," because, a few days before, Hannsjörg had told him a carefully guarded Nazi secret.

Following a number of meetings with Hitler (who is strongly drawn to the charlatan), Oscar is made editor of "Germany's Star," a magazine devoted to racial studies and occultism. Soon he is rich—Nazi money pours in on him; and, with his new wealth, he splurges—orders a beautiful yacht, specially built; purchases a country estate—Schloss Sophienburg.

Unfortunately, he makes an enemy: Dr. Paul Cramer, Käthe Severin's half-brother. Cramer, knowing that Oscar is a faker, attacks him savagely in print. . . . Spoiled by his easy success, Oscar does a foolish thing: he incurs the antagonism of Ilse Kadereit. Ilse decides to get revenge. She inveigles the Nazi leaders into forcing—ordering—Oscar to bring suit against Cramer for libel.

Hannsjörg breaks the news to his brother. Oscar says that he will not go to court. The two men have a long and heated argument. After a time, Oscar, exhausted, drops into a chair. The future looks none too roseate for Herr Oscar Lautensack.

V

HE RANG up Frau Kadereit to say he was coming. In that lilting tone of voice which made it impossible to tell whether she spoke seriously or in jest, she asked, "Is it something special?" and added, "Not that you wouldn't be welcome even without a special errand. But I'm very busy these days." He said that he was impelled by a general desire to see her as well as by a particular matter.

"Well there you are again," she greeted him when he arrived; she was animated, full of well-bred amiability. First of all he thanked her enthusiastically for the pearl. Then, full of well-simulated repentance, he spoke about that telephone conversation. He had been in a state of irritation; his nerves had snapped.

"Go right on, court jester," said Ilse. She smiled. That was the old Ilse. A spark of hope flared up in him. He became the old Oscar, felt very male, and behaved accordingly.

"And now let's forget that silly misunderstanding," he said triumphantly as he came toward her and reached for her.

She slipped from his grasp, lightly, adroitly. "Don't exert yourself," she said, and there was no coquettishness mixed with her mockery, only friendly indifference. He could not do otherwise than let her go.

"Shall we go on to the second part of your visit," she suggested, "and discuss the business about which you came?"

Oscar, resigned, came to the point. Powerful circles in the Party, he explained, were urging him to take action against the attacks in the Red press. His feeling spoke against it. He asked for her advice.

Great as was her joy in the man's humiliation, she did not show her pleasure with even the faintest smile. "In my opinion," she said thoughtfully, seriously, "you should defend yourself against the Red attacks, silly as they are. After all you're not Herr Meier or Miller, you're the Party's seer. You have even received the distinction of being asked for advice by the Fuehrer. *Noblesse oblige,* my friend. A dirty bandage over the seer's eyes—that won't do. It seems to me that the seer's mantle should always look as fresh as if it had just been cleaned."

IF SHE had only smiled! It filled him with helpless fury that she pretended to be so naïve and objective. "I should not have thought," he said offendedly, "that externals of that kind would distort your view of the inner being." But she had nothing but a shrug for his complaints.

"External, internal," she replied, "I can only advise you from an unself-conscious feminine point of view. And there, as I said, I'm for cleanliness, for clarity. You must know what you owe yourself, and you must show that you know it." She still kept a straight face.

"So you wish me to sue?" asked Oscar point-blank, bluntly. "You wish me to prostitute myself before a court?"

"I don't wish anything, my friend," she reproved him gently. "Only, if someone asks my advice, as my husband does from time to time, and as you do now, I don't just agree to everything, but say straight out what is in my heart and mind." She savored her joke fully; she felt thoroughly alive.

Since he was broodingly silent she declared amiably, in her pleasantest bird voice: "I myself—I admit it to you quite frankly—am looking forward to the trial. Just think, what a gigantic stage is at your disposal there. You'll have all Germany as an audience. You couldn't wish for a better chance to prove your gift."

"Well of course that's a point of view too," said Oscar; it was meant to sound ironical, but Ilse could well hear the bitter helplessness in it, and it fell sweetly on her ears.

Yes, Oscar's heart was full of bitterness. But abruptly that bitterness changed into a different feeling. Now that he had come, he wanted at least to get something out of his trip. His passionate blue eyes grew veiled, became fierce. Rage and lust inflamed him. "All right," he said, "and now I'd like to thank you for your advice," and again he came toward her and seized her with his large, white, brutal hands. But

(Continued on page 48)

SECRETARY OF WAR!

No uniform adds glamor to her job. There's no publicity, no medal . . . she's just in there slugging. Of course you say of her, comfortably, "I don't know what I'd do without her" . . . but man, don't be silly! Without her you'd be sunk!

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So Long, Susan

Continued from page 12

that. I don't know why I'm telling you this."

"I asked you."

"I don't know exactly. I thought perhaps here—you get so you want something to hang on to. There was no real reason, I guess. Just an impulse."

She was a while answering. She said, "You're still carrying Susan's picture?"

His negative nod was also slow. He was looking at the white house. "Not," he said, "in my billfold, anyway."

The girl held out her gloved hand, her expression seeming a little odd. "I have to catch a car, Jim," she said. "Good luck again." Then she was walking rapidly away. Still staring at the house, the major knew there was something more he wanted to tell her, but he could not remember it.

He could not remember until a snowball caught him just above the ear. The snowball was thrown hard and accurately, and his garrison cap went spinning. The girl was grinning from a safe distance across the street. "She's not married," she called, "so get moving, stupid."

A trolley squealing to a stop between them cut off his answer.

THE major dusted snow off his cap and straightened his shoulders under the greatcoat. Then he walked rapidly toward the white house. When he reached it and rang the bell, his palms were perspiring in spite of the cold. All at once he wondered what it was he especially remembered about Susan. A laugh in the dark of a theater, an ice-cream cone eaten on a snowbank? Or a few words, "I'm not sure, Jim. We're both too young."

He wondered whether he would even recognize her immediately if she answered the bell. He wondered and looked to one side, noticing the house next door, a little brown house needing paint. But unusual things had been done with the drapes around a window. The little brown house smiled at him and said, "I was always on your side."

Of course, he did recognize Susan, despite a changed hair style, despite five years. She said, "Hello," and then he watched her expression change.

Coming so to a house he had known, he knew at once whom to expect at the door. The face and its setting were one in his memory, the situation as though he had not been away. So he felt strange as he watched her turn back the years with her eyes. He watched the name, "Jim," come to the surface of her mind before she spoke it.

He said, "It was a childish thing to do. I should at least have telephoned."

Susan said, "Jim," again and held the door wide.

"I should have telephoned," he said, "but I always thought about doing it just this way and so I did."

Susan took both his hands and kissed him, quickly, breathlessly. She called, "Mother, it's Jim Cassell!" The call had a warm, friendly, welcoming sound.

Mrs. Harris came out of her kitchen, shook his hand and studied him. "Let's see," she said, "you were the boy who liked applesauce cake."

"Constancy is my best virtue," he said. "I still like applesauce cake."

"There is just about enough in the refrigerator."

Mr. Harris was behind his wife. He said, "I remember now. No garters."

Jim pulled up his trouser leg to show his sock. "I bought them as I was coming through town," he said. "They feel queer, but anything for peace."

Susan said, "Dad was mean. I think he liked to watch you squirm, especially if he'd been arguing with Mother."

COLLIER'S "My wife—Mrs. Kipnis. The poor man's Hedy Lamarr" GARDNER REA

Mr. Harris poured a drink.

"This time I'll enjoy it," Jim told him, "but I remember that afternoon I came around and found Don already here. You poured a stiff one that nearly choked me."

"It was your own fault," Susan said. "You just came over without even asking whether I had a date."

"And you," said her father, "enjoyed every minute of it."

Susan's giggle had not changed at all. "I don't know which was the silliest. Jim couldn't sit still or keep his socks up; and Don put on his older-man act, giving out a lot of advice. I wanted to slay them both."

Remembering, Jim could smile too. "Don?" he asked.

"Married to a redhead," Susan said. "She's a nice girl."

"My daughter," said Mr. Harris, "never could hang on to her men. Always too darned independent. Kept them stirred up all the time, just for the fun of it. Even the ones she was crazy about."

"As, for example, me?" Jim asked.

Mr. Harris looked at Susan. "As I get older," he suggested, "I get a little smarter, though not much. We have time for one more drink before dinner."

It was all very nice. It was friendly and warm and fun. For the first time in months, the major felt at ease, some of the piano-wire tension gone from his mind. He told Mr. Harris about the ground crew in New Guinea who put forty gallons of gasoline into a mosquito before they discovered it was not a bomber. The story was not new; but the laughter in the room was mellow, like the old whisky in his glass. And there was no such place as New Guinea with its rotting beaches.

IT WAS all very nice. Susan listened and smiled; and the major knew that what he remembered best about her was the wealth of dark hair, heavy and rich no matter how she wore it—that and the font of secret laughter always threatening to engulf her.

He watched her while she listened and when she moved to help her mother with the dinner. While Mr. Harris talked, Jim watched Susan and allowed his mind to run down a separate track of its own. He could remember having waited before while Susan moved through the house; and then his eyes and his mind had always been following her. It was a surprise to him now to notice on the wall a picture he had never consciously seen before, although he knew it must have been there all the time. It was more of a surprise to see Mr. Harris suddenly as a man whose humor was reflected in his daughter. Never before, Jim thought, had the older man been anything but a satellite moving in a circle—now protective, now disapproving—around her.

The major was surprised and puzzled; and his puzzlement made him miss the point of a story Mr. Harris was telling about the new bomber plant on the east side of town. Then the telephone cut into the story. Susan went to the hallway to answer it; but before she closed the door, the major had one glimpse of the expression on her face.

Nodding an excuse to Mr. Harris, he followed her, shutting the door again behind him. He said, "Sue."

When she looked up, closing her hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone, he was seized with a queer desire to laugh. He had known before what he was going to do, but now in addition it seemed very funny to him that he had no trace of resentment. He said, "Don't break the date, Sue. I'd like to go along and dance with you once or twice if he doesn't mind, but that's all."

Susan gave him a long slow look that was questioning at its beginning and then collapsed into a grin at the corners of her eyes, where no beautiful woman's smile should have its genesis. She was not a beautiful woman. She was a nice girl of whom he was tremendously fond. They had laughed a lot together and he had been waiting to see again just such an unorthodox smile.

She smiled and took her hand off the mouthpiece. "Bill," she said, "I'm glad you called. Come over early. Jim Cassell's here for dinner and wants to go along with us tonight." There was a sudden twist of sheer devilment at the corner of her lips. "You'll like him," she said into the phone. "He was my first husband."

When she had replaced the receiver, she took Jim's arm. It was a companionable gesture, as one old friend to another.

He said, "So you still can't resist giving them a bad time? He might not think it was funny."

"Bill's a captain," she said, "stationed out at the post here."

"Serious?"

She nodded. "I think so, Jim."

"Then you're being silly."

"You play up and don't give any advice," she said. "I've never seen how he acts when he thinks he's been wronged. Besides, he's a little too proper and a shock will do him good."

The major shrugged; but at the dinner table, he told Mr. Harris, "Your daughter deserves to be an old maid with eight petticoats."

"Is she still resisting you?" Mr. Harris was obviously more interested in the array of salad-dressing ingredients in front of his plate. He rubbed his hands in preparation. That mixing was a ceremony Jim remembered and had always enjoyed watching. But this time, in the middle of it, his mind gave off a sudden spark. He said, "Excuse me a moment. I forgot to make a call."

In the hallway, he leafed through the telephone directory. The voice that answered his ring was familiar, a low voice that would have pleased the telephone company. He said, "Do you always put rocks in snowballs? My head has a knot on it."

He said, "Were you abandoning the cheering section this afternoon or are you still in it?" He asked, "Listen, have you a date tonight?"

He listened himself and said, "Well, I want a favor. I'd like to come for you at eight and to kiss you on the front porch. There's a special reason."

Finally he said, "Swell! A team can't lose if the rooters have that old Spizeringtum. Make it look good and I'll buy you a box of melted chocolates."

He went back to the table just as the dressing was being completed.

THE captain arrived in time for coffee and applesauce cake. The captain was stiff and military and very much embarrassed. He looked as though he did not like being outranked. He said, "I'm very glad to meet you, Major." He looked at Susan as he said it, and there was reproach in his eyes. The captain was very much in love and not concealing it well.

Jim said, "It's a pleasure, Old Man. Sue has told me so much about you."

The captain did not say Susan had told him nothing at all about the major; but he did not have to say it, looking as miserable as he did.

Mr. Harris poured a brandy. He said, "Well, Bill, how goes the corn-country war?"

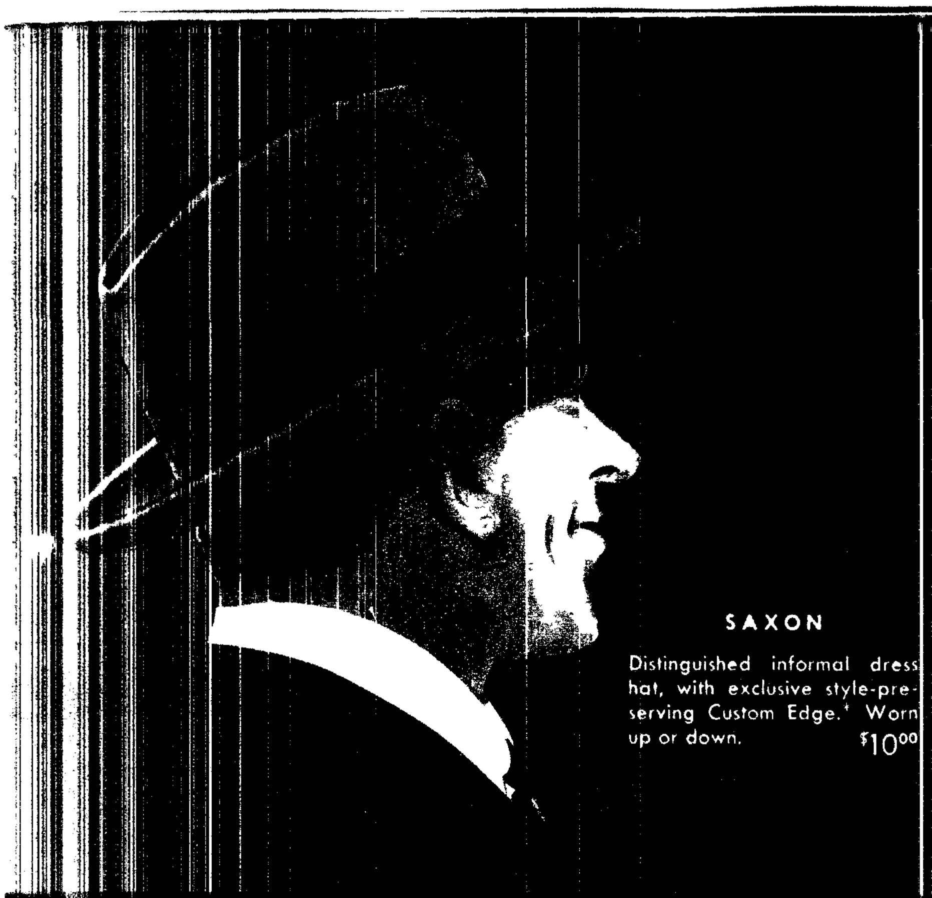
The captain looked at the campaign ribbon on Jim's chest and said nothing. Downing his brandy at a gulp, he seemed to feel some better, but not much. Susan was helpful as a saboteur, saying nothing and gazing at Jim with old adoration in her eyes. Jim played up. He put his arm around her in husbandly fashion, patted her shoulder. He said, "By the way, Sue, do you remember that afternoon our boat drifted away and left us marooned on that sandbar up the river? I was just thinking about it today. A romantic spot, Bill. A place to make you lie on your back looking up at the sky and approve of the universe."

Mr. Harris coughed over his brandy, and Susan had the grace to blush. The captain stared into his empty glass, saying nothing loudly.

Jim asked, "Shall we get going?" and helped Susan with her coat. He helped the captain, too. He was tender with Susan and hail fellow with the captain. Susan, catching his eye, said something that might have been a silent, "Don't overdo it."

The captain was still silent as he climbed under the wheel of his sedan. Jim helped Susan in beside him but he himself remained with one foot on the running board. "If you'll just pull up in front of the brown house, Bill," he said, "I'll get Evelyn." Not waiting to look at their faces, he shut the door quickly.

The porch light was flicked on as soon



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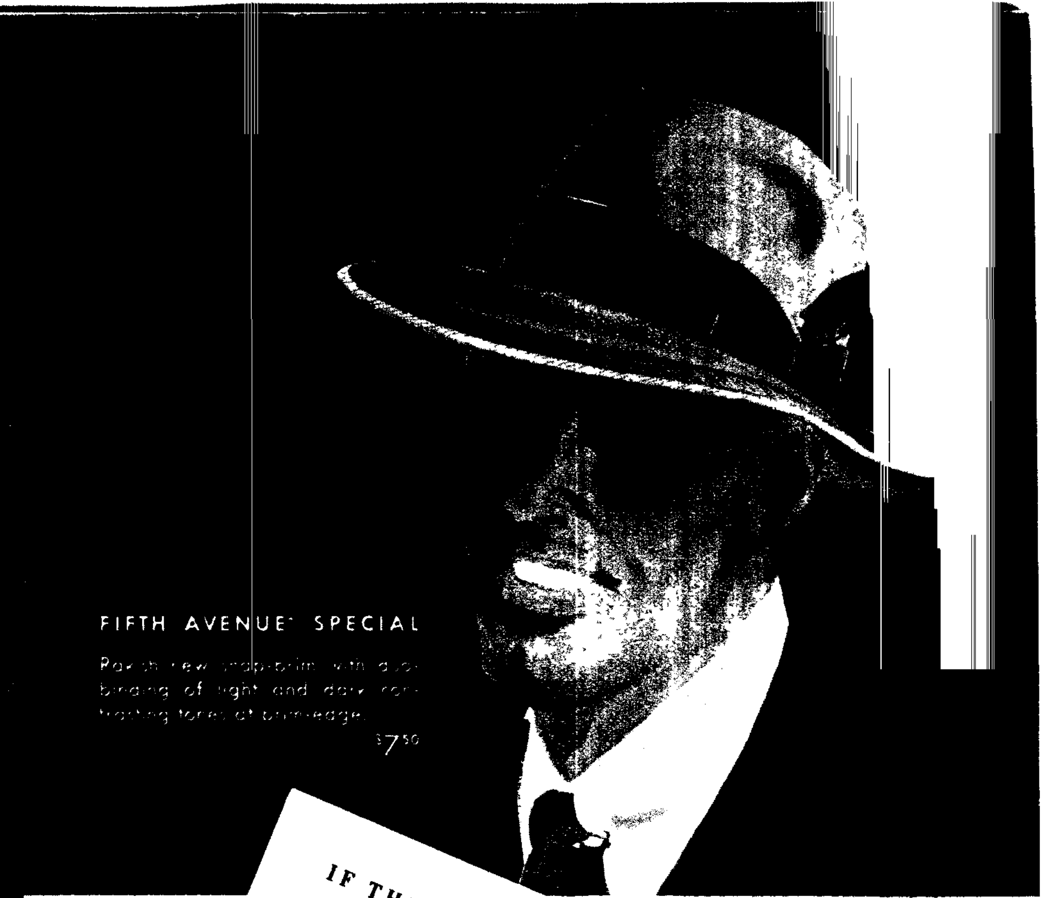

FIFTH AVENUE SPECIAL

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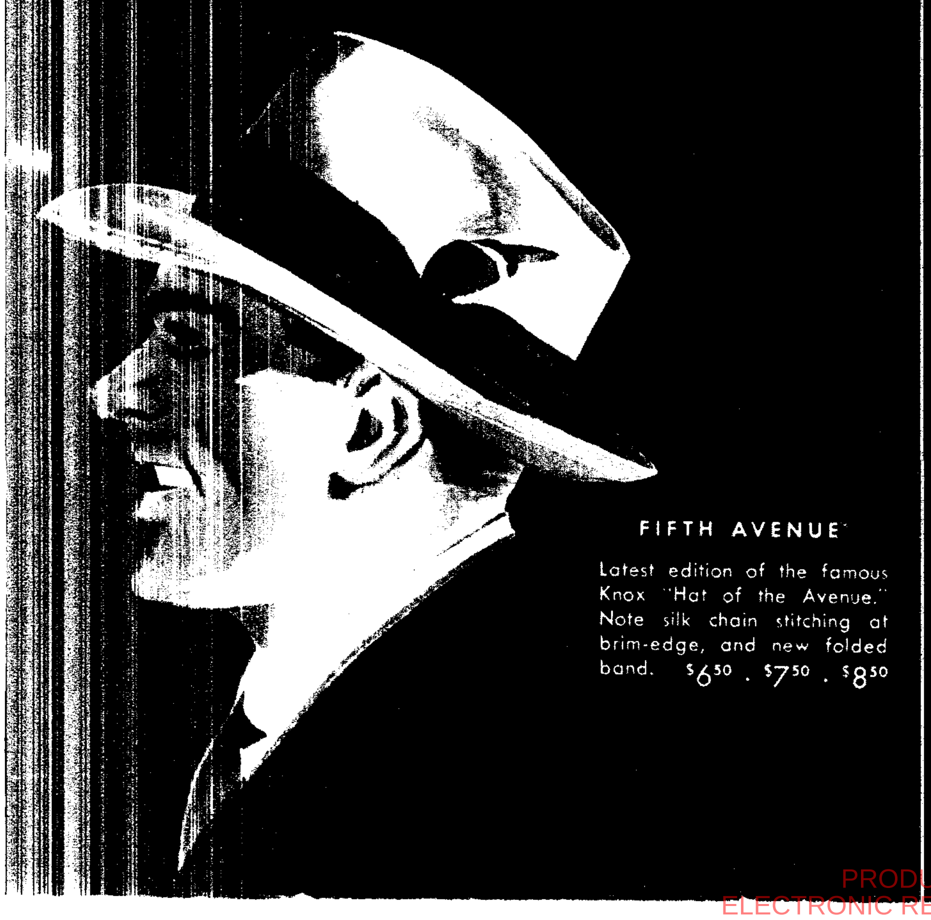

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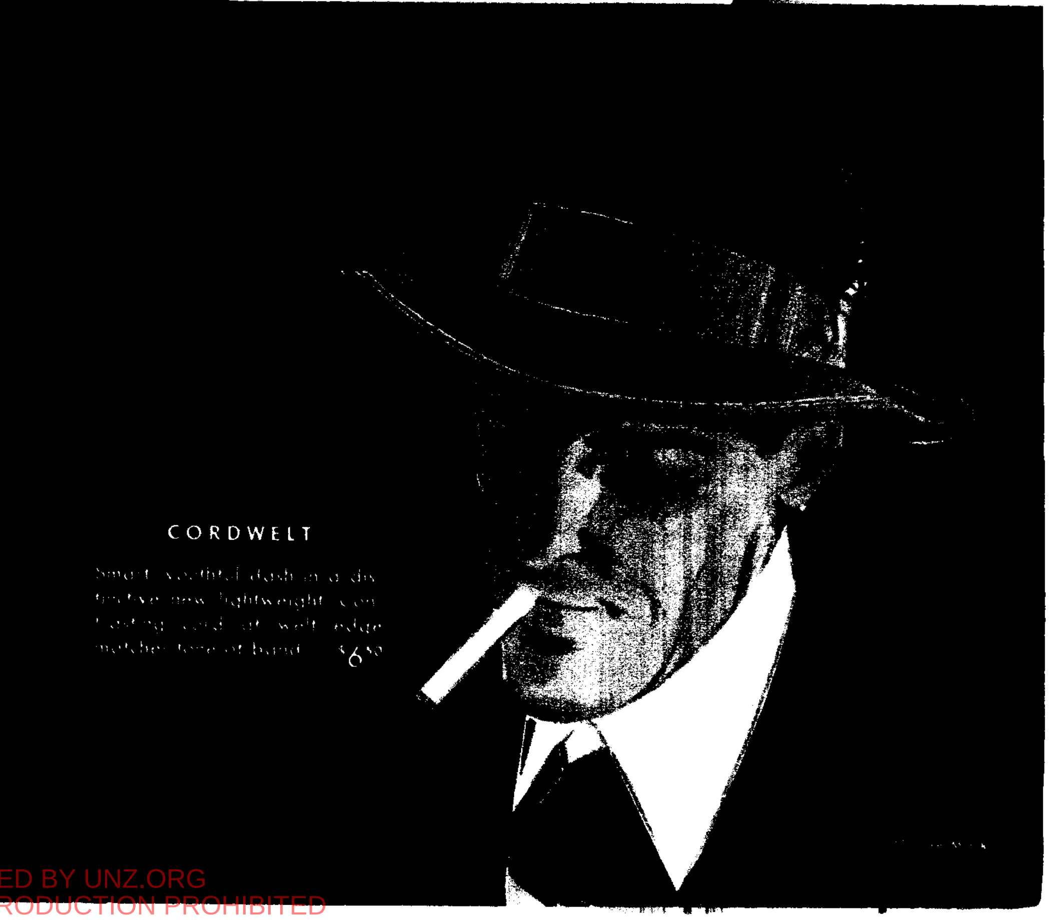

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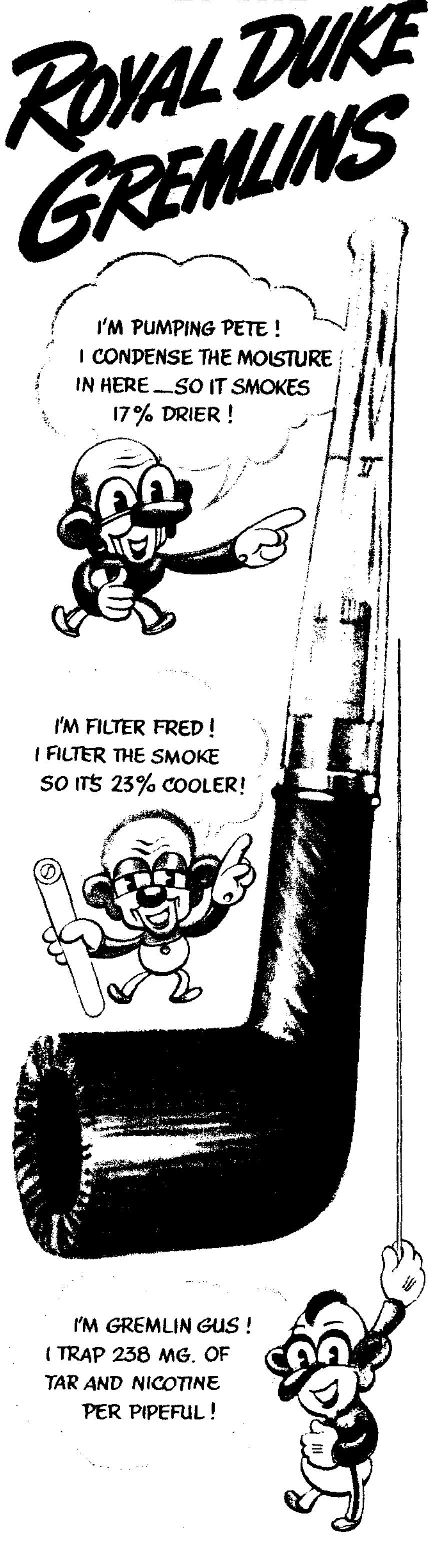
GENTLEMEN, MEET THE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as he rang the bell; and the girl, her coat already around her shoulders, appeared in the doorway. The girl had combed her hair and done something about her eyebrows. The girl was, in a restrained fashion, a knockout. She looked up at him, grinned crookedly and waited.

Jim kissed her thoroughly, turning sidewise so their profile would be clearly visible from the car. The kiss was beautifully done. The kiss was absolutely correct. It was so correct that it wasn't fun. Letting her go, Jim said, "Thanks, Pal. Keep on playing up for a while and I'll tell you what it's all about."

"Being a cheerleader," she said, "was never like this." Then they were at the door of the sedan.

Susan turned half around, saying, "Hello, Evie." Her voice was level.

Evelyn said, "Hello, Sue."

Jim said, "Evelyn, this is Bill Natzel. Captain Natzel, Miss West." He paused and then went on in a casual tone: "As a matter of fact, she's the girl who broke up Sue's home. The name is Cassell now, but we've never announced it locally." He sat back in the seat, holding Evelyn's hand tightly.

Susan had another small coughing attack. Captain Natzel started the car with a jerk and drove rapidly.

Jim was not conscious of much that was said on the way. He was conscious only that Evelyn, her expression serene, was systematically digging a foxhole in the back of his hand with her fingernail.

Jim did not know for sure that Susan was giggling until they reached the lobby of a hotel. The captain looked pained, Evelyn was unconcerned over having maimed Jim, but Susan was definitely giggling. She said, "I don't know whether it's cricket for a lady to suggest; but the drinks are on me, James. If you don't explain this gag to Bill now, he never will believe me."

JIM was past the hat-check girl and going away, his elbow pressed firmly against his side to imprison Evelyn's hand. He turned half around to Susan. "Gag?" he asked. "What gag?" Then he went on to the dance floor.

After the first few steps, he started telling Evelyn the whole story. When he began, he thought it was quite funny; and she did smile at his description of the coffee and dessert scene. She was light in his arms; but she did not smile for long, and she said nothing. Over his shoulder, Jim saw Susan in a booth, leaning across a table apparently explaining to the captain, and apparently not making very heavy going of it.

Once Evelyn stumbled as he tried a turn. She said, "I remember now. We used to do that step when I first began dancing."

"About 1937?"

"About then."

"The bastions," he said, "don't have ballrooms."

"You'll be going back soon?"

"I have four days still on leave."

She was light in his arms and he was sorry that she did not seem to be having a good time. Avoiding the 1937 turn, he saw suddenly that her eyes were disappointed and hurt. He said, "You didn't like being kissed as a joke, did you?"

She was a strange little girl, making no attempt to be less than honest. "I wouldn't have minded if it had done any good, Jim," she said. "I just don't see how you gained anything with Susan by it. It was just a kind of a dumb practical joke and you still have nothing to take back with you."

"No," he said slowly. "No pictures, no locks of hair. I did find out that they stopped doing that step in 1937. Only sometimes, out in the dusty places, you don't know about the changes."

There was more he wanted to say, something very important he had just learned about how a man could be blind to the things around him until he was away from them a while; but he was a full turn of the dance floor finding any words at all and then he felt them insufficient. "Look, infant," he said finally, "if it makes you feel any better, I'm sorry I kissed you like that. I've really enjoyed only one thing tonight."

"Only one?" When she looked at him, he wondered how he could have forgotten her so completely, how he could have forgotten her at all.

"One." He showed her the crisscross of businesslike scratches her fingernails had left on the back of his hand. And for the second time, he saw her full grin. It was no multitude-swaying smile, but it looked like fun.

The music stopped, but they stood together beside the dance floor. "I don't quite understand what makes you so violent," he said. "Snowballs and scratches. I feel like a tow target."

"You've been acting more like a booby-trap expert this evening, I'd say."

"Then you're not rooting for me any more?"

He knew she had never been any good at the feminine art of indirection. "I had an awful crush on you once, Jim," she said, "and I liked my heroes smart even when I was seventeen."

The major knew how to strafe a column of troops and had a medal to prove it, but he was not used to being a hero, nor was it his custom to find himself tactically embarrassed. Strangely, he could find nothing better to do about the flush creeping up the back of his neck than to say, "We could drink a beer on that, couldn't we, maybe?"

At the bar, she ordered a lemonade, which cost him twenty-five cents, the same as a beer, and they drank quickly, not looking at each other much. "I'm sorry you didn't find whatever it was you were looking for, Jim," she said at last. "I am, truly."

With his eye on the ribbon across Jim's chest, the bartender set up another beer and a second lemonade. "On the house, Major," he said. Jim flushed again, feeling the curious glances of the other customers.

"The truth is," he said, "I wasn't sure myself what I wanted, Evie; but I think I know now." The bartender was still interested in the ribbon and ready to ask questions, but he went away when Evie smiled at him. He went away and diverted the attention of the couple on Jim's off side so that they too stopped listening.

"I want," Jim said, "to learn to dance again in the next four days."

Evelyn gave the matter serious thought. "A dancing school," she said, "could cut the time in half."

"I was not thinking of a school."

She was a little girl who did not look to be twenty-two when she smiled, or when, as now, she was quite sober. Her glance touched the booth where Susan was still leaning across the table. "It was an awfully dumb joke, Jim," Evie said. "Not funny at all."

The major shrugged and offered her his arm. "You're calling them now, lady," he said.

AT THE booth, he faced the captain and clicked his heels. "Cross my heart and on my Boy Scout honor," he said, "I never was married to either of these wenches. And that afternoon on the sandbar was ruined because Susan wouldn't neck."

Susan laughed a bit too loud in her relief; the captain squared his shoulders, and straightway ordered up a round of drinks. "If I ever get you in the infantry," he said, "you'll bleed and burn for this."

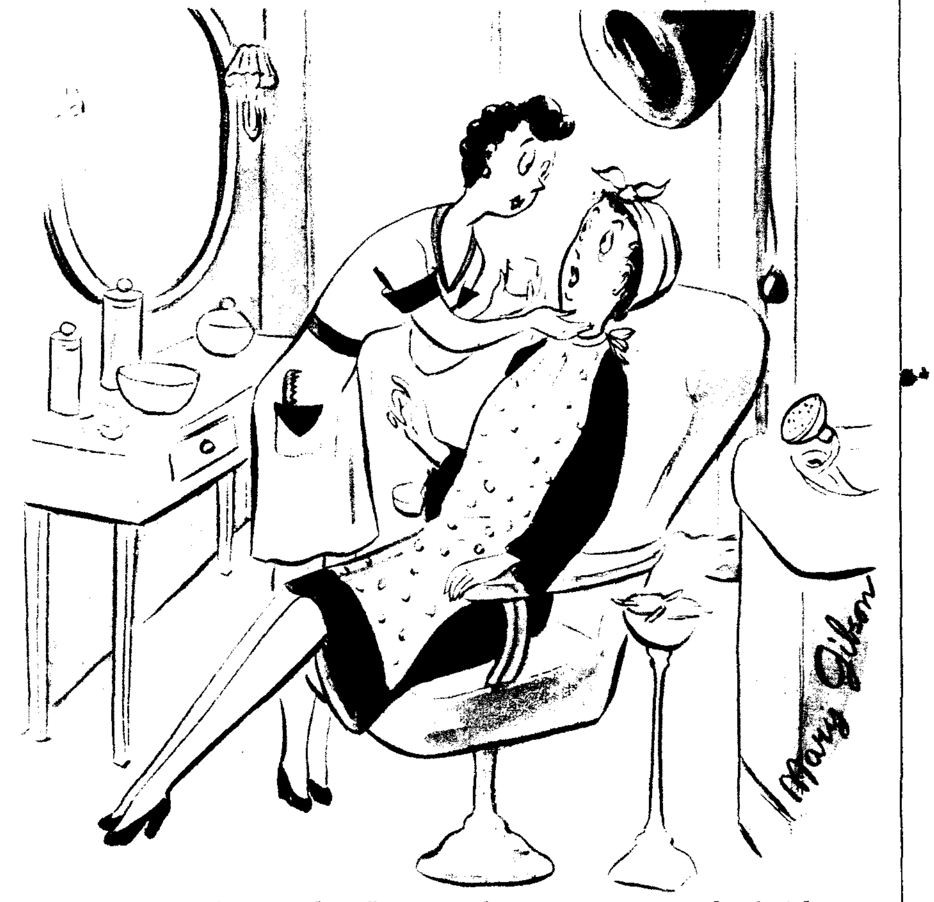
The major listened, but he was paying only slight attention with his mind. His mind was very busy thinking how curious things were, how strange that suddenly he could sincerely hope the captain would be happy, how odd that he could look at Susan with her heart in her eyes, and feel no single twinge of envy for the infantry.

The major's mind thought it most curious of all that he should be holding his breath while he waited for the beginnings of Evelyn's smile—waited and watched as if he might be making a mental picture of every detail of it to carry with him.

Evelyn never did smile. It was a grin. "Come on," she said. "It may take a while to cure that one-two-three turn of yours."

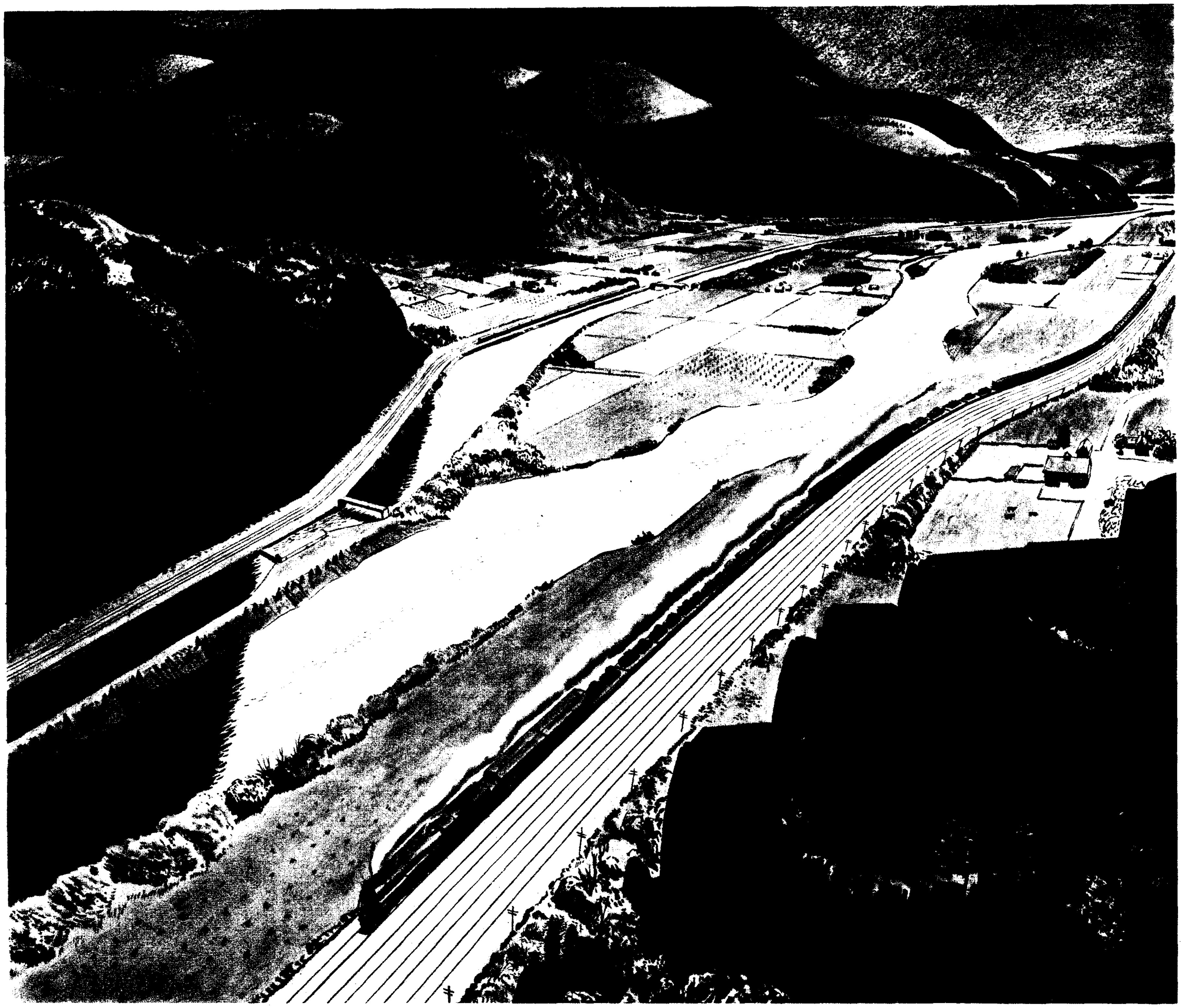
The major thought it would. Perhaps it would take forever.

THE END



"Give me a glamor-girl coiffure, a pick-me-up massage and a facial cocktail, but be sure to leave me looking too tired to cook dinner!"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON



WARPATH OF THE UNITED NATIONS

This is an ancient valley.

This is a water level highway that nature carved from the rock and tore from the forest. This is where war cries echoed and smoke signals drifted to the sky when the Five Nations of the Iroquois roamed with their tribes.

This is where a *new* thunder roars out today . . . the thunder of wheels on steel, the thunder of powerful locomotives, the thunder of long trains speeding their cargoes through the night.

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From the teeming shores of the Great Lakes and the valleys of the Mississippi, flows the freight of war to the East. From the farms and the mines and the oil fields, flow the precious food, the metals, the fuel, for the smoking factories and cities.

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This is the ancient water level route . . . ancient as the Mohawk River itself, or the Hudson . . . precious to America as fertile earth or sheltering ports or metal-laden mines . . . now a warpath of the United Nations.

And this is a highway of tomorrow—a road for tomorrow's travelers and shippers. For the experience that is being born in the war of today, will be turned with new skill to the new trains of tomorrow—to carry America's people and America's products on their swift errands of peace.

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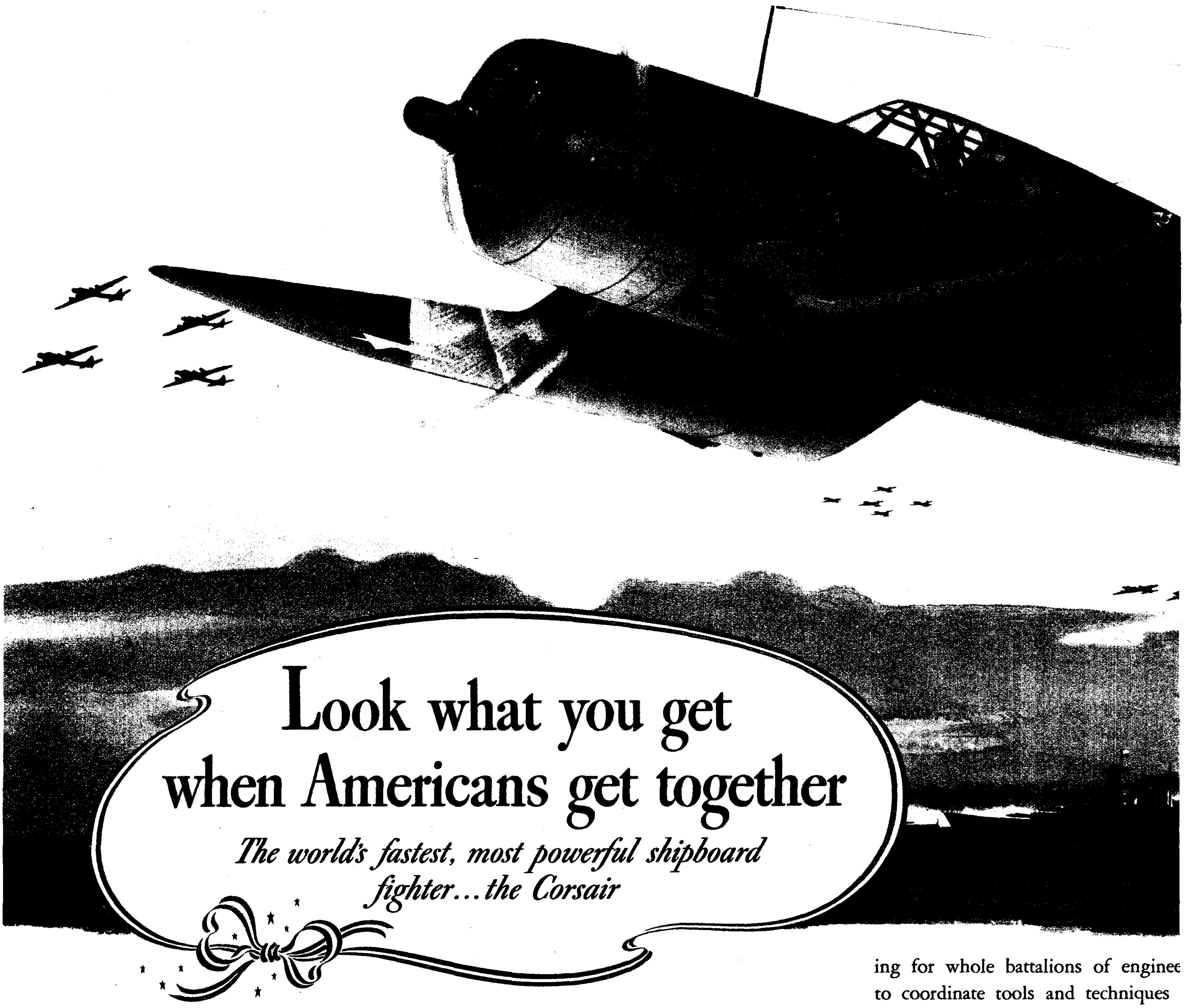

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For the Corsair is being built by Goodyear — from specifications made available by Chance Vought Aircraft Division of United Aircraft Corporation.

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Then, working together, United A craft and Goodyear engineers design and put into operation the long ma production lines on which thousands aircrafters are nc building Corsairs.

In the same mann Goodyear is also servi other airplane manuf turers in engineeri

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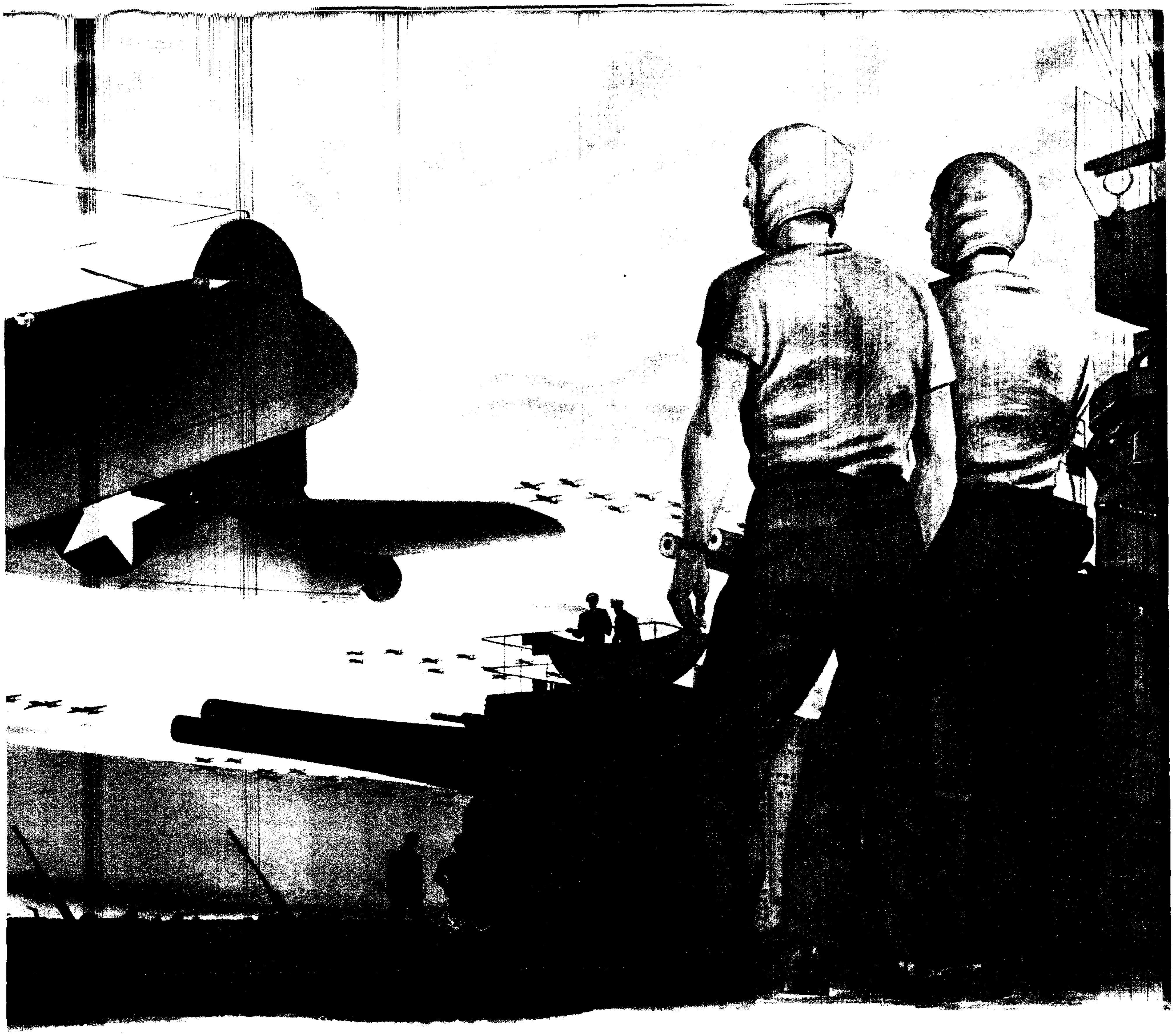
Unless and until America is the most powerful nation in the air, our safety, our freedom, and our standard of living will not again be what they have been in the past.

PWLitchfield



nd fabricating wings, tails, control urfaces, cabin and fuselage subassemlies, wheels, brakes and bullet-uncture-sealing gasoline tanks that go nto many of America's most formidable ighters and bombers.

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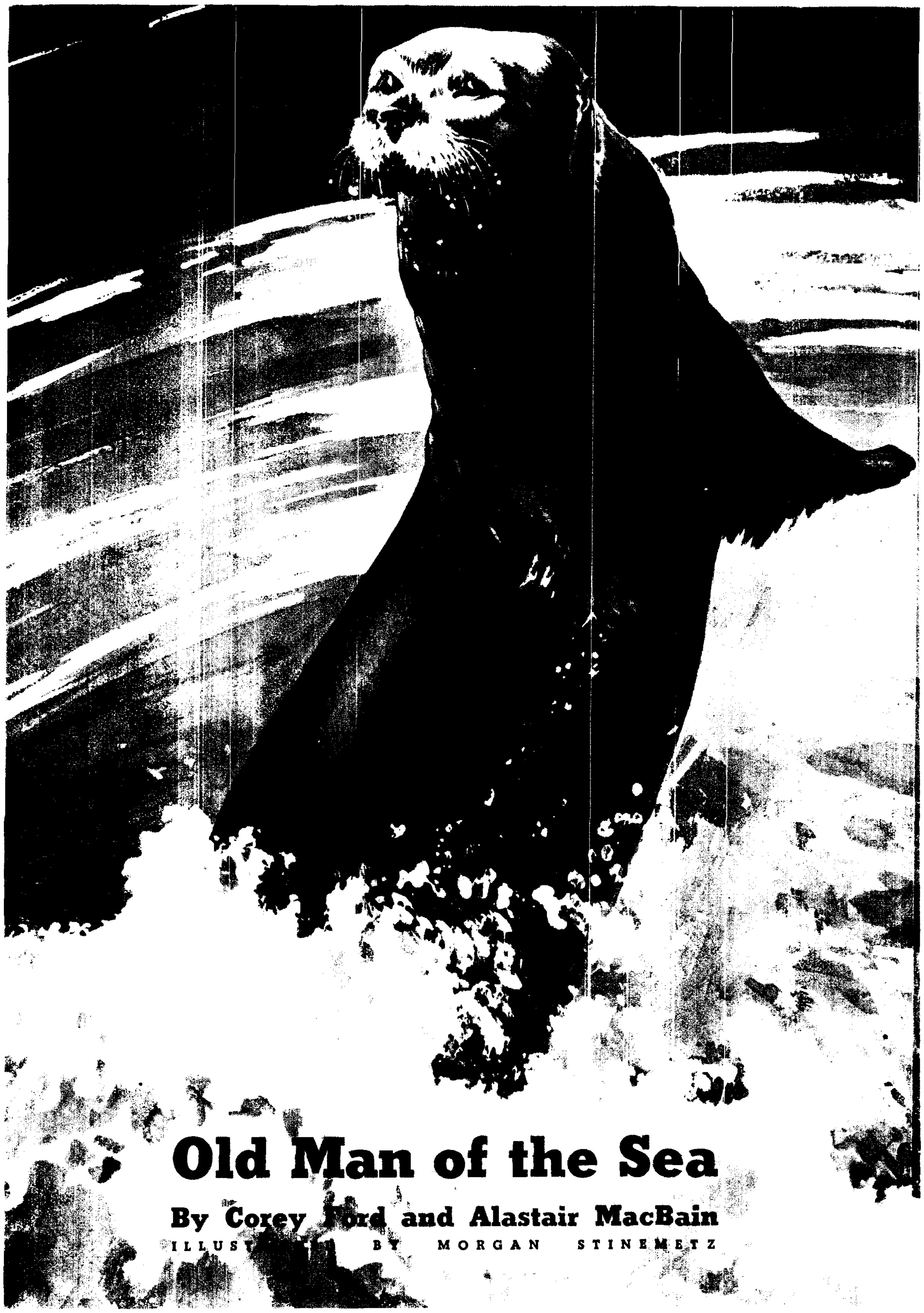
But in a larger sense the Corsair, good as it is, is something more than another crack fighter. It is a symbol—a symbol of the way free America is cooperating to win the war through the pooling of hard-won knowledge and the trading of once zealously guarded skills.

That is the only way to victory—a victory that cannot be won until all of us on the home front share alike in the burdens and sacrifices that war entails.

This we owe to our fighting men. We cannot, and must not, do less.

GOODYEAR

GOOD YEAR
AIRCRAFT



The sea otter is capable of strange antics. This one momentarily stood up on the surface of the sea, scanned the scene, swirled and plunged out of sight

Old Man of the Sea

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

ILLUSTRATED BY MORGAN STINEMETZ

You'd never suspect that the rare and shy sea otter launched an imperial conquest, spread warfare from Frisco to Kiska, hastened the development of the West Coast. Meet the world's most valuable fur bearer, the cause of it all

WHEN the Japs came to the Aleutians, the Navy was able to evacuate the human residents of most of the islands. There were other refugees, however, who couldn't be moved. For the islands were the refuge and breeding place of the only existing herds of northern sea otter, the shyest and rarest and most valuable fur animal in the world.

Once these priceless animals flourished all the way from Alaska to San Francisco Bay. Hunted relentlessly, the last remaining otters sought out the lonely, fog-shrouded islands of the Bering Sea. You wonder what has happened to them now, with their silent harbors invaded overnight by subs and cruisers, with bombs exploding in their bays and inlets.

The sea otter had good reason to hide from man; for this bewhiskered Old Man of the Sea, with his quizzical half-human face, bears a fur of such richness that in 1911 the last commercial pelt was sold in London for the staggering price of $1,990. The pelt is incredibly thick, even denser than chinchilla; an entire coat of sea otter would be too heavy to wear. The color is a deep ash-brown or brown-black—the darker it is, the greater its value—and the whole body is star-dusted with light olive-buff guard hairs that increase from the shoulders forward, giving the neck and head a grizzled silver-gray cast. Unlike almost any other pelt except the fur seal's, it is prime the year round. It lies on the otter in soft folds, loosely furled; you can stretch a skin a third again its normal size, and still you cannot force your fingers down through the fur and touch the hide.

Otter hunting was officially banned in 1911; today, owning even a single piece of sea-otter fur is a federal offense. Actually the animal had been declared extinct when the Alaska Game Commission in 1935 discovered a few specimens in an Aleutian bay. The area was made an otter sanctuary. The otter's complete history is a mystery. So little is it known that the single specimen in the Smithsonian was discovered recently to have been mounted with its hind legs reversed. The best available description is one written by the naturalist Steller two centuries ago.

"Altogether it is a beautiful and pleasing animal," wrote Steller, in 1743. "They prefer to lie together in families, the male with its mate, the half-grown young and the very young sucklings all together. The male caresses the female by stroking her, using the forefeet as hands; she, however, often pushes him away from her for fun and in simulated coyness, as it were, and plays with her offspring like the fondest mother. Their love for their young is so intense that, when their young are taken away, they cry bitterly, and grieve so much that after ten to fourteen days they grow as lean as a skeleton, become sick and feeble and will not leave the shore."

It was the quest for the sea otter, rather than for timber or beaver or gold, which opened up California and our Pacific Northwest. It was in search of sea-otter fur for the Empress Catherine that the Russians under Commander Bering discovered Alaska in 1741. Ironically, this peace-loving animal caused the bloodiest fur stampede in history: untold ships wrecked, men slaughtered, warfare and pillage from Alaska to Mexico, an entire race of people—the Aleuts—almost wiped out of existence in a few decades. Even after 1911, Jap sea-otter smugglers still raided our islands, acquiring invaluable knowledge of Aleutian channels and harbors.

The otter is excessively shy. Persecution has sharpened its senses to the needle point; its sense of smell is perhaps the keenest of any animal. They say an otter can scent an intruder a quarter-mile away. Even when it is asleep, its uncannily sharp senses are aware of the slightest suspicious sound. I found firsthand evidence of this when I visited the Aleutian sanctuary just before the war. We would land on the opposite shore of an island, when we were stalking otter, and wade across the island through the giant rye grass and tundra.

No Protection Against Snoopers

All we could see at first was the gray ocean and the long sleek ropes of kelp, moving up and down gently with the Pacific swells. And then we made out something else: first a tiny speck, then plainly the head of an animal moving toward us through the kelp. Leisurely, at an even pace, the otter came nearer, swimming on its back—a strange habit of this fabulous animal. Now for the first time we could see its triangular head and its wizened, wise, Teddy-bear face, its furry chest, the black clover-shaped flippers with which it kicked itself slowly past the rocks where we lay hidden. It dived and rose again half a minute later, holding a spiny sea urchin in its stubby forepaws. Lying on its back in the water, it crushed the shell between its paws and began to feed itself from the scattered particles on its chest, contentedly, like an old man picking crumbs off his vest.

It had moved a little past us; and now a stray filament of scent must have betrayed our hiding place. The otter halted and stood on end for a moment in the water, like a gopher, its head and upper body rearing a full two feet out of the water as it stared toward the rocks. Rapidly it began to swim in a half-circle around us until it was in the direction of the wind. One horrified sniff, a thrash of water as though it had been yanked under the surface with a string, and it was gone.

Otters feed entirely in the water, diving from 60 to 150 feet for their food. Their main diet is sea urchins, small echinoderms which fasten themselves to the rocks under water. Only the sea otter, with its clublike, calloused paws, can crack the urchin's spiky armor. The otter also enjoys an occasional shore dinner of limpets, periwinkles, crabs, surf fish and seaweed. It feeds with great delicacy, and when it brings up a bottom fish, usually a flounder, it holds the fish like an ear of corn, takes a mouthful, then places the fish carefully on its chest and removes the morsel in its mouth with its forepaws.

The sea otter sleeps in the kelp, lying on its back with its eyes closed, big hind flippers locked together beneath the tail. Usually after a full meal it takes a siesta in the surf, wrapping a strand of kelp around its middle to keep it from drifting.

We saw only one otter out of water. Walking along the beach of Amchitka Island and keeping our glasses trained on every kelp bed and exposed reef, we made out the contours of an otter asleep on a partially submerged boulder, a full quarter of a mile from shore. The wind was in our favor, the water was fortunately shoal; cautiously, we began to ease out through the kelp. Once or twice it lifted its head and, shading its eyes with a forepaw, stared toward shore.

(*Continued on page* 70)

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Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

Continued from page 38

she, with the same supple movement as before, slipped from his grasp.

"Have you gone mad?" she asked, in cool amazement, as if there had never been anything between them. But now he was angrily determined, he desired her greatly, he fell upon her; it cost her a considerable exertion to tear herself loose; at last she succeeded. Both of them were heated, exhausted. "You're thoroughly mistaken, my good fellow," she said, when she could breathe calmly again. "I admitted you on trial, but you didn't pass the test. The game's up."

Her face was hard and merry; she was very beautiful. Only now did Oscar grasp completely what pleasures he had gambled away with that telephone conversation, and what dangers he had brought upon himself.

He gave up his attempt, enormously humiliated.

His whole triumph was not worth a pin. The others had been right: his father, Professor Lanzinger, Hannsjörg. The queen beat the knave, and he was the knave.

ON THIS same day, the thirteenth of August, Reichspraesident Hindenburg was expecting the Fuehrer of the National Socialist Party, Adolf Hitler.

The field marshal was looking forward to the encounter; he was going to even a few scores.

Hindenburg had been forced to suffer several previous encounters with this Herr Hitler; the man had not made a good impression on him; he was a fellow without discipline and without respect. With revulsion the Old Man recalled his first "interview" with this Hitler. The latter had done practically all the talking, almost an entire hour, exaggeratedly and enthusiastically, the way he was accustomed to address his meetings. But he, the old marshal, was used to having people around him speak with military brevity and definiteness; Hitler's theatricalism and unstemmed torrent of words had alarmed him; moreover, as a result of the hideous dialect that the fellow spoke, there was much he had not understood. It had taken him a long time to recover from his uncomfortable amazement, and ever since, whenever the man was mentioned, he would refer to him only as the "Bohemian corporal."

So there stood the old field marshal, very large and weather-beaten, and through his worn-out brain went two resolutions: first, not to let Herr Hitler sit down; second, not to let Herr Hitler talk. So there he stood; in his hand he held a slip on which he had written in large letters what he meant to say to the Bohemian corporal, and to himself, while his followers stood expectantly around him, he murmured: "First, mustn't let the man sit down; second, mustn't let the man talk."

Meanwhile the man, Herr Hitler, the Bohemian corporal, the Fuehrer, was driving in his gray auto to the Reichpraesident's palace, accompanied by a few of his followers. The Fuehrer had had a new coat made for the interview, again a long, black, so-called Prince Albert. Walsz the tailor had timidly advised against the old-fashioned garment; but to him, the Fuehrer, the severe, buttoned-up coat, half officer's uniform, half priest's cassock, seemed eminently suited to the performance of great statesmanly actions.

Alas, he would have done better to put on his most worn and threadbare coat today. But he did not know what awaited him, did not know what had been plotted against him. Those who had backed him in every way—the military clique, the big industrialists, and the big landowners—had been alarmed by the Nazi victory in the elections, and had decided to put the fellows on ice for a while. They, Hitler's opponents and patrons, the "upper crust" as they were called in the Party, believed that they could put over a kind of military dictatorship for a few months, under Hindenburg's authority; they did not want to let the power of the hired bandits, of the Nazis, become too great; they were afraid the bandits might get too big to handle and, after they had done their job, want to hold the power themselves. They had decided to take Herr Hitler down a peg, and the old Reichspraesident had declared with grim delight that he was prepared to attend to this. As a result, the Party's representatives, themselves fooled, had informed Hitler that Hindenburg had not been able to get a clear picture from the negotiations and that he was letting his decision depend on the coming interview.

So, full of confidence, in his black frock coat, top hat and gloves on his lap, Hitler drove along, his bearing stiffly heroic; rigid and bold, a large reversed pyramid of flesh, his nose above the mustache protruded into the summer air.

Thus he entered the palace, thus the reception room, thus he snapped into his jackknife bow.

But there stood the crafty Old Man. Mustn't let him sit, mustn't let him talk, he said to himself, and, exactly according to plan, from the very beginning he put his enemy in an awkward position. He did not offer him a chair, remained standing, and forced his opponent to stand.

And Hitler had not, like the marshal, learned to stand. Insecure by nature, he was twice as awkward as a result of his surprising reception. He sweated profusely in his heavy frock coat, his lock of hair stuck to his forehead, he shifted from one foot to the other. But the ancient stood powerfully before him, leaning on his cane, a mighty oak, only slightly weathered.

Hitler waited for a chance to make a speech. Then he would have the advantage. Then he would prop himself up on his own words again and tower over this huge, erect, hostile Old Man. But to speak was the very thing the Old Man would not permit him. This time it was not Hitler who spoke; this time it was he, the Old Man.

HE HAD one of his attendants hand him a slip of paper, and from this he read aloud his ideas on the formation of a national government. And it was no Hitler cabinet, it was a cabinet in which he, the victorious leader of the people, was to play nothing but second fiddle, nothing but a ridiculous role.

Betrayed. Hitler was betrayed. He stood there sweating and he was betrayed. The custom, the traditional usage, the interview, was nothing but a pretext. They had lured him hither only so that the Old Man with his iron hand could give him this mean box on the ear.

From his mighty height the old giant rumbled down at the agitated Party leader: "Well, Herr Hitler? Do you want to collaborate in this national government?" Hitler, helpless, betrayed, faint, fumbling for words, replied that he had already explained to Hindenburg's representatives how he could only join a cabinet in which he held a responsible post. "My position would have to be a leading one," he said.

"That means you demand the whole power, Herr Hitler?" the Old Man asked threateningly, in his great, hoarse voice.

Hitler attempted to explain. Now perhaps he would be able to make his speech after all, persuade the marshal and win full authority. "The abandonment of my revolutionary attitude," he began, confidently, "which your representatives demanded of me, is in part a difficult, in part a hopeful sacrifice. Upheld by a sense of responsibility befitting a leader of the people, who is rich in triumphs but also in renunciations, I have decided to grant extensive concessions. And a promise is a promise. On the other hand, as the leader of the strongest party in the Reich I cannot reconcile a debasement to second fiddle with the demands made on me by German and political moral custom. In this character I must—"

Hitler was already propping himself up on his own words, already feeling the flow of eloquence again.

"Mustn't let him sit down, mustn't let him talk," the Old Man had ordered himself while Hitler was speaking.

"I can see, Herr Hitler," he interrupted him, "you insist on receiving the whole power." And after a glance at his notes, he announced severely and haughtily: "I cannot take that upon my conscience; for you would use that power one-sidedly."

The Fuehrer wished to answer. He was not allowed to. Again, as soon as he started, Hindenburg cut him off in the middle of a word. "I advise you, Herr Hitler," he warned him, "to carry on your fight at least like a gentleman." And with the help of his slip of paper he played his trump card, "Incidentally, I regret, Herr Hitler," he said, "that you are not willing to support a national cabinet which has my confidence, as you promised me on your honor before the elections." Grandly, leaning on his cane, a monument of righteous indignation, the Old Man stood there.

But in Hitler, thus forced to hear himself assailed and soundly trounced for breaking his oath, there arose the image of his worthy father, the customs' inspector. It was one of his darkest hours.

He bowed wordlessly. He still managed the jackknife bow which he had learned from Bishchoff the court actor, but his gait, as he walked toward the door, was wooden, awkward, and his back was bent.

Exactly nine minutes ago he had entered that room, hoping to leave it as chancellor of the German Reich. Now he slunk out, chastised, his heart torn with helpless resentment, his hands empty.

"AT LAST I've got him to the point," Paul Cramer rejoiced, when he received notice of Oscar's suit. "At last he'll have to take a stand."

This fight of his with Lautensack was a good fight. Even if he had begun it with an idea in the back of his mind of ridding Käthe of his obsession, it was still a fight far beyond those personal issues: a fight of science, of sound common sense, against superstition.

In those days a smile continually hovered over Paul Cramer's face, now mischievous, now gravely cheerful.

From Walsz the tailor, he ordered the new suit about which Käthe had spoken to him so often. He really could not appear in court in his shabby brown one any more; that would make him show to a disadvantage from the start against the gorgeous Oscar.

Whenever Paul Cramer thought about the trial, and that he did most of the time, he saw in his mind's eye not only Oscar Lautensack the swindler, but the dark, evil, destructive world of double-crossing traitors around and behind him. And the fact that he, Paul, had been chosen to give battle to that world filled him with grim joy.

IT WAS during this period that Paul Cramer wrote his article about Hitler as a writer, that essay which did so much to paint the picture of Hitler as we see him today. Deeply convinced that a man's character was invariably reflected in his style, Paul Cramer exposed in Hitler's muddy sentences his muddy soul. With clear strokes he sketched the poor ape of Napoleon, of Nietzsche, and of Wagner, that nonentity which went wild and, outraged by its own mediocrity, set out to revenge its own nothingness on the whole world.

Many intelligent people read the essay; they were delighted; they said, "A magnificent analysis," and, "Now that man's done for."

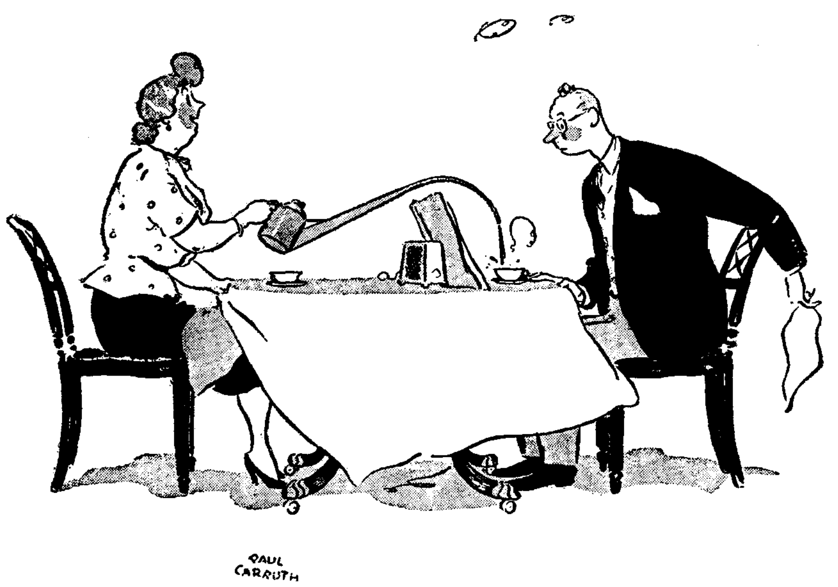
They did not give the essay to the Fuehrer to read. Sometimes after reading such articles he had been seized by unpredictable moods; from sudden fits of rage he had fallen into deep depression and had been especially difficult to handle. One preferred to spare him such things. . . .

The news that Oscar had sued the people who dared doubt him had heightened the sensation around him. The Party stood "with full confidence" behind him.

He aroused much talk in that late summer and autumn of 1932, during the months before his trial. People whispered to one another, titillating accounts of the wild parties which were held on his yacht, the Sea Gull. Count Zinsdorff was constantly in his company now; in defiance of Hannsjörg, Oscar took pains to show on what close terms he was with the count. To be sure, Ulrich Zinsdorff was not an inexpensive friend.

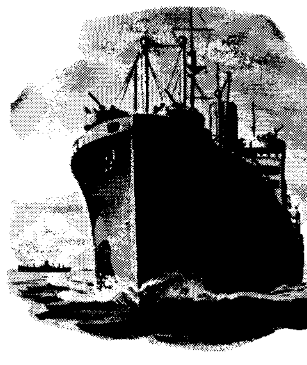
There was much talk about a notoriously beautiful vaudeville star, who, according to rumor, was shared by Oscar and Zinsdorff. The lady was always present at the parties on the yacht.

But most of all the talk centered upon the remodeling of the country house, Sophienburg. In a tone of secrecy, shaken with inner laughter, Sanders the architect

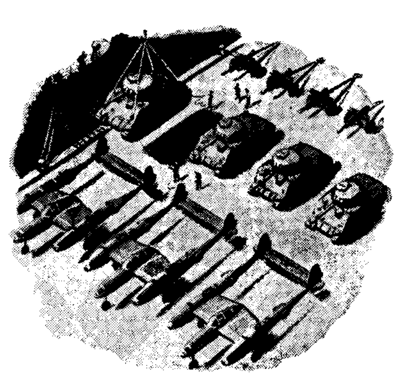


"Quaint isn't it, John? A little idea I picked up at the shop"

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH

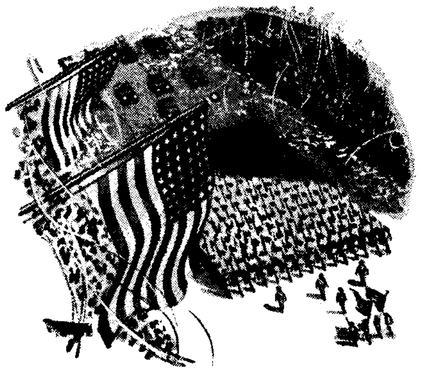


This is the Ship★ that Jack★★ built



This is the Cargo that filled the Ship that Jack built

These are the Men that used the Cargo that filled the Ship that Jack built



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told people about the strange whims of his client. "An absolute crackpot," he called him. But since, at Oscar's express request he gave no details and limited himself to hints, only the rumors about what Oscar was building became wilder and wilder. Oscar himself let no one set foot on the site; if he was asked about his new home he only smiled profoundly and very arrogantly. He drove out to Sophienburg often, and the building of the house occupied him far more than the prospective trial.

All concern about the trial he left up to Hannsjörg. It was a heavy, oppressive concern. There was no doubt that the outcome of the affair depended on the state of the Party's strength at the time of the trial. The date must fall within a period when the Party was at high tide.

But there seemed to be a jinx; during the entire second half of that year of 1932 the Party was at low ebb. The upper crust, alarmed by the great National Socialist victory in the elections in July, carried out their program. They ruled, leaning entirely on Hindenburg's authority and the army, and they put the Party on ice. The backers became difficult. The voters melted away. Within the Party, quarrels sprang up; a whole number of personalities and groups turned their backs on the Party. In the new elections, only a few months after their great victory, the Nazis lost a sixth of their seats.

No, the trial must not take place under such auspices. Yet Hannsjörg and his lawyers had had it postponed three times already. The court would not permit a fourth postponement.

PROELL, when Hannsjörg asked him to use his influence, was ungracious. With capricious and cruel playfulness, he had lately been favoring the handsome, wild, aristocratic and unscrupulous Zinsdorff. He could not be bothered with non-essentials at the moment, he informed Hannsjörg. Big things were at stake now; he couldn't dissipate his energies. "This time you'll have to do your own dirty work," he declared.

In his distress Hannsjörg turned to Hildegard Trettnow. He did not have much hope. Against his, Hannsjörg's advice, conscienceless Oscar had treated the lady like dirt. On the other hand, Hannsjörg said to himself, a woman like Trettnow, merely out of vanity, would hardly let anyone who had been her protégé come to grief.

Hildegard listened, dreamily moved. It was true, she had invested much money, time, effort, and life in this Oscar Lautensack. Was all that to be lost? Would it not be better to invest still more? As matters stood, Hannsjörg explained, she was the only one who could help. Oscar's cause was hers. She must not permit the trial to take place in such a hostile atmosphere. Through her connections she must bring about a postponement.

He looked at her more and more brazenly, respectfully and desirously. Hildegard was not adverse to his doing so. She remembered the conversations which she had had with him in the prison, how the barred door had opened between them, and she was stirred by the faint wild odor of blood, of adventure, of violent patriotism which went out from him. To be sure, Hannsjörg lacked Oscar's spark, but the Lautensack brothers had something in common in their glance, in the way they approached one. "My dear Hannsjörg," she said, "I don't understand why an intelligent man of the world like you should spend sleepless nights over such an affair. Why didn't you come to your Hildegard right away?"

She made a note in her little book. "I'll arrange the time of the trial," she declared decidedly. "Depend on it, my dear fellow. No more sleepless nights."

She had not exaggerated her powers. The trial was postponed, and moreover to such a late date as Hannsjörg in his boldest dreams had not hoped for. If the Party wasn't in power by then, it would never get there.

The Party's streak of bad luck persisted. But the Fuehrer did not let this bother him. His path was clearly laid out before him, now to the left, now to the right. In the presence of his intimates he unlocked the drawer of his desk. Therein lay a solitary revolver. "An iron determination to conquer or die does not let one's faith in the German future waver even in the most precarious moments," he declared.

Meanwhile, among the Party's opponents, the upper crust, divisions had arisen. The militarists, the big landowners, the bankers and the big industrialists did not get along together; they intrigued against one another. And to every group which had just received a setback, the Nazis recalled themselves, and every group, wanting to make itself strong against the others, toyed with the idea of rehiring the bandits whom they had just pointedly dismissed.

The Chancellor and Minister of War was considering the idea of putting an end to the Nazi evil for good. Old Hindenburg was not unwilling to give him a free hand; his heart belonged to the Prussian military tradition, to honor, loyalty, and strength. On the other hand, however, since clever landowning friends had given him the estate of Neudeck as a token of the nation's thanks, the Old Man's heart had also turned to agriculture. The Minister of War, in order to make the stubborn landowners tractable, threatened to expose how badly these gentlemen farmed their lands and what heavy demands they made on the help of the State and its funds. He only lifted the lid of this pot a little, and at once a horrid stink arose, endangering the landowners and also—what the Minister had not considered—Hindenburg's estate, Neudeck.

So the old field marshal found himself in a new conflict of duties. To whom should he be faithful, to the defenders or the providers? Should he decide for the German sword or German bread?

Clever friends suggested a compromise. The bandit, the Bohemian corporal, had given his word that if he was made chancellor he would press down the lid on this malodorous pot so firmly and finally that even the most sensitive nose would not be able to catch a whiff any more. Also, this time he was ready to accede to certain clauses which were to keep him from misusing his power. In this way the interests of the army as well as of the landowners could be protected, and the old marshal's mantle of honor could be spared the spattering with which the army's undisciplined representative had threatened it.

The marshal, now eighty-five years old, did not fully grasp all these connections, but the idea appealed to him. He tried to find his way through this conflict of duties and came to the conclusion that circumstances had changed, and that he could now take it upon his conscience to entrust Herr Hitler with the power after all, especially if one limited this power with careful clauses and if the Bohemian corporal would take an oath to abide by them.

On this basis an understanding was reached, and once again the Fuehrer came to the old field marshal. Not half a year had passed since the sly Old Man had given him that stab in the back. But this time Hitler had insured his position. This time every smallest detail had been settled. This time his Prince Albert was in place.

"I hear, Herr Hitler," said the marshal, "that you have decided to renounce the entire power and that you are willing to abide by certain clauses which my representatives have discussed with you. Are you really willing? Can you take an oath on it?"

"I certainly can," replied the Fuehrer. "As God is my witness. I give you my word of honor, Herr Reichspraesident. My yes means yes. A promise is a promise."

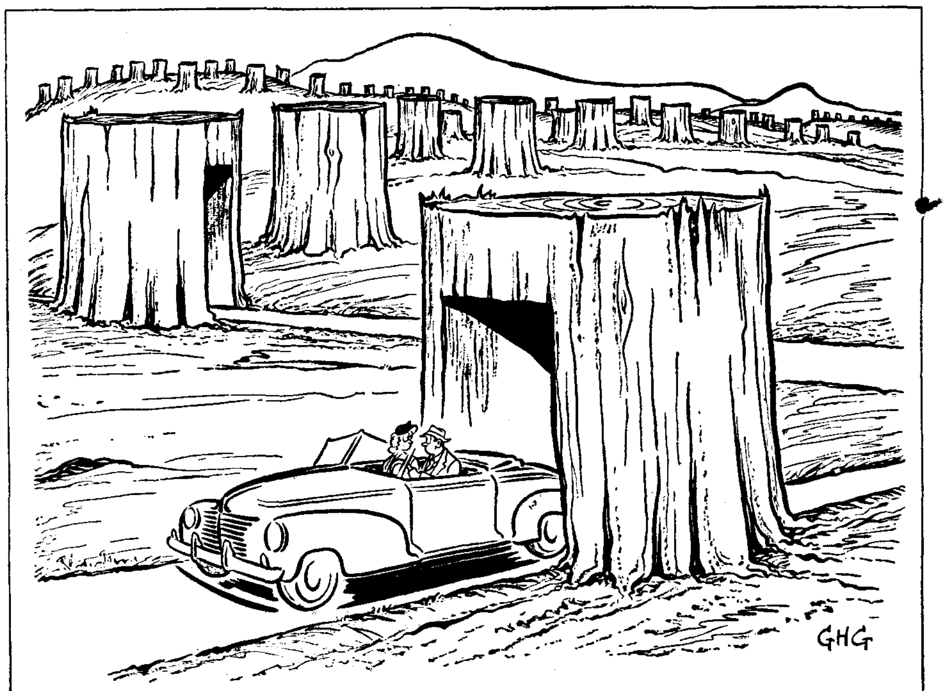
The president stood before him like a gnarled old oak. "In the name of the Lord," he said in his big, hoarse voice and dully and solemnly looked the man in the frock coat in the eye. And he, with equal solemnity, shifted his gloves from his right to his left hand, gave his right to the other, and said gravely and smoothly: "I swear it."

On the evening of that day the Party's army, the S. A., paraded past the Chancellory. At one window stood Hindenburg, at another Hitler. The field marshal with senile cheerfulness, mechanically tapped his stick in time to the music. But Hitler, now that he had reached the top, was nervous, trembled, had to make a convulsive effort to be calm.

But his inner being rang jubilantly: "So smote the sword of Siegfried!"

IN THESE days Käthe spent much time sitting in her little apartment in Keithstrasse.

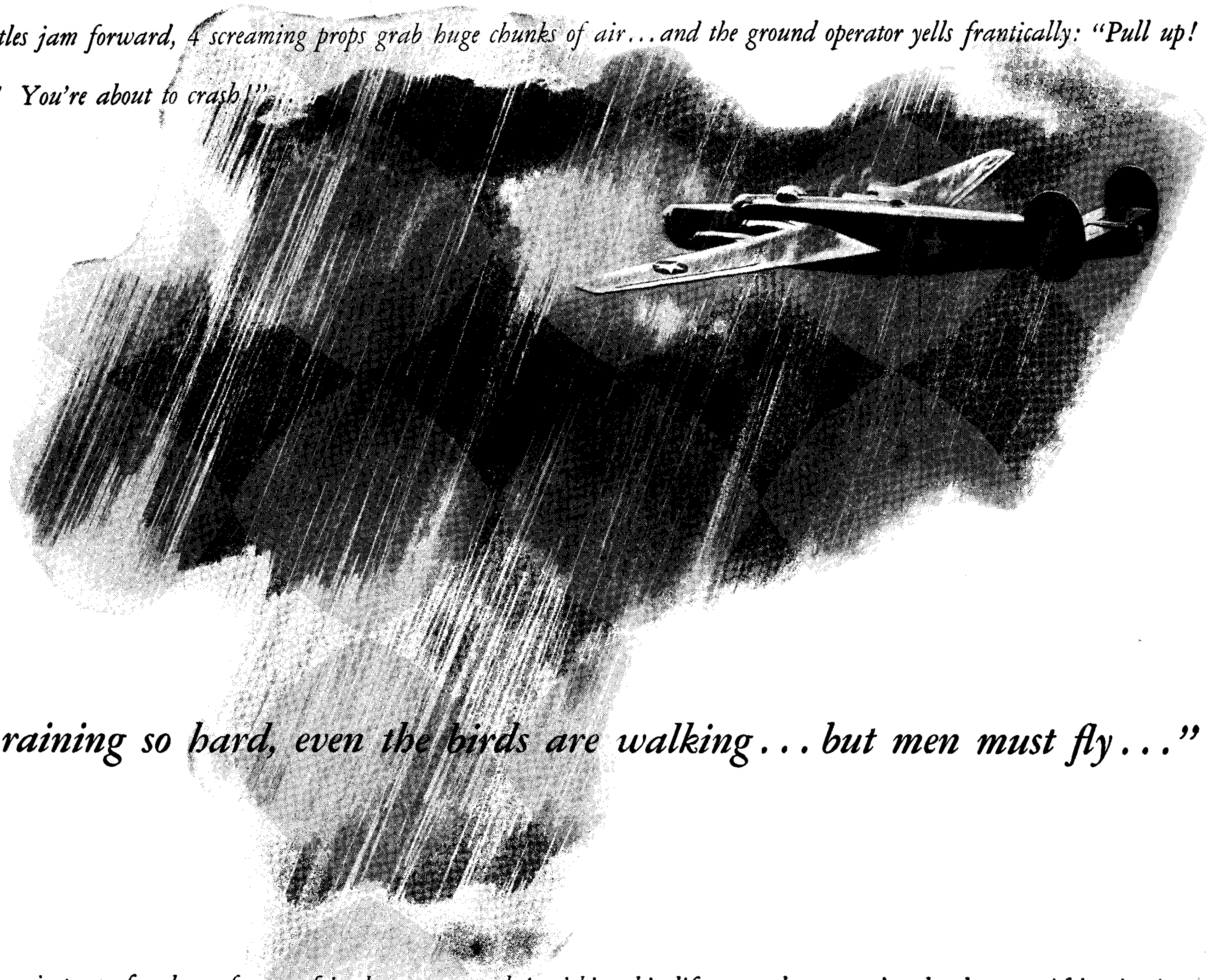
The news that Oscar and Paul were going to fight out their quarrel in court had been a profound shock. In her eyes the coming trial was a highly personal conflict, a quarrel between the two men who



"They needed the timber for defense building, but it was darn' nice of them to leave the tunnels so as not to spoil the scenic beauty"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

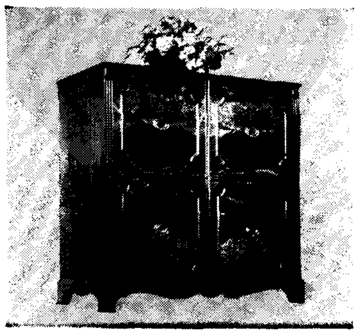
It's ceiling zero—and the hills are wicked close to the field below! We circle around trying to spot a hole in the murk—but there are no holes. Then the radio operator on the ground calls out: "We can hear you over the field now. Get back to the west and try to come in!" The ship settles rapidly... we wait in our little cabin, sweat streaming from our faces. Suddenly the throttles jam forward, 4 screaming props grab huge chunks of air... and the ground operator yells frantically: "Pull up! Pull up! You're about to crash!"...



"It's raining so hard, even the birds are walking... but men must fly..."

The above is part of a letter from a friend... a man who's risking his life every day... getting bombers to Africa in time! We think of him when we make communications equipment for some of the planes he flies... communications equipment for air, land and sea. We try to make this equipment just as reliable and durable as 48 years' experience has taught us... For today it's not our reputation that's at stake... it's human lives! How can we at Stromberg-Carlson do less than our best. And how can all of us do less than buy War Bonds and Stamps... as often, as much... as we can afford?

In company with the front line of American industry we proudly display the Army-Navy "E" pennant.



In radios, telephones, sound systems, there is nothing finer than a

STROMBERG-CARLSON

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were closest to her. And it was clear to her that each would inflict deep, perhaps deadly, wounds on the other. For they were a match for each other. Although Paul had his sharp, clear mind and was his opponent's superior in judgment, Oscar radiated an obscure, wild, unbounded sense of power to which people succumbed.

She, at any rate, could not resist that fascination. Oscar's voice swept away all common sense, like music that upheaves and exalts one. When he turned his passionate blue eyes beneath the thick dark brows upon her, when she felt his large white hands, her knees trembled. Her whole being yearned toward him, dissolved completely.

Lately the mere thought of Oscar was enough—his presence was not necessary—to throw her into confusion. She thought that she was pregnant; very soon she would know for certain.

She felt drawn to speak to Oscar about her hopes, her fears, her doubts. She knew he would want to marry her; she would only have to open her mouth and he would suggest it. But all that was left of reason in her opposed the thought. She did not want to tie herself to him any more closely; she was afraid of that; she did not want to live with him. But neither did she want to lose him. Perhaps he was a poison, but she could no longer imagine life without him.

IN THE midst of this doubt and distress she received word from her native town of Liegnitz that her father had had a heart attack; there was no immediate danger, but it would be a good thing if she looked after him for a time.

While she was still reading the telegram she decided to go to Liegnitz. Thus she would spare herself meeting Oscar during the trial, looking into his arrogant, triumphant face and knowing that it was her brother he was attacking.

She called up Oscar, informed him of her decision.

Oscar had previously avoided speaking to Käthe about the trial. He was sure of his victory over Paul, but he was not sure whether his fight with Paul might not widen the rift between himself and Käthe. At bottom it was convenient for him that she had to leave Berlin. She would stay with her father two, three weeks, she calculated. Thus she would not witness his triumph, but on the other hand he would not feel her critical, distrustful eyes upon him during the days of the trial.

Yet there was one more point. Had he not decided to propose to her before he moved into the new house? In the very near future, while she was in Liegnitz, his country house Sophienburg would be finished. Should he speak to her now, before she left? Should he wait until she came back, until his victory in the trial had been won, until Klingsor's magic palace stood ready for her?

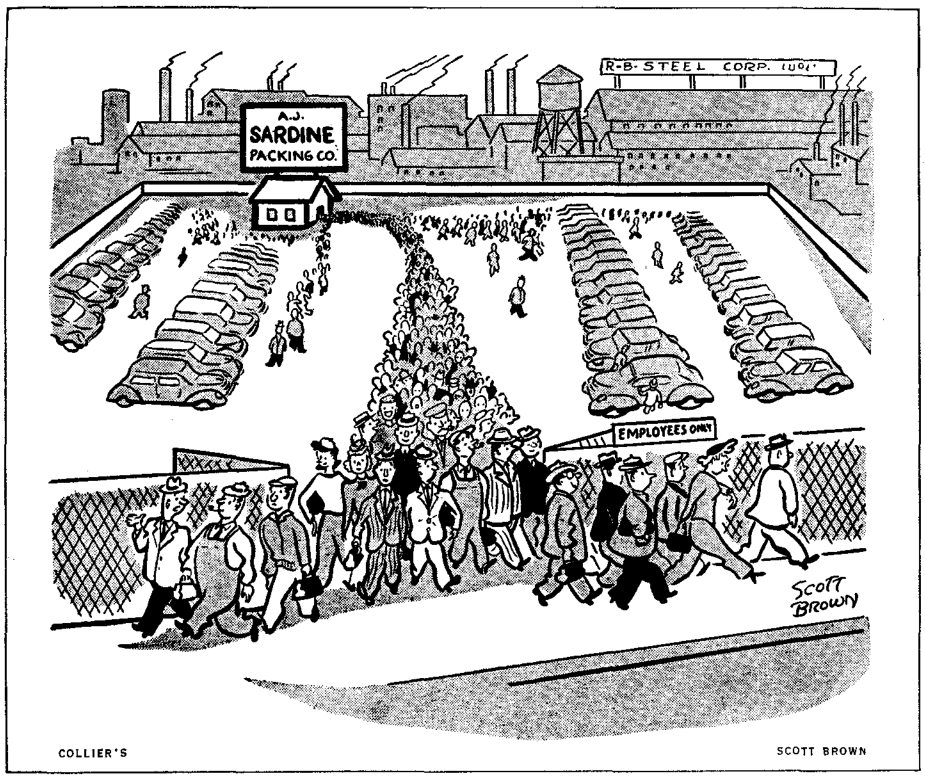
In any case he had to see her before she left. Her expression, her behavior should decide whether he should propose to her.

He stormily declared that if she was going away she must at least spend this last evening with him. When she came back she would no longer find him in Landgrafenstrasse but established in Sophienburg. They must have a farewell celebration, a farewell before a new beginning. She hesitated; he pressed her; she accepted.

He was filled with expectation. He would test her, would subject her love to a proof. Only someone who believed in him unconditionally, who belonged to him completely, could move into Sophienburg as mistress of the house. She must decide between her brother, her old world, and the new life to which he, Oscar, wanted to introduce her. He would talk to her about the trial. If she said to him, "Oscar, my brother has done you an injustice," she would have passed the test and he would offer her marriage. If she said, "I don't know," he would be silent.

So on this evening, for the first time, he spoke to her about his dispute with Paul Cramer. He explained to her why the higher right was on his, Oscar's, side. "In the *literal* sense," he analyzed the situation, "your brother is right when he calls me a deceiver. A bit of the charlatan is hidden in every magician, in every religious leader, in every creator of a new world order. If Adolf Hitler was only the Fuehrer, if he wasn't also an actor, hadn't a theatrical gift, he would never have got to the top." And he repeated to her the paean to fraud which Hannsjörg had once recited to him. In his mouth, however, it sounded more colorful, more glowing. His beautiful voice obediently conveyed everything that he believed and wanted to force her to believe. He made a speech, and it was a speech calculated for her, Käthe.

She had the same feeling which had carried her away when he had first dictated to her, that time in her office, "Käthe Severin, Stenographic Work of All Kinds." She listened avidly to the music of his words, she floated happily along, borne up by his sentences. But then, suddenly, it seemed to her as if her brother's gaunt, intelligent face was looking over her shoulder, and into Oscar's beautiful sentences cut Paul's impatiently rising voice, "That's not significant." Her reason awakened. She freed herself from Oscar's seductive music.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Scott Brown

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

"Forgive me," she said, "but in essence isn't that exactly what Paul reproaches you for? Then why, since it's true, did you bring suit against him?"

HER words struck Oscar like a blow. He thought he had already won her. "It just isn't true the way he puts it," he replied irritably, deeply hurt. "It's the tone which makes the music. But he distorts everything with his pettifogging appraisals."

Käthe, seemingly without connection, said: "But I do love you, Oscar." It sounded sad, resigned.

Oscar felt the genuineness of her words and was overjoyed. But immediately depression overcame him again. Was this love, when a person did not have faith in him? Did not love consist in having faith even when one perceived weaknesses? Bitterness mounted in him. He had no luck with those who loved him. They saw his weaknesses too clearly; they did not forgive them. Anna Tirschenreuth. Käthe. He had no better friends. He had no worse enemies.

"But I do love you, Oscar." That was the absolute truth. Käthe's inner readiness was there, her will to believe. It was up to him. He must help her. He could fascinate, he could suggest; as a hypnotist he had no equal, no one denied that. He must force Käthe to overcome the doubts with which malicious people had imbued her. He must help bring her faith to light. He could do it.

HE PREPARED her, loosened her up. First he would suggest only simple actions, to make her more pliable for greater things. He took her hand, carefully. "So this is our last evening in Landgraftenstrasse," he said. Inwardly he directed her to leave the big room, to come closer to him, away from the stately library, into his den. He observed with satisfaction how her face became thoughtful, how she made an effort, searched within herself. "May I see the mask once more?" she asked. "Not the one in here, but the one for you."

His first attempt had succeeded; she was obeying him. Silently he smiled at the excuse she had thought up for obeying her deeper will, his will.

They went into the den. He asked her to sit down. There she sat, at the shabby desk from Deggenburg, still with the same thoughtful, groping expression, and as he had inwardly commanded her she ran her beautiful, long, thin hands through the iridescent glitter of the semiprecious stones.

Now the moment had come, now she was ready. Now he dared to suggest the greater thought to her.

He went on speaking, about trivial details. What train she would take, whether she would live in a hotel in Liegnitz or in her father's house. She heard him, she answered. But her face kept its expression of groping effort. He meanwhile, keeping up an irrelevant chatter, gathered together all his inner forces, asked her, implored her, commanded her: "Tear them out, the roots of your unbelief, tear them out, those stupid doubts. Believe me, believe me! I have the power. Believe that I have!"

Her hands continued to glide through the stones, regularly, busily as if she had a task to accomplish; her face showed even greater exertion; she delved deeper into her subconscious. She wanted to obey, he could see it, she strained to do so with her whole will. "Believe me, believe me!" he commanded her, always more powerfully, always more fervently. Her face became rigid, sharp, tortured. That was the resistance in her, that was the devil of intellectualism; he must, he would drive it out. "Believe me, believe me!" he begged her, he commanded her.

She made a last, desperate effort. Her hands glided, clutched; her fingers were trying to hold something which always again slipped through them. But I must hold it, I want to hold it, I must say it; why don't I say it? her thoughts worked within her. And now, now she had it. There it was, the word. She could see it. She opened her lips.

He waited, overjoyed. His large white hands made a gesture as if to help her, to lift, to lift something out of her. His whole figure expressed tensely joyful expectation.

But the word did not come from her parted lips. For a fraction of a second it was there, but now it sank down, deep down; no one would ever be able to resurrect it. A new image appeared and covered up the word, a very clear new picture. She had not called it up, no one had called it up, but it was there, over-clear, and it filled her completely. It was the picture of her brother Paul at the door of the hotel, revolving in the door and not finding his way out.

Suddenly she was completely awake. She saw her hands playing senselessly with the colored stones, and she asked herself: "What am I doing?" and her hands emerged from the stones.

She brushed a hand across her forehead, cleared her throat. "It's late," she said in her crisp voice. "I have to go. I have to get up very early tomorrow. It was good to be with you for this evening."

He did not hold her. He knew that he had lost.

He ordered Ali to bring around the car. Politely he took Käthe to the door. They stood waiting for a while; then the car came. Oscar remained before the door, looking after the car until it had disappeared.

"It's her loss," he said then, quite loudly, grimly, "her loss." He turned back into the apartment. "Such an idiotic goose, such an idiot." He swore. He went to the icebox, took out a bottle of beer, poured it down. "Such an idiotic goose!" He swore again.

He sat alone in the gorgeous library; on the stately desk stood the common beer bottle and the common glass.

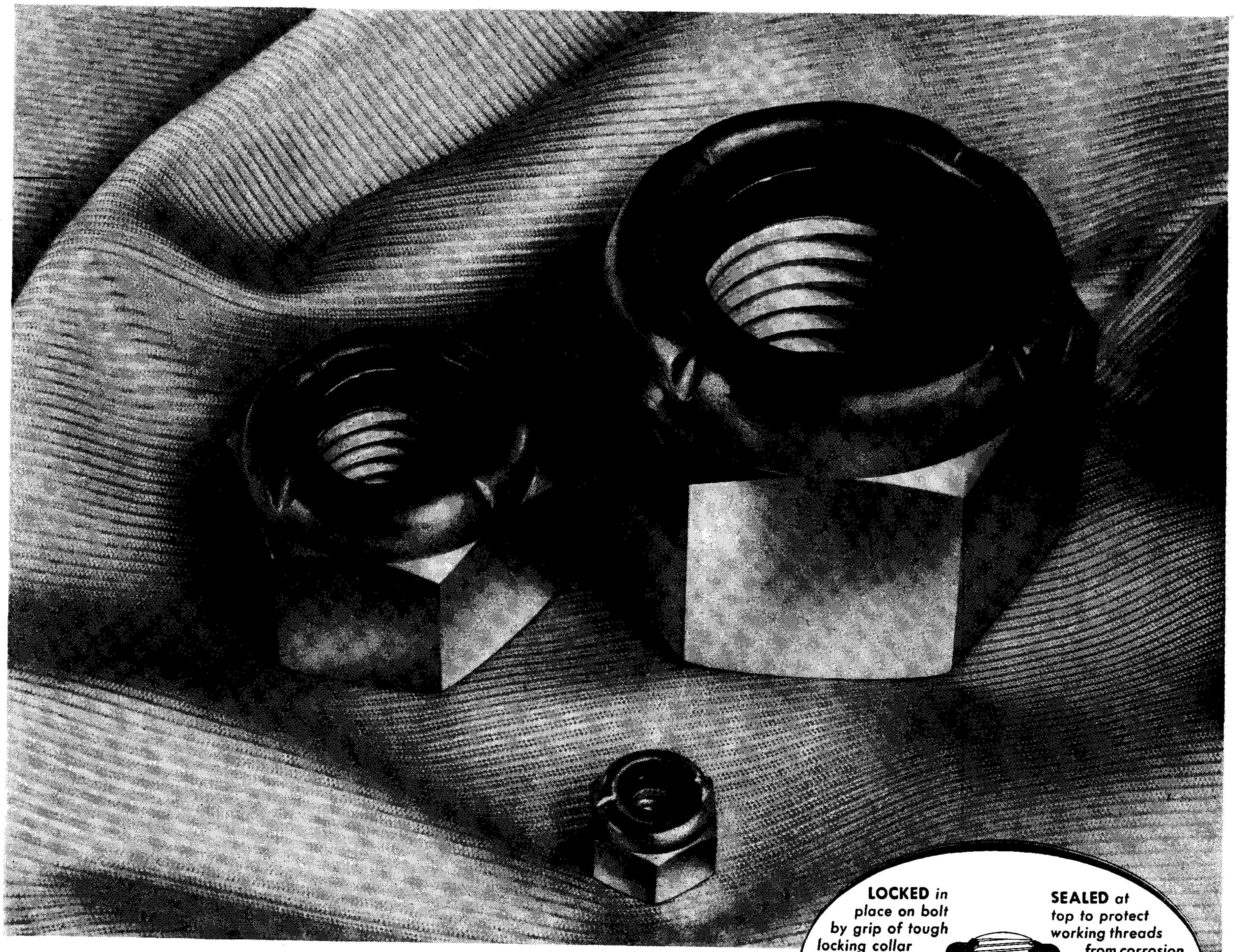
Käthe loved him, there was no question of that. Even the woman who loved him withdrew from him; he did not have control even over her. He could not even free her will any more—he, the fisher of souls. It was all over with him. He had frittered away his power with his tricks.

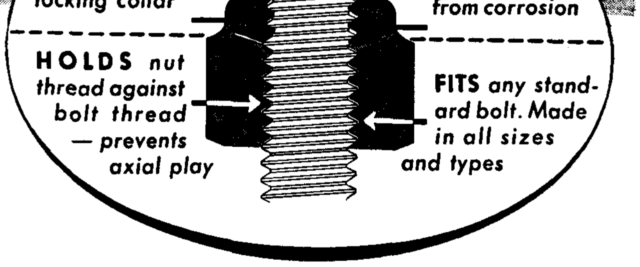
He fetched himself more beer. He turned out all the lamps except one and sat in semidarkness; the mask was dim, the alchemist's laboratory was dim; he sat and guzzled.

PAUL CRAMER was going to the courthouse. He sat in one of the city streetcars, in his new dove-gray worsted suit, young, lean, well rested, ready for battle.

He knew with mathematical certainty that now, after the Nazis' victory, he would be condemned. In this trial it would no longer be a question of ascertaining the truth, or of establishing facts, but the whole thing was absolutely sure to be nothing but one great, amusing, tragic, pitiful, grotesque farce, in which each had his role assigned to him—the judges, the witnesses, the experts, the lawyers, Lautensack. And his was the most thankless.

Yet the sure knowledge of his prospective defeat did not depress Paul. He would have to pay a large sum of money, he would have to live in the most miserable poverty for years, perhaps he would be imprisoned for some time, and that would be no joke under the rule of the Nazis. Nevertheless he rode to court with uplifted heart. He was an untheatrical person, but he could not help feeling that he was the bearer of a mission. There must be one

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SEALED at top to protect working threads from corrosion
HOLDS nut thread against bolt thread — prevents axial play
FITS any standard bolt. Made in all sizes and types

WHAT IS A NUT?

A nut is a fastening.

Its purpose is to hold things together.

If it loosens, breaks or slips under strain, stress or vibration, it fails in its purpose.

But here is a nut which has never failed in service.

It holds tight, even when removed and put back many times.

We have made billions of these Elastic Stop Nuts. We do not know of one that has fallen down in its job.

We do not believe that statement can be made about any other nut.

ELASTIC STOP NUTS

Lock fast to make things last

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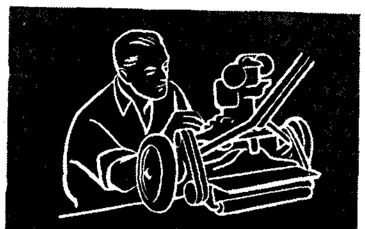
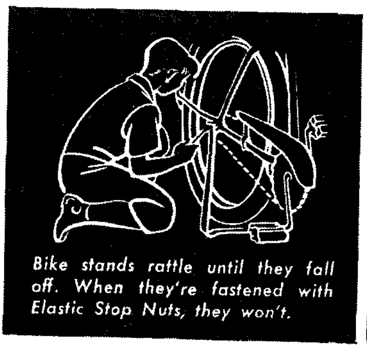


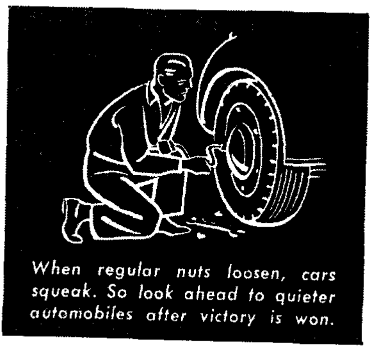
POWER MOWERS take a beating from vibration — but Elastic Stop Nuts have already shown they can hold their own in such uses.

ON ELECTRIC SHAVERS, Elastic Stop Nuts will hold with a tight grip in spite of constant vibration.

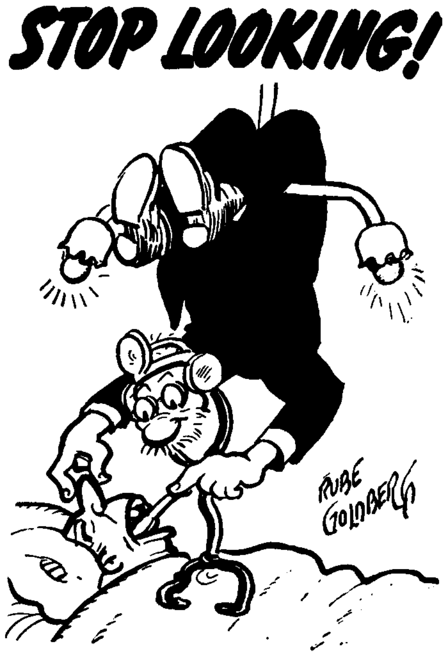
PACKAGING MACHINERY stays steadily on the job with fewer halts for servicing with tight-gripping Elastic Stop Nuts at important connections.



Bike stands rattle until they fall off. When they're fastened with Elastic Stop Nuts, they won't.



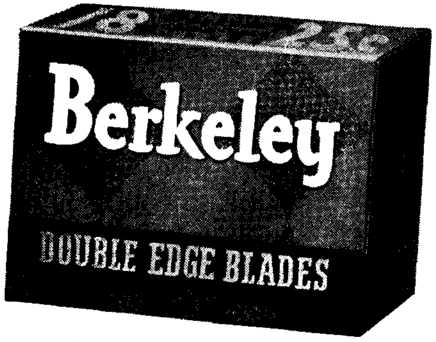
When regular nuts loosen, cars squeak. So look ahead to quieter automobiles after victory is won.



STOP LOOKING!

HERE'S THE ANSWER for every man who wants better shaves at low cost. Only 25¢ now buys 18 of the keenest razor blades you ever used . . . Berkeley Blades! Switch today. Made of fine watch-spring steel; precision honed. Money-back guarantee!

NO BETTER BLADES AT ANY PRICE 18 for 25¢



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. . . *Save steel.* Make blades go farther. Pat dry with towel after every shave. Use lots of water with soap or shaving cream

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NEW!

CONCENTRATED HEAT TABLETS (and vest pocket collapsible grill) widely used by armed forces. Light instantly, wet or dry. Intense heat—cooks, frys, boils food or liquids, outdoors or indoors. Ideal for starting fireplace, stove or furnace fires, for picnics, hunting, fishing . . . warming baby's milk; emergency sick room uses, etc. Also many other household and industrial uses. Every Air Warden, Red Cross Worker should have this emergency fuel. NO SMOKE, SOOT, ASH OR FUMES. Non-poisonous.

$1 for TWO LARGE BOXES of HEATABS and Collapsible Grill. Enough tablets for 5 to 8 hours' heat. Order by mail TODAY!

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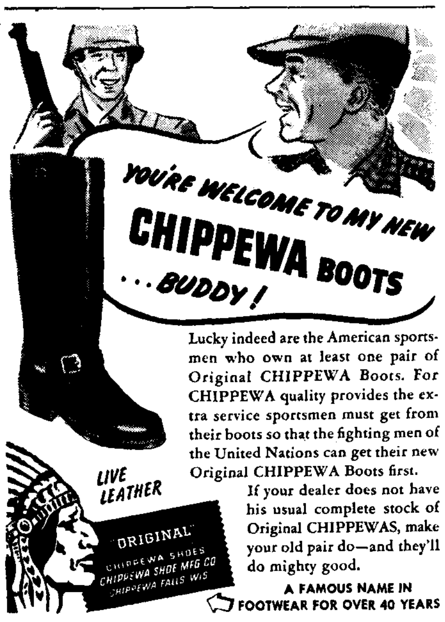
HEATAB HEAT



Lucky indeed are the American sportsmen who own at least one pair of Original CHIPPEWA Boots. For CHIPPEWA quality provides the extra service sportsmen must get from their boots so that the fighting men of the United Nations can get their new Original CHIPPEWA Boots first.

If your dealer does not have his usual complete stock of Original CHIPPEWAS, make your old pair do—and they'll do mighty good.

A FAMOUS NAME IN FOOTWEAR FOR OVER 40 YEARS

man to show later generations that even in this Germany of Hitlers and Lautensacks there had been people who in the midst of the general stupidity and cowardice had stood up and declared: "This is all lies and nonsense."

From the very beginning the judges clouded the main issue: the question whether Lautensack had produced illusions by mechanical contrivances and made excessive use of professional tricks. Instead they helped him to the best of their abilities to shine in all those arts which no one had questioned and to circumvent the true subject of the case. These fine judges were pretending to be earnestly intent on seeking the truth while really giving it a wide berth.

Paul Cramer's attorney had collected four witnesses to testify that the advice and prophecies which Oscar had sold to them for large sums had been proved false by objective standards. Behind these witnesses arose the shadow of Tischler the suicide, huge and accusatory. But Petermann, the secretary, brought forward documents which were signed declarations by these same witnesses. Before the consultations each client had had his attention drawn to the fact that the Master did not function like clockwork; therefore he who followed his advice did so at his own risk. Voices from the deep, Oscar explained further, with ironical impudence, simply did not speak with the precision of a legal document. If the worthy gentlemen had misunderstood these voices, then that was their fault, not his.

Whenever he noticed that the judges and audience were letting themselves be led astray by Oscar's high-flown speeches, Paul fretted with impatience to expose his enemy's lack of logic. He brought him back to the point, again and again. He made a self-righteous, stubborn impression. He annoyed the court and the audience.

Then Oscar would say with amiable sarcasm: "Most of these present in this room understand my simple words. Herr Dr. Cramer, the philologian, the learned scholar, does not. When I have such difficulty in making myself understood to the scientific fraternity," he explained to the judges, "it is because we, the scientists and I, are interested in phenomena which have nothing to do with one another. The chemistry professor tells us that the materials of which man is compounded are salt, calcium, egg white, and so on. Shakespeare says we are 'of such stuff as dreams are made on.' Do you think," he said, turning amiably to Paul, "that Shakespeare was therefore a swindler?"

"That's not relevant," Paul asserted, "that's beside the point." The presiding judge, gently reproachful, also declared that this was beside the point, but most of the audience found Oscar's argument illuminating.

PAUL'S first expert, Professor Thomas Hravliczek, came off even worse than Paul. The dwarf alienated the audience by his appearance; his prosaic, roundabout way of expressing himself aroused their amusement; his Bohemian accent their laughter. Oscar exploited the public's mood. He went so far as to translate, with mock helpfulness, what Hravliczek said into language that a layman could understand. He would declare, "The worthy expert wishes to say," and rephrase the professor's sentences smoothly, simply, embellishing them with just a touch of irony. His amiable comments so heightened the public's amusement that the presiding judge threatened to clear the courtroom.

Up to the very end Oscar had feared that the defense would have Anna Tirschenreuth called as witness. No one would have laughed during Tirschenreuth's examination, and he would not have known how to invalidate her testimony. But no Anna Tirschenreuth was called; Oscar gave a sigh of relief.

No, the defense had no more proofs to advance. But Oscar had. The judges, he requested, must permit him to give visible proof of the faculties which had been called into question by the defendant.

If he wished to summon the dead and prophesy the future on the spot, the attorney for the defense declared, there was no objection. But he must protest against an exhibition of mental telepathy, as it was not the latter but merely the former which Herr Dr. Cramer decried as humbug.

Of course Oscar had no intention of having the dead speak or of prophesying the future. But under no circumstances did he wish to miss this magnificent opportunity of using this trial to show the whole world his telepathic skill. His lawyer explained that what happened to Oscar Lautensack, once his power began to function, was not under the control of his will. It was not right to deny him all chance of exhibiting this faculty before the court on a transparent pretext.

The judges listened to the lawyer's explanations and agreed that Oscar might perform before them.

Oscar took a deep breath. Now he had what he wanted, the greatest chance of his life. Not only those who were in the courtroom were watching him, but the whole world; the planet was his stage. And success depended on his accomplishments alone. The thought inspired him, keyed up his faculties. It seemed to him as if flesh and bone of the people around him were already vanishing, as if their bodies were becoming glass, as if he could read their thoughts and feelings on a transparent screen.

He began to experiment. First he demonstrated his more usual, minor accomplishments. He worked the way he did at his performances, he played with his subjects, he guessed and suggested. "Am I right? Am I right?" he asked, and rarely did anyone deny it.

This occurred in broad daylight, in a Berlin courtroom. A thousand people looked on; with growing sympathy they watched the seer at work. Everything took place in an everyday atmosphere; it was as if someone read letters aloud, but these letters were not written down, they were in the brains of those questioned, and yet this man was reading them as if he had them before him in black and white. With tense, uneasy smiles the judges and the audience gazed at him; they had forgotten that this was not the point in question; they were carried away by the strange phenomenon.

Several times Paul's attorney attempted to interfere, but they resented the interruption; he could barely get a word in.

"Am I right? Am I right?" asked Oscar Lautensack, and he was right, again and again.

Stunned, Hannsjörg watched his great brother. It was he who with great cunning and subtlety had brewed the potion which Oscar was serving these people; he himself had furnished Oscar with the prestige which was the condition of his triumph. But what Oscar was offering now was really much more than a skillfully prepared theatrical performance. The current which went out from Oscar came from other sources, came from "sources of being primordial, from the waters of the deep." Hannsjörg knew his brother to the core; with eyes of hate he had spied out his weaknesses; he knew how immeasurably vain Oscar was, how lazy, how ridiculous, what an uncontrolled slave to all his lusts; and yet, as he now looked at the massive, rapt face of the seer in action, once again his critical hate turned into loving admiration.

Not even Paul Cramer could escape Oscar's influence. He watched him in suspense, and he caught himself wishing that Lautensack's demonstration would succeed. True, Paul the spectator knew that everyone in the room was letting himself be infected by the suspense and belief of everyone else. Everyone felt himself part of the performance; it was everyone's success when an experiment succeeded. They wished, even the opposition wished, that it would come off.

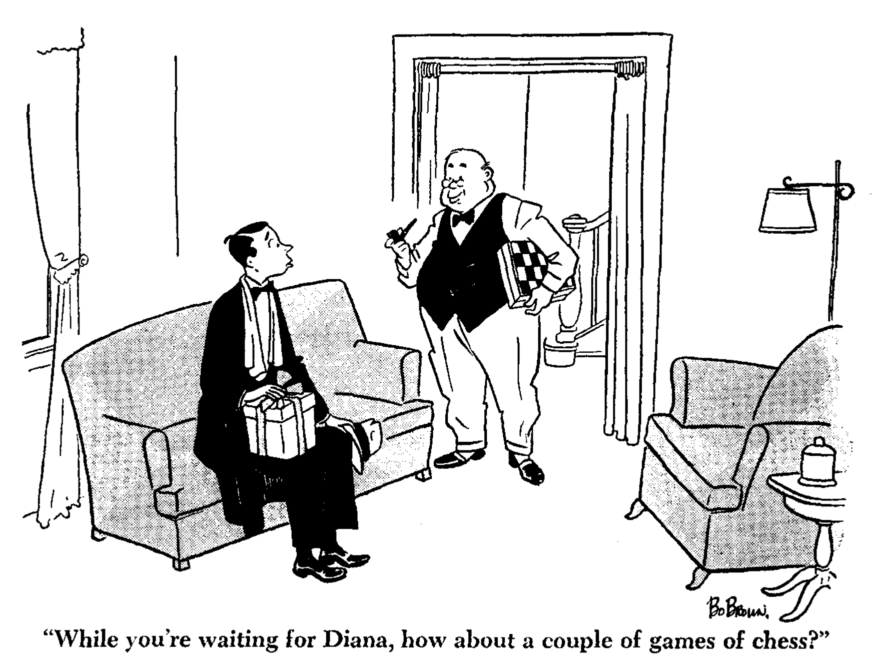
OSCAR went on working, happily. He kept his audience enthralled to the last, the skeptical citizen of skeptical Berlin. Fascinated and awed, they gazed at him and wanted more, always more.

They were all sorry when he ended his performance. He had accomplished his purpose. To the four winds the reporters announced: "Oscar Lautensack's Clairvoyance No Fraud, Declares German Court."

The court decision stated that the plaintiff, Oscar Lautensack, had presented full proof of possessing those powers which the defendant Paul Cramer had intended to question. Cramer was sentenced to the extreme penalty: payment of ten thousand marks and one year's imprisonment.

In the midst of the flashing cameras of the newsreel men and the reporters, surrounded by thunderous applause, stared at with awe and admiration, stood Oscar Lautensack, the representative of the new German spirit, on the steps which led down from the courthouse into the city of Berlin.

(To be continued next week)



"While you're waiting for Diana, how about a couple of games of chess?"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

"FIRSTS" A ZENITH HABIT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

1917 WAR
RUN BY TELEPHONE
1943 WAR
RUN BY RADIO

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"... the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

"ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets—features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—

"MILITARY SECRET"

Today all Zenith production centers on war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we *can* tell you. *First* ... we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. *Second* ... we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time arrives. *Third* ... we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here *as citizens*—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

"FIRST"

Push Button Tuning . . .

Years—yes, *years* ahead of the industry—(1928) a Zenith set embodied push button selection of the station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push the button—there's your station."

"FIRST"

House Current Sets . . .

"Way back when" (1926) all home radios were operated from storage batteries until Zenith offered the first set run by house current.

For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day or your money back."

Below—A Few New Zenith "Firsts"—"Frozen" by Zenith Changeover to War Production

"FIRST"

Long Distance
Push Button Portable . . .

1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave *push button* operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations—tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

"FIRST"

Safety Auto Radio . . .

The only auto radio you can operate WITHOUT TAKING YOUR EYES OFF THE ROAD—or—YOUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL—the Zenith Safety Foot Control Auto Radio. This remarkable new radio was on the FORD, NASH, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, HUDSON and WILLYS. Owners of these cars will gladly demonstrate their Zeniths—give you a "preview" of "tomorrow's radio today."

—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—

RADIONICS
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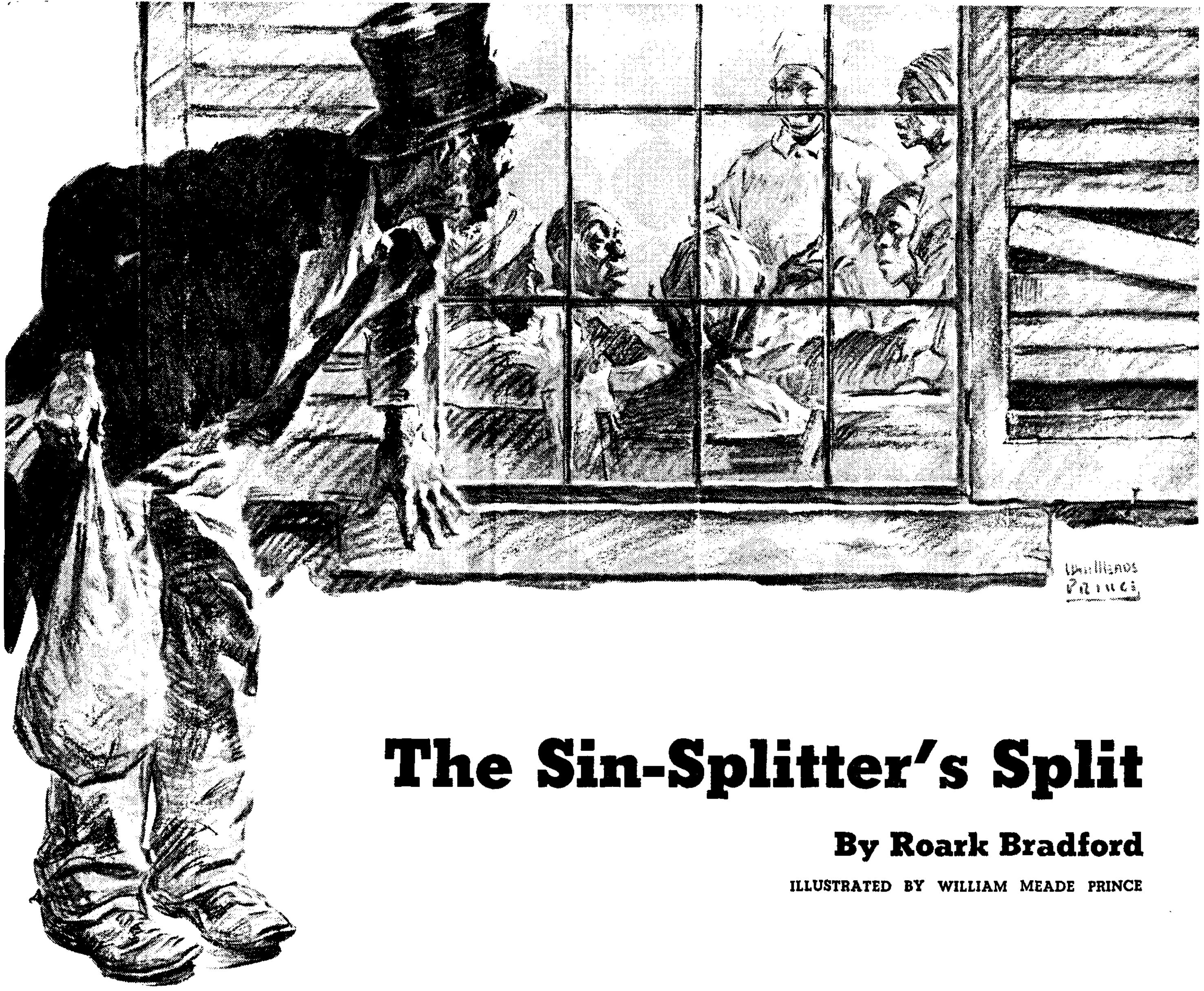

On his way out of the yard, the Sin Splitter peeped into the window and what he saw eased his conscience

The Sin-Splitter's Split

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

The holiest mule in South Louisiana strikes a blow for the Lord, and the rewards thereof surely changed conditions for the better

THE Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel shook a peck-sized seed sack before old Balaam's nose. "Hit don't rattle much on account er hit's a heap er foldin' money in wid de small change," he told the mule.

Balaam, sleepy-eyed and tired, stared at the preacher. "Yassuh," the Sin Splitter continued, "she look like she gonter be a mighty satisfied winter f'm hyar on out."

The seed sack was indeed heavy with money. Collections had been particularly good among the dollar-six-bits-a-hundred cotton-picking sinners that fall. The pulp paper woodcutters down at Dry Prong had also dropped considerable cash while moaning their sins away. And, in an unexpected windfall, the rambling old evangelist had knocked off a pair of prime sinners and collected a neat fourteen dollars, in a whirlwind one-sermon revival at Plain Dealing. This was just before going into winter quarters in a ramshackle cabin on the edge of the little North Louisiana town. Yes, it looked as if an especially comfortable winter lay ahead of Sin-Splitting Samuel.

That last collection, the Sin Splitter figured, was an extra star in his crown. Plain Dealing, a hill town where the land was pine-covered and poor, had always been a righteous community, and the old evangelist had often passed it by. Poor land meant poor people and one of the primary tenets of the Sin Splitter's religion was that Satan did not bother to pitch much temptation in the path of the poor. But the mule's ear had pointed and Samuel had stopped.

Depending on viewpont, the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel was a saint or a devil: he was not too holy to be a practical working saint, nor was he too evil to be a tolerable devil. He was tall and skinny and ancient and his power in the pulpit was known throughout the northern part of the state. He traveled upon the back of an old sorrel mule named Balaam, which, according to legend, had powers almost equal to those of the Sin Splitter. The word among the cotton croppers and wage makers was that when the pair, the gaunt preacher and the bony mule, appeared, Old Satan picked up his marbles and went home.

"When de Sperrit is on de Sin Splitter," stated a savin'-change man, too stingy to help out the poor and feeble, "he kin look in yo' pocketbook and make you drap yo' last dime in de hat."

"When ole Balaam p'int his year at you," declared a widow woman of experience, "de Sin Splitter kin look inside yo' soul and make you speak out yo' secret evil."

The Sin Splitter never discouraged confessions or contributions. They were his most potent weapons against evil. A confession of sin knocked the proudfulness out of Old Satan, and cash money—in hands less holy than his own—was the root of all evil.

Spring, summer and fall had been passed by labor in the vineyard, and now the old evangelist retired to the abandoned cabin at the edge of a pine thicket and within walking distance of the little town of Plain Dealing. He planned to spend the wet, chilly days and cold, frosty nights in prayer, meditation and physical comfort.

The first day was devoted to laying in supplies. For a man as old and lean as the Sin Splitter, he showed remarkable skill and energy with an ax. He tore down a section of paling fence and split it into firewood. Then he went foraging.

At the store, he bought with cash money a small sack of corn meal. When he left, he carried under his overcoat a slab of side meat, a can of molasses and a pound of coffee.

The Sin Splitter had not stolen these things. Nobody but a rogue would steal, and he hated a rogue almost as much as he hated Satan. Somewhere in his higher understanding of good and evil, there was an explanation. In his own heart he merely "took."

On the way home, he passed a neatly whitewashed house and noted the whippoorwill peas had been gathered from the cornfield and stored in sacks on the front porch. He picked up a sack and went his way. "I ain't too proud to shell peas," he told himself.

BACK in his cabin, the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel set about preparing a meal: side meat, whippoorwill peas, ash cakes, molasses and coffee. Later on there might be an occasional chicken, a fresh hog jowl or a fat goose. He had heard, too, the *par-ta-rack!* of a guinea hen as he walked through the town.

While the Sin Splitter was shelling peas preparatory to putting them to soak, Balaam craned his long neck into the door and lifted his upper lip hungrily toward the corn meal. "Take away, Balaam," the preacher yelled. "Git out and chawmp grass. Go break in a neighbor's cawn crib. Graze about and git filled up. I preaches too hard for my money to feed you sto'-bought cawn meal."

While he was chopping up chunks of meat, the Sin Splitter relented. "Look, Balaam," he offered. "Dese whuppoorwill peas comed outn de cawnfield. Efn hit's peas on de front po'ch, hit's bound to be cawn in de crib. You jest content yo'se'f to I gits back."

He went forth once more and presently returned with a dozen ears of corn. "Now," he told Balaam, "efn you didn't need dat cawn so bad, you'd make me feel like a rogue."

The Sin Splitter stayed inside for the next two days, eating, sleeping, praying and meditating. On the third day he had a caller, short, broad, with a big voice that flowed freely. As the visitor approached, Balaam studied him through sleepy eyes. Then the old mule casually pointed one drooping ear forward. The Sin Splitter read Balaam's signal at once. Balaam's ear spotted evil a mile off.

"You de Rev'und Sin-Splittin' Samuel?" the visitor's loud voice boomed. Without waiting for a reply, he went on: "I'm de Rev'und Butt-cut Bostick. I pastors de Two-Seed Junner Gou'd Free Will up de road, whar you proach at last Chuesday night. Dey calls me Rev'und Butt-cut on account er I'm so shawt and stout, jest like de butt-cut log offn a white-oak tree. I'm tol'able. And you?"

Sin-Splitting Samuel glared. He had, in his time, experienced numerous difficulties with local pastors, but he usually managed to confound them with oratory or to threaten them with exposure for some extraspiritual indiscretion. Yet here was an aggressive preacher who was unquestionably powerful and who came in bragging about his strength. Even while introducing himself, the Reverend Butt-cut had walked in and seated himself in the only chair.

"I'm tol'able," the Sin Splitter said with more dignity than warmth.

"I was over at Shrevepo't on a little business, and jest got back," the visitor explained. "I hyars you tuck up a right good collection at de meetin' up at Junner Gou'd."

"I always takes up a good collection," the Sin Splitter said.

"I hyars you tuck up mo' cash money at dat Chuesday night meetin' den I gin'ally puts out on Sunday."

"Hit was a better meetin' den you gin'ally puts out on Sunday."

"You tuck up a solid fou'teen dollars?"

"Solid."

"I'm got a rule dat a visitin' pastor—"

The Sin Splitter interrupted. "I ain't no visitin' pastor in no church," he said. "De church belongs to de Lawd, and I'm is a servant er de Lawd and I ain't no visitor in de Lawd's house. Satisfied?"

The Reverend Butt-cut Bostick had not come to argue. Nevertheless, he now found himself in the middle of a controversy. "But Rev'und, you knows hit take money to run de church," he pointed out. "And de church figger to git half de collection f'm a visitin' pastor. Dat's de rule all over de land."

"I makes my own rule," the Sin Splitter declared. "I makes my rule about takin' up collection and I makes my rule about puttin' hit out. And ain't nothin' in my rule say nobody gonter git half er nothin'."

"But hit costes money."

"A nickel worth er coal oil, maybe, for lights," the Sin Splitter admitted. "But what's a nickel worth er coal oil when I chunks pyore blazin' broomstone at 'em?"

"Hit was some stuff broke up," the Reverend Butt-cut remembered.

"Hunh!" the Sin Splitter snorted. "Hit wa'n't only but one bench broke up. Hit got broke when a big fat hippercrittin' lady put on like she was happy and started bouncin' up and down."

"Yassuh, but—" the local pastor began again, this time with unintentional respect.

The Sin Splitter interrupted. "Rev'und Butt-cut," he said, "efn I'd 'a' *raley* put de monkey on dat bunch er hippercrits, I'd 'a' made 'em stomp de flo' down."

The Reverend Butt-cut Bostick retired. The Sin Splitter knew he had "out-brassed" the local preacher, but he did not fool himself. Butt-cut Bostick still wanted half of that fourteen-dollar collection.

"Low-down, money-grubbin' hipper-crit," the Sin Splitter growled. "I might as

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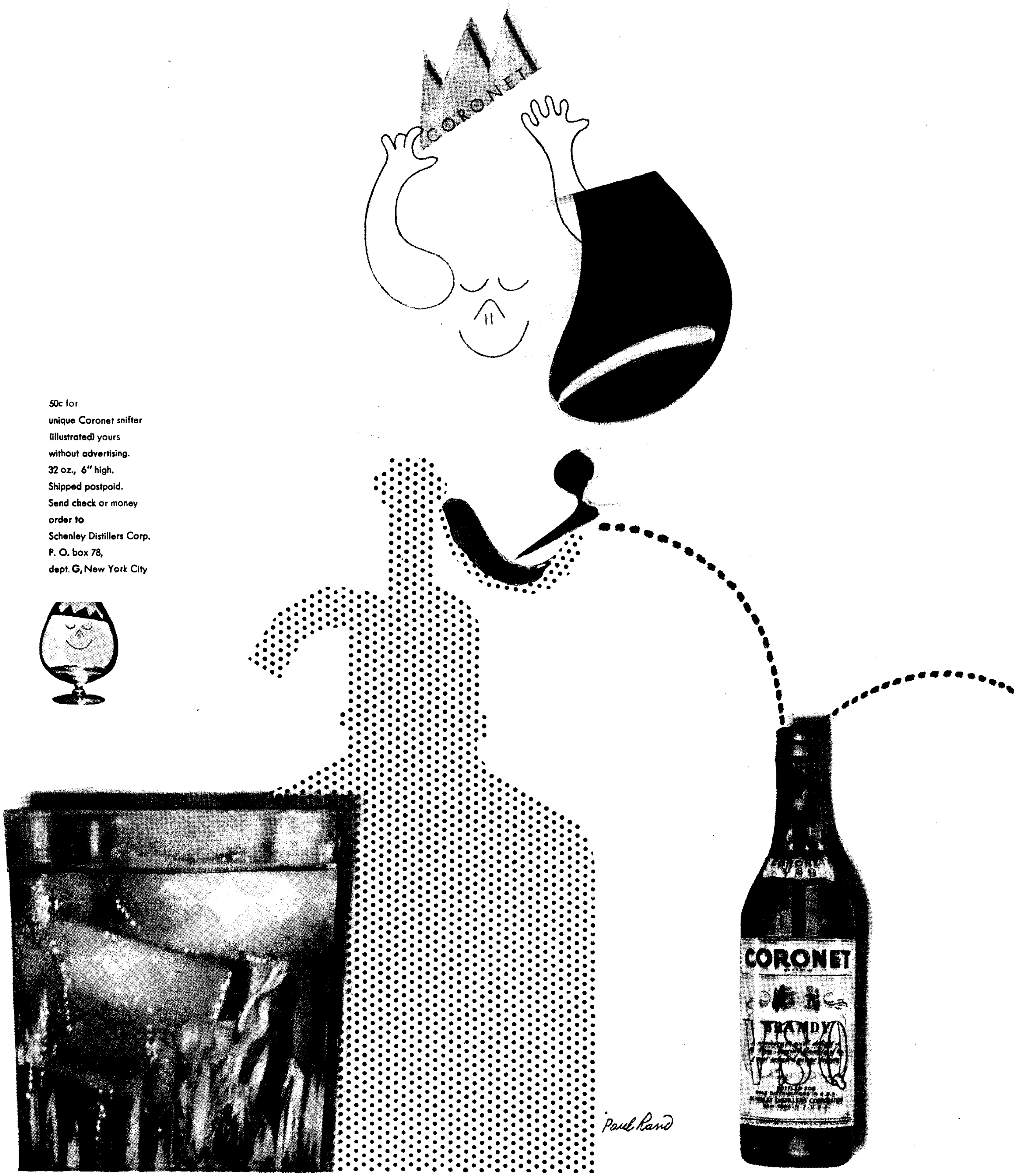

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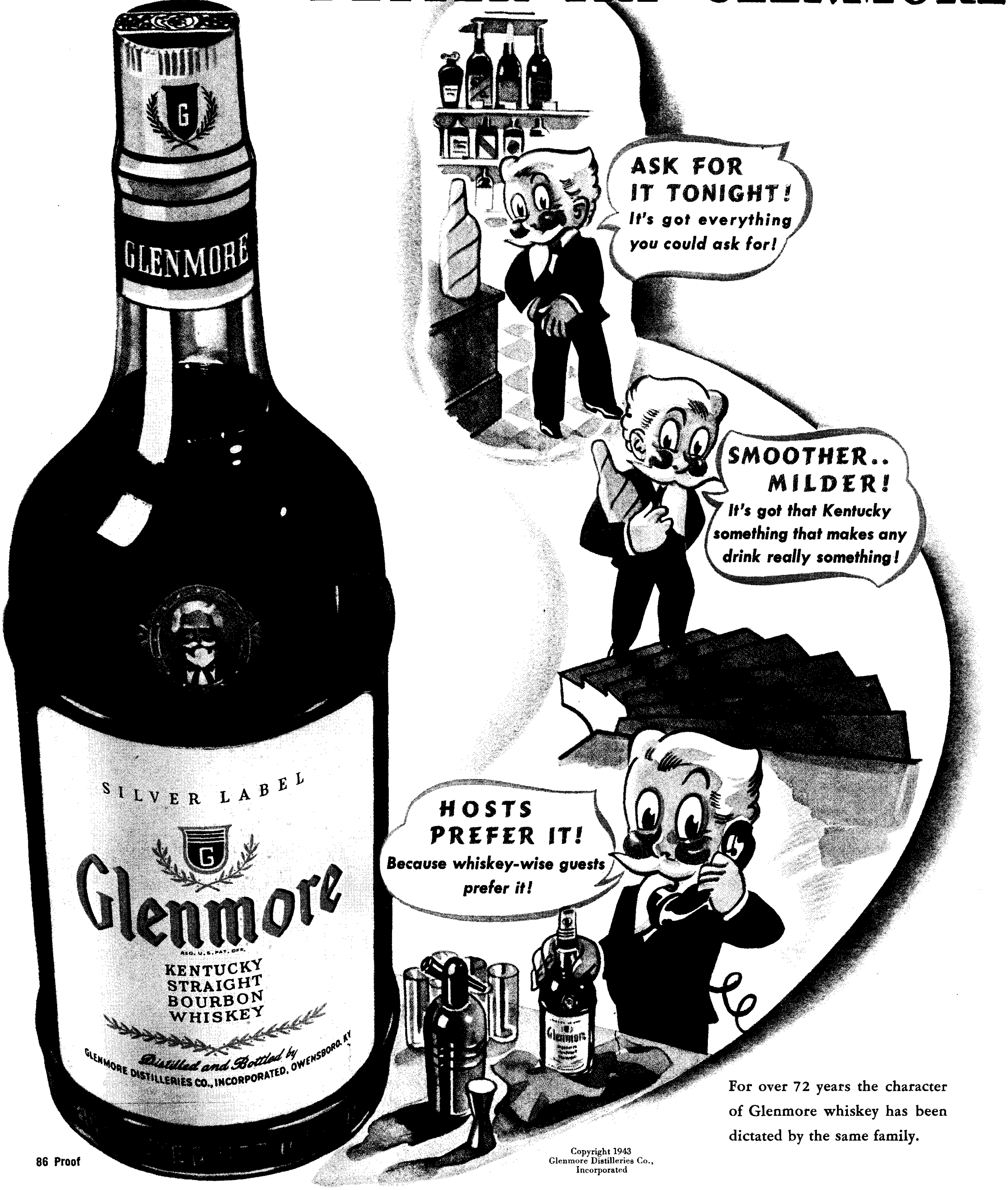
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well give dem seven dollars to Ole Satan, hisse'f. Rev'und Butt-cut, hunh! I bet dem Shrevepo't strumpets call him 'Shawty!' "

Having spotted one of Satan's emissaries in his midst, and tired of a three-day diet of whippoorwill peas, side meat and corn cakes, the Sin Splitter decided to reward himself with a change, beginning with breakfast the next morning. After dark and before moon-up, he went out and found a half-grown pullet in the chicken coop back of the house from which he had earlier taken the sack of peas.

"Lawd knows I ain't aimin' for dis kind neighbor to feed me all winter," the Sin Splitter told himself. "I'll spread around more, soon as I gits rested up some."

On his way out of the yard, he peeped into the window and what he saw eased his conscience. The Reverend Butt-cut Bostick reclined comfortably in a big rocking chair. His feet, shod in carpet slippers, rested atop a table. He was talking as usual.

Sitting about the room, listening to the preacher, the Sin Splitter could see several women—some of the Reverend Butt-cut's members, no doubt.

"Hunh!" the Sin Splitter grunted. "Dem womens ought to be at home eatin' supper wid dey mens, and dat preacher ought to be prayin' and meditatin' and visitin' de sick and goin' on— And me? I'm gittin' back to dat henhouse and pick up a few eggs!"

THE result of the meeting in the preacher's house was made apparent the following day. The Reverend Butt-cut Bostick, followed by seven women dressed in black, marched solemnly before the Sin Splitter's cabin and stopped. The women were led by a tall copper-colored woman whose ancestors had mingled with Caddo Indians. The heights of other women stairstepped down to a short, stocky black woman, no taller and almost as heavy as the pastor.

As the women stood in line, the Reverend Butt-cut advanced and addressed Sin-Splitting Samuel.

"I been peepin' in de Book er Jawn," Reverend Butt-cut announced, "and I found out about de Seven Sisters er de 'Pocky-lips." He bowed toward the line of women. "Jawn 'low dat when de Seven Sisters speaks wid de tongue er angels, none shall say him nay." He turned to the women. "Lead out, Sister Maw-git," he indicated the copper-colored vanguard. "Speak, Seven Sisters!"

The women, in a carefully rehearsed singsong, spoke:

"We comed to git de money you owes
To our pastor at Two-Seed Junner Gou'd
Seven dollars,
Seven voices
Cryin' in de wilderness.
Cryin', Pay! Pay! Pay!"

The Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel drew himself up to full height and stared majestically down upon the preacher and his committee. He spoke easily, as if his own speech had been planned.

"Seven Sisters er de 'Pocky-lips," the Sin Splitter said, "hit's mighty satisfied to know dat yo' pastor been peepin' in de Book er Jawn. Can't nobody onderstand hit and ain't many folks which tries. I been whangin' away at de Book er Seven Seals for goin' on fawty years, now, and de mystery is just started fadin'." He stepped from the porch and began to demonstrate.

"Now, Rev'und Butt-cut, you stand whar you is," the Sin Splitter instructed. "And about three er y'all ladies stand about him, and face out. Den y'all yuther ladies stand in a ring around dese ladies and face yo' pastor in de middle." He grouped the women to his satisfaction. "Lock hands."

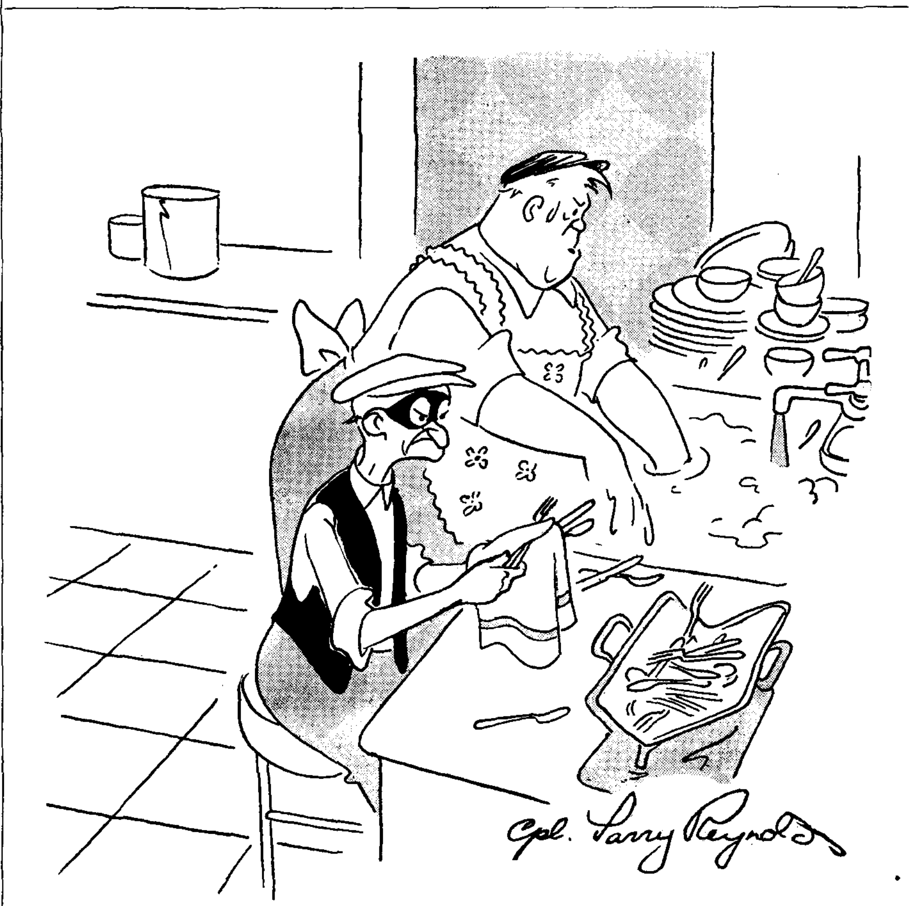
When the women joined hands they formed two circles about the Reverend Butt-cut, the inner circle facing from and the outer circle facing toward the Reverend Butt-cut, who stood awkwardly in the center. "Now, when I speaks certain words," the Sin Splitter said, "I want y'all ladies to walk sideways, wid ev'ybody goin' twarge dey right hand, and say de certain words wid me. Onderstand?"

The Seven Sisters of the Apocalypse, impressed and bewildered, said they understood. The Sin Splitter spoke and after repeating two or three times, the women stepped and chanted with him:

"I whupped de Devil around de stump!
I give him a lick at ev'y jump!"

Two concentric circles whirling in opposite directions around the Reverend Butt-cut confused and dizzied him. When he finally caught the significance of the drill he lunged through the circles.

BUTCH **by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Why don't people wash the silver before they go to th' movies?"

"You tryin' to put a ring-sing on me, you ole devil!" he bellowed.

"I wa'n't tryin'," the Splitter said evenly. "I done *put* a ring-sing on you. Wheel-in-a-wheel! Right outn Ole 'Zekiel!"

"You can't do me dat!" shouted the Reverend Butt-cut.

"Done done hit," the Sin Splitter stated. "You come tryin' to Revelation me wid de 'Pocky-lips, and I kin stay right in de Book er Ole 'Zekiel and put a monkey on yo' back! You try one mo' Revelation on me and I'll chunk de Dry Bones in de Valley at you! Now, you git, and leave me be!"

THE Reverend Butt-cut left, though not in a pleasant state of mind. With him went the slightly dazed Seven Sisters of the Apocalypse.

The Sin Splitter stood majestically until his visitors had disappeared, though he was none too easy in his own mind. Revelation was a mighty mystery and nobody knew that better than he. It was true that he had overwhelmed the Seven Sisters with Ezekiel's wheel, but that was because the Sin Splitter understood Ezekiel, and Butt-cut did not understand John.

Yet, a man could never tell. "You know somethin', Balaam," the Sin Splitter told his mule. "Rev'und Butt-cut ain't got nothin' but a handful er gimme and a mouf full er much-oblige. He don't know no mo' 'bout de Book er Jawn den a hawg know about Sunday. But some fool jest 'bout as big as Butt-cut is li'ble to luck up on somethin' in Jawn and den whar'd us be?"

Sympathy and understanding dripped from the old mule's big, tired eyes.

"I'm gonter give dat preacher dem seven dollars, befo' he *raley* finds de mystery in Jawn and puts a monkey on me." The Splitter went in and counted out seven one-dollar bills from his money sack. Under a loose plank in the floor he put the sack, and into his pocket went the seven bills. When he came back to the porch, he found Balaam pointing an ear forward. The Sin Splitter looked in the direction indicated and saw the Reverend Butt-cut Bostick.

The local pastor was walking rapidly and with determination. "Now, look, preacher," Reverend Butt-cut began, "I been long patienced wid you on account er you is a ole man, and I'm doin' de best I kin to live right and be a preacher."

The Sin Splitter did something no one had ever seen him do before. With no show of resentment, he pulled a wad of bills from his pocket and handed it over. "Hyar yo' share er de collection," the Sin Splitter said with quiet dignity. "Seven dollars, all blessed and holy."

The Reverend Butt-cut rudely slapped the Sin Splitter's hand and knocked the money to the floor. "I don't want no measly seven dollars," he snapped. "I wants all er what's mine."

"I tuck up a even fourteen," the Sin Splitter reminded him.

"Since you been in town," the Reverend Butt-cut itemized, "you snoke in my church and begged fo'teen dollars f'm my members. *And* since you been in town, a rogue stole a sack er whuppoorwill peas offn my po'ch, he stole a armload er cawn outn my crib, and he stole a pullet outn my henhouse."

"Efn you had mo' business at home, and not so much in Shrevepo't," the Sin Splitter put in, "a rogue might not er been tempted."

"So," Reverend Butt-cut went on, "I wants what's mine. Dem fo'teen dollars—and I wants you to pay for what you rogued."

"Efn I'm a rogue," the Sin Splitter suggested, "de Law got a jail for me."

"I don't need no Law," Butt-cut said. "Since I been a preacher, folks calls me 'Butt-cut' on account er I'm stumpy and stout, like de fust log offn a white-oak tree. But when I was a sinner in de public works, dey called me 'Bad Boy Bostick' on account er I was all time squeezin' somebody might' nigh to death. I been ackin' like 'Butt-cut' wid you, but f'm hyar on out, I'm 'Bad Boy Bostick' ontwell you git on dat ole jackass and drag-tail clear on away f'm hyar." The short stout man meant business. There was no doubt in the Sin Splitter's mind but what the Reverend Butt-cut could and would squeeze him to death in a minute, if he did not pay off, and substantially.

The Sin Splitter had no intention of paying off if it could be avoided. He tried a random shot. "Maybe," he said, "de folks in Plain Dealing calls you 'Butt-cut,' and maybe in de public works dey calls you 'Bad Boy.' But how come de ladies in Shrevepo't calls you 'Shawty?' "

"Hunh?" demanded the Reverend Butt-cut. "What you know 'bout what de ladies in Shrevepo't calls me?"

THE Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel had been in too many tight places not to know what to do when an unexpected stroke of fortune fell to him. "You tried to outbrass me wid yo' Seven Sisters, Butt-cut, but I wa'n't jokin' wid you 'bout 'Zekiel's wheel. I was puttin' de monkey on you, for true." He stared at the squat preacher. "Son, I kin read in yo' mind."

Reverend Butt-cut's jaw shot forward. "I lives righteous hyar in Plain Dealin'," he explained. "What take place in Shrevepo't ain't no skin offn nobody's back, efn I wants to rise me up a little hell over dar."

"Efn yo' members hyared de news, hit'll be plenty skin offn yo' back," the Sin Splitter reminded him. "Wait to I preaches you out for a false prophet."

"You ain't gonter do me dat," Reverend Butt-cut stated. "Cause you's fixin' to git yo's'f on dat mule and drag-tail on away f'm hyar."

"I drapped by to spend de winter," the Sin Splitter told him, "and winter ain't hardly set in. I don't aim to travel to spring gits hyar."

"Or else," Reverend Butt-cut added, "I'm aimin' to come back hyar and twis' you in two pieces. I'll gi' you to sundown to start travelin'." He reached down and picked up the money he had slapped from the Sin Splitter's hand, and left.

The Sin Splitter glared furiously after the Reverend Butt-cut. "I b'lieve to my soul he'd do jest dat, too," he told his mule. Balaam turned his head and looked the other way.

In the cabin, the Sin Splitter found he had some meditating to do before sunset. He was unhappy at the thought of leaving his snug winter quarters. Still less did he relish the idea of being crushed to death. Most of all, he was pained by the separation of himself from seven dollars. Actually, it wasn't the money; it was a violation of a stern rule of conduct. It put a handful of the root of all evil in the pocket of a sinner, a hypocrite and a false prophet. It amounted to a downright sin.

What secret transgression of the Reverend Butt-cut's the Sin Splitter had stumbled upon he did not attempt to guess. He knew a man as young as Butt-cut was likely to have a weak chink in his moral armor. Butt-cut's violent determination to hide his secret indicated to the Sin Splitter that it probably seemed more important to the sinner than it would appear to anyone else. "Efn hit was raley low down and

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mean," the Sin Splitter reasoned, "well, Brother Butt-cut would be jest about low down enough not to keer who know about hit."

Sin-Splitting Samuel continued to meditate, occasionally interrupting himself to step to the door and estimate the height of the descending sun. At last, he was ready to leave. He picked up his Bible, overcoat and hat, and took the sack of money from under the floor. Then he slipped a hackamore on Balaam and mounted.

"We gittin' about," he told his mule. "Too much sin and devilment takin' place for I and you to start layin' up for de winter."

Balaam hit his usual slow-running walk and unconsciously the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel fitted the words of his battle cry to the rhythm of Balaam's feet:

"I'll whup de devil around de stump!
I'll gi' 'im a lick at ev'y jump!"

In a very short while, Balaam's left ear swung forward and pointed, while his right ear continued to flop with his bobbing head.

"Well, Balaam!" exclaimed the Sin Splitter. "You means you done spotted some sin dis quick?" He leaned forward and took a sight along the outthrust ear of the mule. It pointed straight toward the whitewashed house the members of Two-Seed Jonah's Gourd Free Will church had provided for their pastor. "Is 'at a fack?" the Sin Splitter mused. "Dat looks to me like Rev'und Butt-cut's house."

Balaam fox-trotted up to the front of the little house and stopped. With the Reverend Butt-cut on the porch sat Maw-git, the part Indian woman who had led the Seven Sisters. The preacher was obviously surprised by the sudden appearance of the Sin Splitter, though if he were embarrassed he did not show it.

"Travelin', Rev'und Splitter?" he asked.

"I been," the Splitter said. "I and Balaam got on de track of a little sin so us started gittin' about."

"Well, don't let me stop you," the Reverend Butt-cut said hopefully.

"Satan de onliest one kin stop me when I and Balaam git to pilgrimin' agin sin," the Sin Splitter said firmly. "Balaam kin smell out evil and stop whar he find hit. Den I gits down and revive."

The woman was indignant. "You ain't got no call to stop hyar," she declared. "You needn't figger jest cause I'm settin' on de po'ch wid de preacher dat I'm up to any sin. I'm de Senior Deaconess and I'm got a right to set on my pastor's front po'ch and speak church business any time hit suits me."

"You's speakin', not me," the Sin Splitter said. "Speak on."

"Keep quiet, Maw-git," Reverend Butt-cut ordered.

"I won't keep quiet," Maw-git snapped. "Dat preacher's mule p'inted me out for a sinner and he ain't got de right. A widow woman got to keep her good name and I aims to keep mine efn I got to go out yonder and whup dat preacher and his mule, bofe!"

"You's speakin' wid de tongue er angels, daughter," the Sin Splitter said. "Dat's holy widow-woman talk f'm away back. I'm pattin' my foot for you."

"But you said yo' mule claim hit was sin goin' on around hyar," Maw-git said.

"Aw, no mind what dat ole fool say," the Reverend Butt-cut put in.

"She better mind what I say," thundered the Sin Splitter. "And you too, you hippercrittin' false prophet!"

Maw-git looked stunned and shocked. "You means," she demanded, "de mule claim Rev'und Butt-cut been sinnin'?"

"Balaam p'inted Butt-cut out," the Sin Splitter told her, "and he ain't never missed a sinner yit."

"Dat mule is a big ole lie," said Butt-cut. His words were positive, but his manner was defensive. The Sin Splitter knew he had sown seeds of doubt in Maw-git's mind.

She stared at the Reverend Butt-cut. "Is you sho hit's de mule which is lyin'?" she asked coldly.

"I ain't sinned sin one," the Reverend Butt-cut said. He began to slide out of the chair to escape Maw-git's deadly stare.

"Not even over in Shrevepo't, Shawty?" the Sin Splitter called out suggestively.

"Shrevepo't!" exclaimed Maw-git. "Dat's what you been doin', hunh?" She arose and took her chair by its back, preparatory to wielding it.

"Now, Maw-git, take away wid dat chair," the Reverend Butt-cut said. "I'm gonter tell you how hit was."

"Tell hit fast!" Maw-git told him. "Cause I'm fixin' to bust you wid dis chair, no matter what you say!"

"Hold on wid de chair, sister," the Sin Splitter said. "Efn you hits him wid dat you's li'ble to kill him, for true. I knows you don't want to git yo' good name mixed up wid no killin'."

"Nor neither I don't want no man puttin' a fat-mouf on me and doin' sin wid somebody else at de same time."

"But Maw-git, I hope to git struck down—"

"And you's gonter git—"

The Reverend Butt-cut looked appealingly toward the Sin Splitter. He said nothing but his eyes pleaded. All the strength with which he had threatened the old evangelist seemed to have left him.

The Sin Splitter, stern and fearful, took his hat from his head and made a gesture toward the Reverend Butt-cut. The latter nodded agreement.

"De onliest sin Rev'und Butt-cut done," the Sin Splitter told Maw-git, "he done single-handed."

"Have mercy, Lawd," Butt-cut prayed hopefully.

"How you means, single-handed?" Maw-git asked.

"Ev'y natchal man got a weak p'int," the Sin Splitter told her. "And Brother Butt-cut's weak p'int is a long tall brown-skin about like you. And ev'y time he look at you he got sin in his heart. And Paul say—"

"Amen, Brother Sin Splitter," Reverend Butt-cut confirmed. "Speak on. You's readin' my mind."

Maw-git softened. "You means you been lookin' sin at me, Butt-cut, and I didn't know hit? Man, why'n't you speak yo' mind?"

"Dat's enough love-makin'," the Sin Splitter broke in. "Y'all chillun come out hyar to me and git married up befo' some sin *raley* takes place in dis holy town."

Maw-git took the Reverend Butt-cut's hand and led him toward the Sin Splitter. The old evangelist slipped off the mule, took his Bible from one pocket and his money sack from the other.

The sun, now a dull red glow, was about to slip down the horizon. The air grew chill, carrying a promise of snug winter. The chickens wandered toward their roosts; up the road a guinea hen *par-ta-racked* defiance to a wheeling hawk.

The Sin Splitter untied the money sack and held the opened top of it toward the Reverend Butt-cut Bostick. The bridegroom drew seven one-dollar bills from his pocket and dropped them into the Sin Splitter's money bag. The Sin Splitter retied the sack, put it in his pocket and then opened his Bible.

After the brief ceremony, the evangelist climbed back on his mule and turned him around. Balaam fox-trotted back up the road to the little cabin at the edge of the pine brake.

"Yas, Balaam," the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel declared solemnly, "hit look like us is fixin' to spend a right satisfied winter."

THE END

Poland Wants a Total Peace

Continued from page 11

been incomparably greater. The people of Poland will demand retribution. We consider the punishment of Nazi criminals a prime objective of the peace settlement.

The Polish government holds the German nation responsible for this war. It has rallied compactly around Hitler. He cannot be regarded as a symbol of a temporary tendency, but as the expression of the long existent appetites of the German people.

Obviously, a nation of 70,000,000 people can't be wiped off the face of the earth. But it is possible to get rid of the yeast of evil in this nation—the three classes which have led Germany into the war. These are the Nazis, the Junkers, and the captains of heavy industry. In an orderly, inexorable process, all the important men of these classes must be tried and punished. The sentences imposed upon these individuals—whether death, imprisonment or banishment, according to the enormity of each man's offenses—will result in the elimination of these classes from German national life.

No Mad Slaughter of Germans

The Polish government does not advocate Nazi methods of "justice," even in dealing with Nazis. It is not our policy to carry out in Germany the same mad slaughter which the Nazis visited on our country. When the day comes to mete out punishment to the Germans guilty of crimes against our people, we will be willing to submit evidence against each of the accused before any impartial tribunal. We have gathered evidence against thousands of these degenerates. We are ready to bring the Nazis to trial one by one.

It is essential that all of the war criminals—not just a few—be sought out and punished. There are twenty-two concentration camps in Poland where my countrymen have been held in torture for many months. The families of these prisoners know nothing of them until they receive a "death notice"—the ashes of the prisoner. Shall only the men who carried out the murders be punished? Or should we not also bring to trial the Himmlers and the other higher-ups who conceived such a system?

In Warsaw, Jews are being slaughtered en masse in especially designed electric and gas execution rooms. Should not the scientist who perverted his knowledge to design such places be punished? And the thieves and plunderers among the Nazis—are they to be allowed to escape the consequences?

We welcomed many German professors to our universities before the war. They had access to our national treasures of art and literature. Many of them returned with the invaders to direct the pillaging of the places where they were guests. These, too, must be punished.

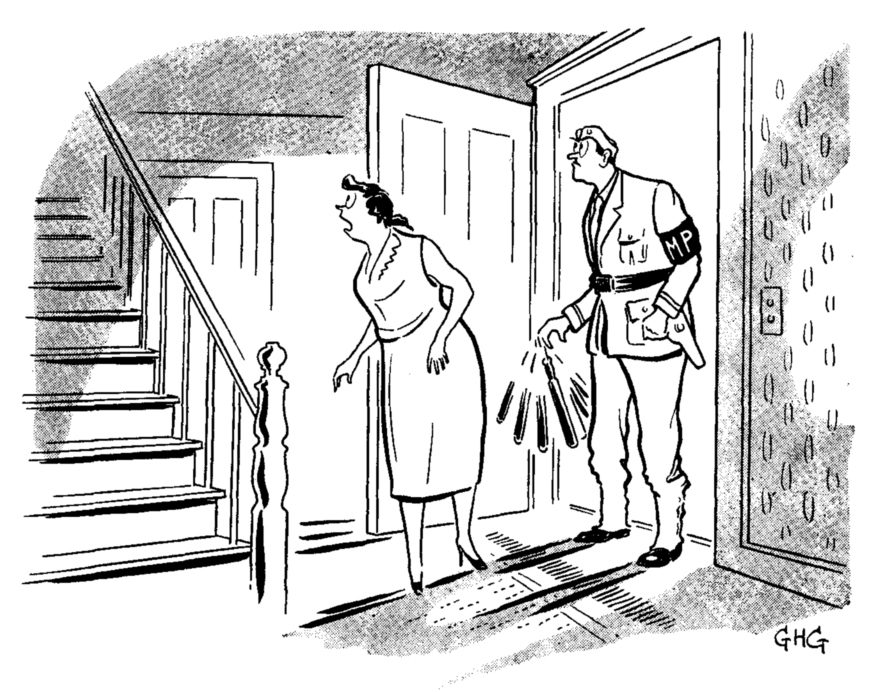
Germany, unfortunately, is a nation which is poisoned to its very depths. After the war, the German mind must be disinfected. The principles of democracy must be drilled into the heads of German youth, through the educational system, just as the Hitler ideology has been. It would be ideal if thousands of young American educators could be sent to Germany to carry out this work.

The demilitarization of Germany and the elimination of the criminal element will fulfill two of the conditions of the total peace. But the United Nations will have to make many drastic political, economic and military readjustments if we are to build a solid foundation for an unshakable world peace.

For one thing, the end of this war must see the grouping together of the smaller nations of Europe—both for their own protection and for their economic development. Ideally, we should tend toward a United States of Europe. Unfortunately, I doubt if such a union is attainable for the time being. The interests and cultures of the European nations are too diverse to permit inclusion of all in a single state. But the European system can be arranged along somewhat similar lines.

The day when each nation of Europe can hope to stand alone—providing temptation for potential aggressors—has passed. In union there is strength, and in strength there is peace. Already the governments of Poland and Czechoslovakia have concluded an agreement looking toward a postwar federation. Yugoslavia and Greece have signed a similar treaty. The Polish government under my leadership favors the adoption of federal principles in Central Eastern Europe.

Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Greece should be member nations of this great Central European Confederation



"Wilbur, come on down! It's one of the boys from your camp"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS

The Order of the Day—Jockey Underwear
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It helps a service man's morale to have around him reminders of civilian life. That's why men in uniform are now buying a large per cent of the output of Jockey—the famous brand of support underwear—and their purchases are growing all the time. So, Jockey may not be as plentiful for civilians as in the past, but it's worth shopping for. Read the reasons for its popularity with fighting men.

Mild Support!

Active men like Jockey's mild masculine support. The source of that support is the patented Y-front, no-gap construction; it is original and exclusive with Jockey by Coopers.

Cool!

Jockey is cool because its knit fabric absorbs perspiration, dries quickly, and lets the skin breathe. Various leg lengths in cotton and wool mixtures will keep you warm, too.

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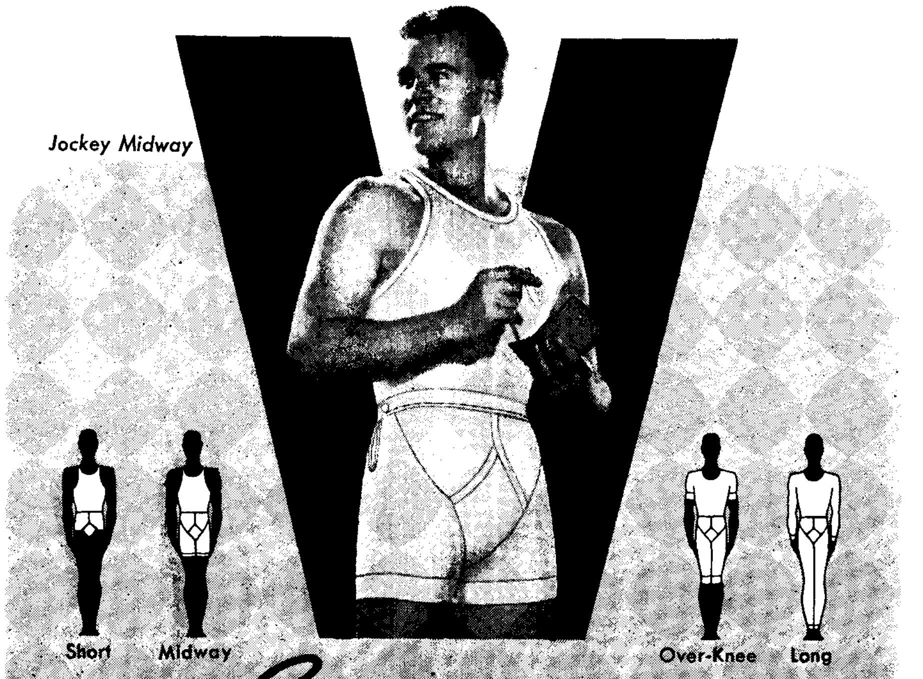
No Bind!

Jockey is famous as the underwear that ended squirming. No creep, crawl, bind, or chafe. And khaki shorts in the tropics will look better and *feel* better worn over Jockey.

Washes Easily!

Jockey's cotton knit fabric washes easily, dries overnight and because it is tailored to fit, returns to its natural shape without ironing. Look for *Jockey* and *Coopers* on the label.

Two-piece . . . contoured shirts to match



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CLICK! Enders shaving's easier. Just click blade in and go.

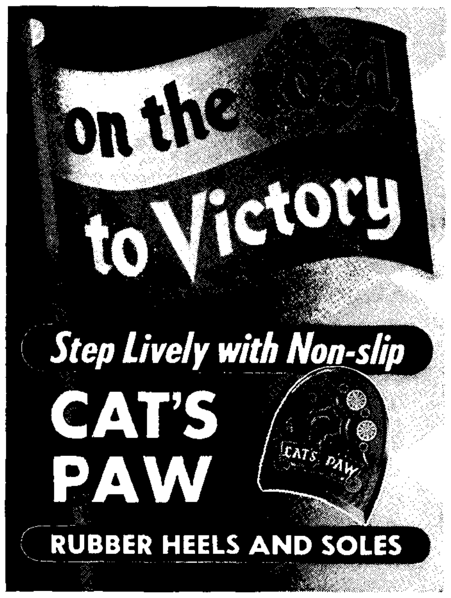
QUICK! Enders modern design streamlines your shaves—saves time.

SLICK! Enders *twice-thicker* blade can be *stropped* many times—to keep 'em shaving—and smoothly!

Enders users—Save steel. Send $1 for Enders Stropper.

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. C, MYSTIC, CONN.



KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 *miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny* filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Room with Bath $2.00 up

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"The national rub-down"
Replacement or refund of money Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if defective or not as advertised therein
MIFFLIN
ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL
RUBBING COMPOUND

A smiling Polish officer leads a group of Italians captured in Libya

and later, so should the rehabilitated peoples of Central Europe who have temporarily thrown in their lot with Hitler. This Confederation, stretching from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, would form a foundation of security against German aggression and would be a safeguard of Russia's security on her western borders against any future German *Drang nach Osten.*

Both of the last wars started in Central Europe—one in Belgrade and one in Warsaw—and both were started by Germany.

Since this is a war for democracy, the peace must see the extension of this form of government in the Confederation. Poland has decided to adopt a democratic government along the pattern of the United States and Britain. All Polish citizens are to be equal, and all, regardless of origin, race or creed, are to enjoy equal rights and to have equal obligations.

Each nation would retain its own identity and government. But there must be a central governing council of ministers, selected in democratic fashion. The Confederation should have a single foreign policy, to be directed by the central council, and a single army, drawn from all the nations. There should be no trade barriers or customs duties between the member states, and all should have a common currency. The entire area could be developed as an economic unit. The 130,000,000 citizens of the Confederation would constitute a vast new market for American goods.

The partition of Poland between Germany and Russia, before the Nazi invasion of the Soviet, has been nullified by the new treaty between Poland and Russia of July 30, 1941. We consider that this restores the Polish-Soviet border of August, 1939.

A "Victory First" Pledge

In their agreement of December, 1941, the leaders of Poland and Russia pledged themselves to defer other matters and concentrate on beating Germany. Regardless of the many wrongs which Poland has suffered from Russia in the past, we desire most friendly relations with the Soviet Union. This, I think, is in harmony with the views of Stalin, as expressed during my visit to the Kremlin. We are doing all we can to collaborate with the U. S. S. R. The extent to which Poland and Russia can co-operate after the war will depend upon the Soviet.

Poland—and with us the Confederation—must have access to the Baltic seacoast through Polish Pomerania, Danzig and East Prussia. This is one of the readjustments which will have to be made in the new Europe.

It is to be hoped that the broad principles of the Central European Confederation can be applied elsewhere in Europe. The Scandinavian nations should be brought together on a similar basis. Spain and Portugal have already moved toward establishment of a sort of Iberian Federation. France, Belgium, and Holland—the nations which lie along the path followed by German armies of invasion—should, I think, also form a confederation. Neither Germany nor Italy should be included in this pattern of government until these nations prove themselves trustworthy.

There must be, above and beyond these federations, a world government, based on the present alliance of the United Nations. The United States, the British Commonwealth, Russia, China, the South American republics, the European confederations and the other nations of the world must pool their will-to-peace in this organization. This world government must go beyond anything that has been tried before. It should have power to promote the economic welfare of all nations, directing the flow of international trade. It should have funds to use in improving air, rail and road communications, and it should have an army to preserve international order.

The army which would be at the disposal of the governing council of the world government should be strong enough to enforce its decisions. Such an army should be air-borne, so that it could be moved quickly to any corner of the earth. To facilitate such movement, we must build airports in chains that will circle the globe. These internationalized landing fields could be used by all nations for commercial traffic also.

If we have learned anything from this war, it is that appeasement is impossible. This war, which has brought unprecedented suffering to humanity, is made doubly tragic by the realization that it should not have been allowed to take place. We drifted into war because virile boldness, unity, and determination, teamwork and the active and farsighted statesmanship indispensable for facing new situations squarely were lacking among free and peace-loving nations. We had come to regard freedom as our due, and some of us refused to face the necessity of showing our determination to fight in its defense.

As long as we do not fall into this way of thinking again, we shall have peace. We must not hesitate to act quickly, unitedly, and with determination to punish violators of the peace. No aggressor would dare take up arms against all of us together.

For a time after the signing of the armistice, it will be necessary for us to keep our armies in the field. There is much territory to be occupied. The Polish Republic has an army of its own which, in spite of the fact that the Nazis have claimed on four occasions to have exterminated it, is the fifth largest of the United Nations forces.

This Polish army will be capable of occupying our homeland. In some other nations it may be necessary to quarter United Nations armies to maintain order. But when the basis of the peace has been established, the people of the world will be able to rely to a large extent upon collective might, rather than on national strength. They will not have to carry the burden of huge armies.

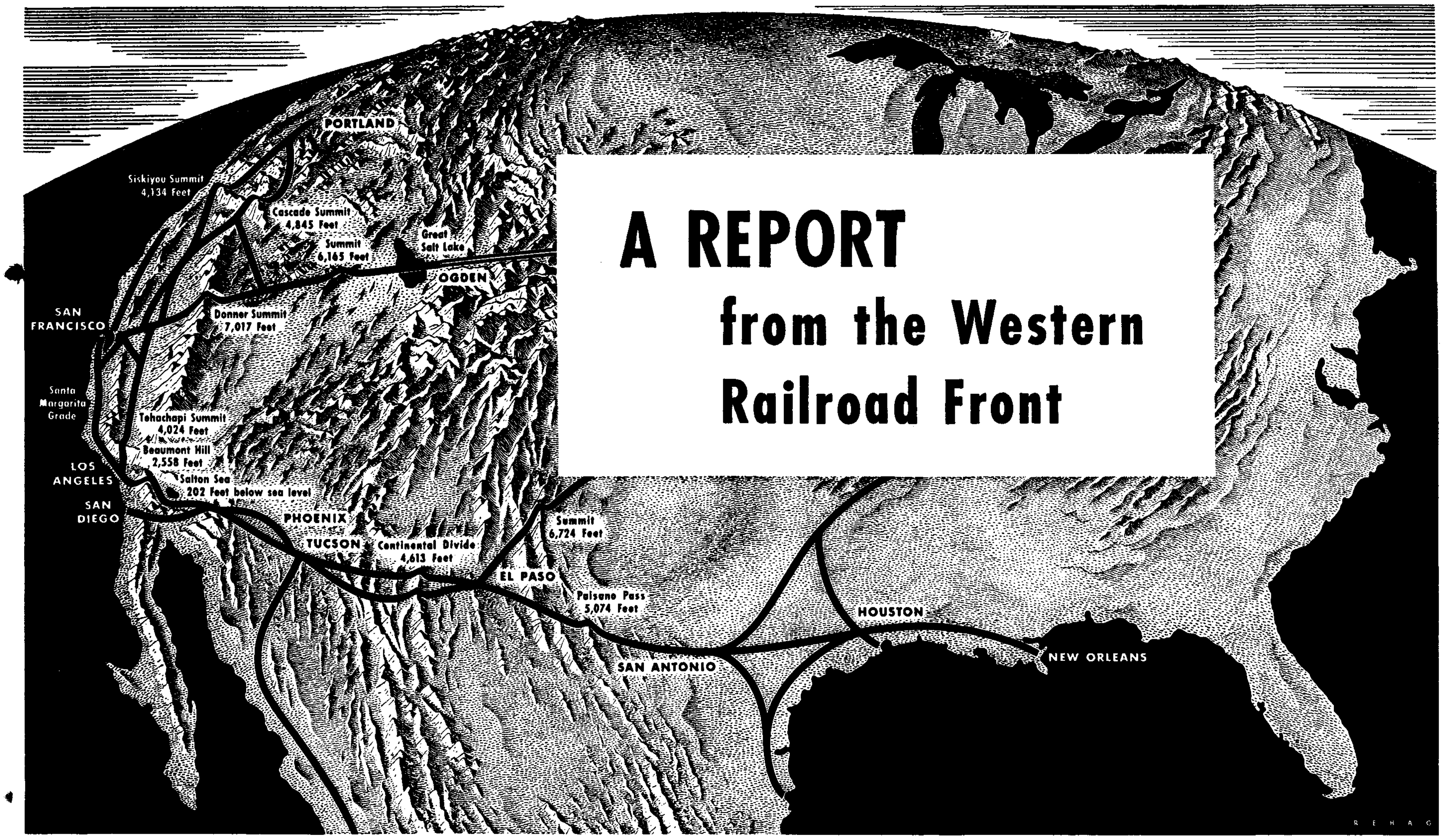
I have seen in this country a mighty force, mounting like a volcano. This force cannot be stopped. The people of the United States will see this war through to the end. Remember that all Germans up to the age of thirty-five are Nazi-mad. The only thing they understand is power. As long as you have the power, they will respect your wishes.

So again, I say, don't throw away your arms too soon and don't spare your dollars until the job is completed. It will pay you because you will create a world which is much more like your own America.

THE END

A regiment of Fighting Poles passes in review somewhere in England

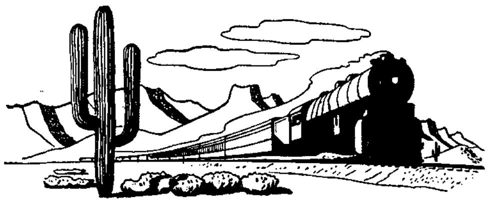
A REPORT from the Western Railroad Front


PORTLAND
Siskiyou Summit 4,134 Feet
Cascade Summit 4,845 Feet
Summit 6,165 Feet
Great Salt Lake
OGDEN
SAN FRANCISCO
Donner Summit 7,017 Feet
Santa Margarita Grade
Tehachapi Summit 4,024 Feet
Beaumont Hill 2,558 Feet
LOS ANGELES
Salton Sea 202 Feet below sea level
SAN DIEGO
PHOENIX
TUCSON
Continental Divide 4,613 Feet
Summit 6,724 Feet
EL PASO
Paisano Pass 5,074 Feet
HOUSTON
SAN ANTONIO
NEW ORLEANS
REHAG

This map shows the major summits on Southern Pacific Lines. It takes more locomotives to move heavy trains up steep mountain grades.

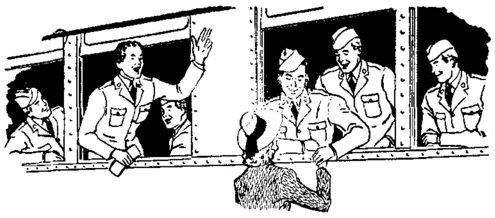
Everywhere on this map the war trains are rolling.

All night long you can hear them whistling to each other in the lonely mountain passes. All day you can see them rumbling across the deserts.



From New Orleans in the deep South to San Francisco by the Golden Gate. From Ogden in Utah's gaunt Wasatch Mountains. From Portland in the evergreen Pacific Northwest, from Tucumcari, from San Antonio, from El Paso on the Rio Grande. Over Donner Summit, Cascade Summit and the Siskiyous. Through Paisano Pass and Carriso Gorge. Across the Sabine River, the Neches, the Pecos, the Colorado. Everywhere on Southern Pacific's 15,000 miles of line, the war trains are rolling.

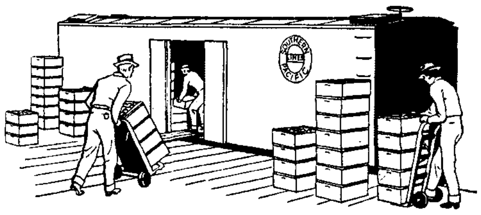
Trainloads of men bound for "somewhere in the Pacific." Trainloads of tanks and guns. Trainloads of steel for the sprawling shipyards in the San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland areas. Trainloads of engines and parts for the humming aircraft plants. Thousands of war trains rolling westward.

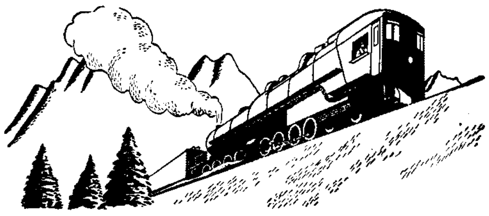


This is a report from Southern Pacific, the West's biggest railroad. Like all American railroads, we need more men, more cars and locomotives to do the job. Like all American railroads, we are doing our best with what we have.

Look at the map. See how our lines converge on the Pacific Coast, the springboard for our offensive against Japan. Add to this the fact that we serve more military and naval establishments than any other railroad, and you can see how grave is our responsibility to our country. The war trains *must* come first.

Yet the other trains must roll, too. Long yellow "reefer" trains loaded with western fruits and vegetables important to the nation's health . . . 50,000 carloads of lettuce from California and Arizona . . . 60,000 cars of oranges and lemons and grapefruit from Southern California, Southern Arizona and the Rio Grande Valley down in Texas. Trainloads of lumber from Oregon and Washington for cantonments and emergency housing. Trainloads of salt from Louisiana, sulphur from Texas and potash from Trona for explosives and chemicals. Trainloads of oil and gasoline from California and Texas. Copper from Arizona, Nevada and Utah. Cement. Sand. Gravel. Cattle. Sheep. Thousands of trains rolling east with the war trains insistently pouring west!





We are moving it all over a railroad that crosses more mountain ranges than any other in the country—with ten major summits, from the 2,500-foot hump at Beaumont Hill to the 7,000-foot Donner Pass, where the average annual snowfall is *thirty-six feet*, and great rotary plows whine through the drifts.

Our dispatchers are putting more trains over the line than they ever dreamed they could. And the old-timers don't talk about the "good old days" any more. They're *really* railroading now!

Many people did not believe we could carry the load we are carrying now. Our whole organization of 90,000 men and women is on its toes, thrilled to have an important part in the war effort and determined to keep 'em rolling.

A. T. MERCIER, *President*

To get $25 a month starting in 10 years, buy an $18.75 War Bond every month now

S•P

The Friendly Southern Pacific

Headquarters: 65 Market St., San Francisco, California

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL TOTALLY MOBILIZED FOR WAR

One $18.75 War Bond will buy seven steel helmets

The Voice of the Pub

By Walter Davenport

RADIOED FROM LONDON

Our Mr. Davenport sits out a London air raid and then goes pub-crawling to see what the common folk want out of the war. As Jimsey Byrd, proprietor of the Clock and Cloak, put it, "They wants to be left alone. That's the trouble with 'Itler; 'e can't let people alone"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT CAPA

In the pubs, the "common man's clubs" one hears the voice of England. This one displays World War I posters

He did his duty, Will YOU do YOURS?

After a long day of soldiering, a pint of half and half tastes mighty good to this Tommy whose name is Alf

WE DIDN'T expect Jerry over that night. Maybe it's just as well. Had we known he was coming to make the night fearful with the roar of his planes and the booming crunch of his bombs, we might have stayed in and missed seeing wartime London at her best—London jeering at Jerry, knocking him out of the clouds with salvos of artillery. It was a noble sight and we forgot to be scared until the Germans were dead and gone.

We were sitting in a Soho pub when it came, trying to persuade a tough old Yorkshireman that he hadn't been insulted. It was none of our business, either. Also, when the sirens began to wail and the antiaircraft guns started booming, we beheld the somewhat startling sight of a nice English girl getting drunk as fast as possible. She lived and drank through the great blitz of 1940. She said that it was the only thing to do—get drunk. Then, she added, she wouldn't mind the blitz.

Fifteen minutes before, the tough old Yorkshireman had begun to sing There'll Always Be an England. He was minding his own business, singing beerily to himself in an alcoholic bass. Far down the bar, there was a Yank soldier drinking beer and complaining to himself that barmaids were never maids, that Scotch lassies were never lassies, and that Tommies were always named Alf. The evening was young and unpromising.

When the Yorkshireman sang There'll Always Be an England, the Yank cheered up a bit. He sang, too, but his version of the song didn't please the Yorkshireman.

The Yorkshireman's name was Ian something or other and he came over to where we sat, saying, "That sort of thing won't do, it won't. Won't do at all."

We said that we hadn't said anything; and what was wrong, anyway? He said that he had been insulted, that he was a married man with five children, that he had an aunt in South Hadley, Massachusetts, who had liver trouble and that it wouldn't do at all, it wouldn't. Things began to look more promising.

The proprietor joined us to say that Ian (pronounced Yon) had had a lot of family trouble, and to humor him. We said sure and that we'd be very pleased to buy a drink. This was an inspiration. It not only pacified Ian but prevented a fight. When the sirens began to squall, Ian and the Yank had their arms around each other singing:

"There'll always be an England, as long as China's there;
There'll always be a Navy, if Kaiser does his share.
And when the war is over, and the victory is won,
We'll give three cheers for England for all that Russia's done."

The nice English girl who had been drinking nothing but tonic water ordered a double Scotch, saying, "Think of that, now," over and over. She was on her third double Scotch when the storm broke, and we lost sight of her when the crowd rushed in. (When Jerry drops his stuff, and the flak begins to whang the roofs and pit the streets, the crowds take to the shelters, the pubs and all the other places where it's pleasanter in a raid or, anyway, safer.) She was a very nice girl, they told us, and never drank between air raids. But she wasn't pretty and she didn't have a nice figure. Somehow, she gave you the impression that nature hadn't yet made up her mind about her.

Something in the Wind

It wasn't a major air raid, but a new mystery seemed to have settled down in London—upon all England. There was the elusive feeling that something big was going to happen. Nobody seemed to know just what it was or when it would happen or where or to whom. Only a few of the most important people knew that Roosevelt and Churchill were meeting in Africa. Many knew that Churchill was away somewhere and you had only to hang around government offices and military headquarters to get the feeling that tomorrow would be a big tomorrow and that the coming spring would be one that it will take a long, long time to forget.

Then, too, there had been a sudden stoppage of the eternal rumors, and you noticed that there were fewer soldiers in the streets. Something was coming and you sensed it and were tense.

Warm with the new mystery that was making London's day grayer and her night blacker, we had set forth to hear what the simple people had on their minds. And that's all we said to Mr. Jimsey Byrd, proprietor of the Clock and Cloak, a popular pub in Tottenham Court Road: What were the common people talking about?

Mr. Byrd bade us have a seat. He stood before us with a look of profound sorrow on his long face. "You are an American," he said, as if it was an accusation.

We said that we were.

Mr. Byrd wrung his hands, looked hard at the ceiling and said, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Another American!"

That the Clock and Cloak should be popular is not of Mr. Byrd's doing. Moreover, he doesn't like it. Before the war and particularly before the American soldiers came to England, Byrd's pub was a quiet place, solemnly dispensing cheer by the shot, the half pint and the pint to a regular clientele who were never noisy.

In those pre-American days, Mr. Byrd told us, he made a comfortable living and you wouldn't hear a bitter word, much less an argument, between New Year's Day and the following Christmas. His wife, his daughter, and his sister-in-law were his barmaids, and it was Mr. Byrd's dour happiness to pass out religious tracts to patrons who in his estimation had had enough. If the religious tracts weren't sufficient hint, Mr. Byrd lugubriously called upon his son Gilbert, and Gilbert wou[illegible] emerge from his stool in the public bar and dolefully toss the sinner out.

But it's different now in the Clock and Cloak. Gilbert is in the British army. Wholly against the wishes of Mr. Byrd, the Clock and Cloak has become terrifically popular with American soldiers. His daughter is a Wren, looking, he sadly told us, as if she were baled instead of uniformed, being a plump person and quite short. His sister-in-law loped off last Michaelmas with a Canadian artilleryman and " 'asn't 'ad the cheek to write back, knowin' bloody well we don't want no word from the likes of 'er, although you'd think now she'd 'ave the 'eart to drop a line to 'er sister, me wife, wouldn't you?"

The Phoenix Didn't Arise from Its Ashes

Now nightly the Clock and Cloak is a riot of sound and fury—mostly American—and Byrd is a broken if prosperous man. His barmaids are Mrs. Byrd (Jenny) and a very thin elderly lady named Pearl. When business reaches the flood stage Mr. Byrd helps them out. But he passes out no tracts because, for one thing, they're very hard to get these days, what with the paper shortage. Also, since the Americans came, it has not been in the interests of peace and quiet to quote a bit of gospel or to offer a word of selected advice. If he did, the[illegible] Americans were quite apt to respond with songs—their own revivalist songs like The Little Brown Church in the Vale, When the Roll is Called Up Yonder I'll Be There, and The Brewer's Big Horses Won't Run Over Me.

Mr. Byrd told us that he had got into the pub business when young, thinking it could be kept respectable. To abandon it now in its prosperity would, he added, be like flying in the face of Providence. And this, he thinks, is particularly true since, in the blitz of 1940, the Phoenix next door was reduced to ashes from which it never arose, and the Bush and Bear down the street was smashed from roof to cellar leaving the Clock and Cloak without a competitor in that block.

What the common people wanted more than anything else was to be left alone, Mr. Byrd told us. "Some wants to be sad, some wants to be glad," said he. "But whatever it is, they wants to do it by themselves. Arsk anybody. That's wot's the worst about 'Itler; 'e can't let people alone and 'e's got to suffer for it. Arsk anybody. Of course, I'm talking about the British common folks, not American. I can't speak for the Americans. Wouldn't dare. They bloody well speak for themselves—all night. Can't say 'ello to one of the blighters that 'e don't answer you with a whole bookful. Nice enough, mind you, but talky. Noisy, talky. They got all of us shoutin'. Arsk me wife."

Mrs. Byrd said Americans did talk somewhat more than other peoples. "But," she added, "a man's got th[illegible] right to talk with his beer, although it does give a body a bit of a shock to see a man sit down, drink a pint and talk to himself if nobody else will talk to him. I 'ear that ain't unusual in America.

"A sergeant fellow was in 'ere last night a-talkin' to 'isself. I said, 'Look, 'ere, Sergeant, it ain't right for a man to be talkin' to 'isself,' and 'e tells me everybody does it in the States. 'E says they do it just in case they decided to stand for election. 'E said that when 'e got 'ome after the war, 'e was goin' to stand for President. I said that, from all I 'eard, the States 'ad a President already, and 'e said, 'Yes, but 'e can't last forever.' "

Mrs. Byrd flapped her hand at us and let out a bellow of laughter. "Don't put that down now," she cried. " 'E was just 'aving me on."

Mr. Byrd didn't approve at all. "Light," said he, impaling his wife with a hard look. "Light, like 'er sister."

But Mrs. Byrd wasn't offended. "It's 'is stomach," she explained, nodding at Mr. Byrd. "I've been married to a sour stomach for two and twenty years."

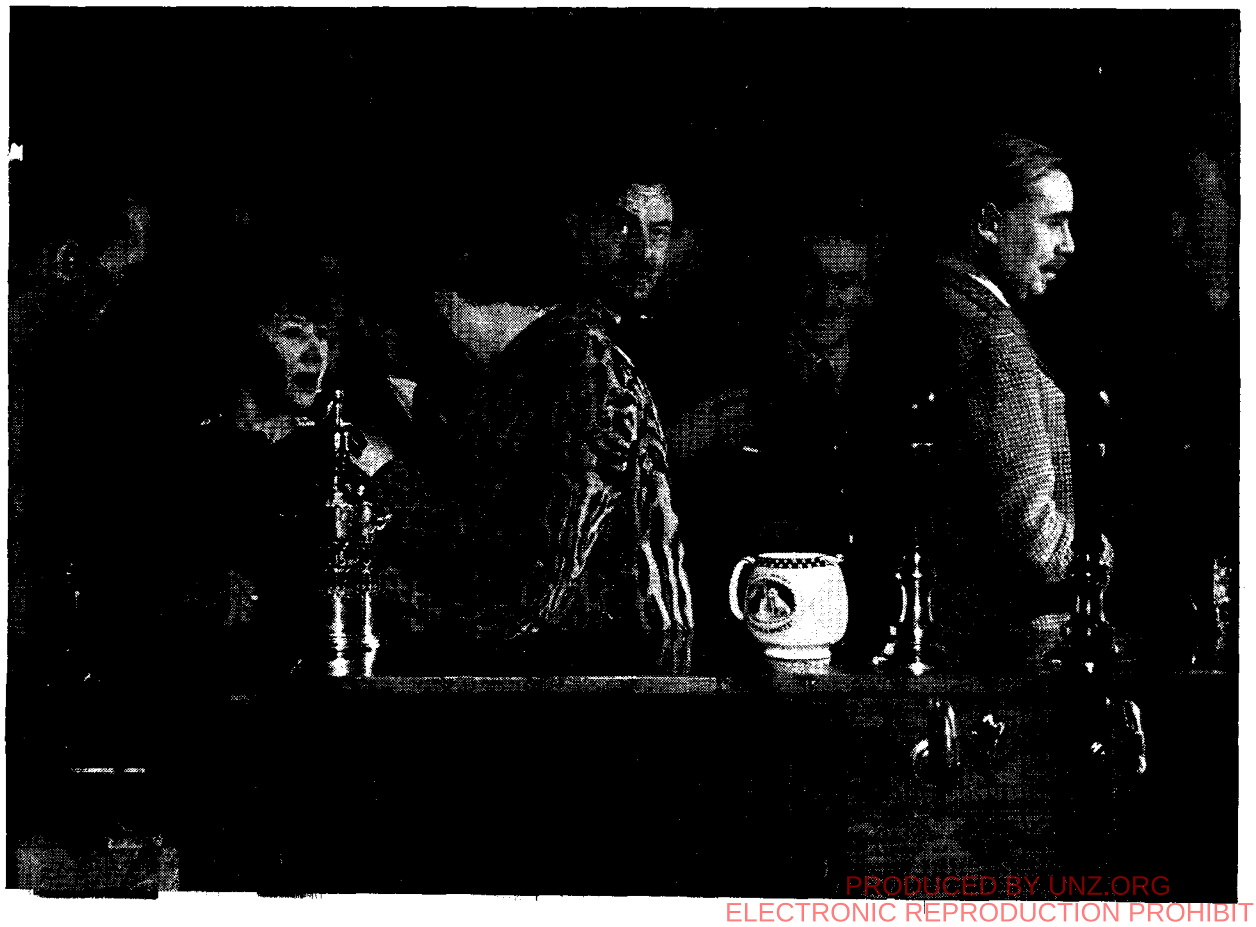
We didn't have much success in the Clock and Cloak. Mr. Byrd wouldn't leave our side. "There's a Home Guard corporal," we said. "He looks like a man who would know what he wanted out of this war."

The corporal was a shaggy fellow, middle-aged,

Our Walter Davenport sits this one out with Annie Kleinfeld, proprietress of the Fitzroy Tavern, who is very proud of her scrapbook. Below: A small procession wends its way toward a quaint country pub to be in time for the Sunday-noon opening. That's Davenport on the extreme left

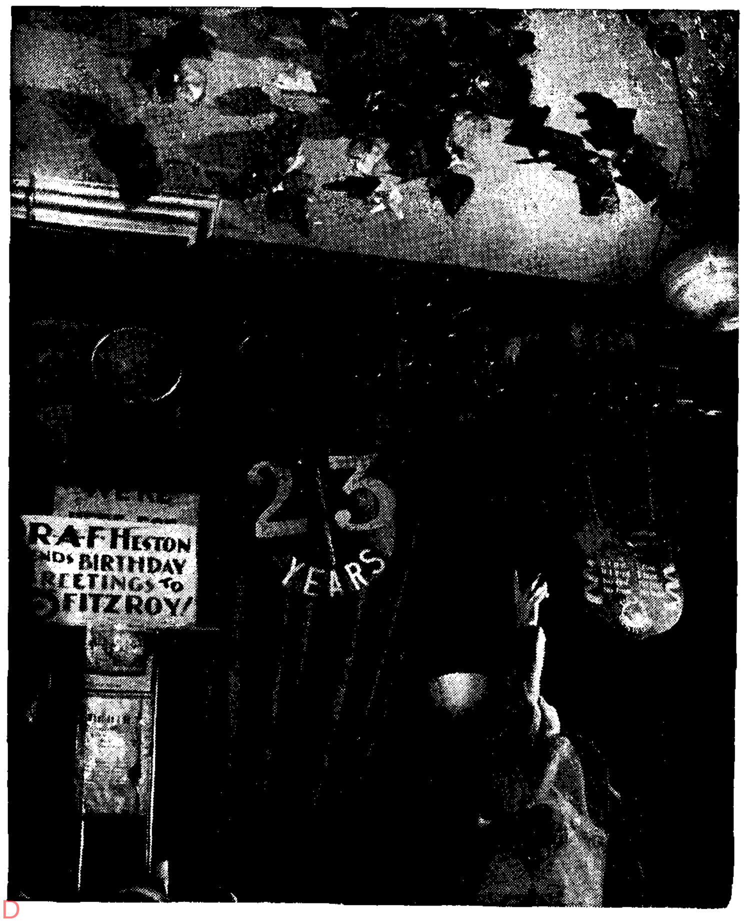
WHITE HART HOTEL

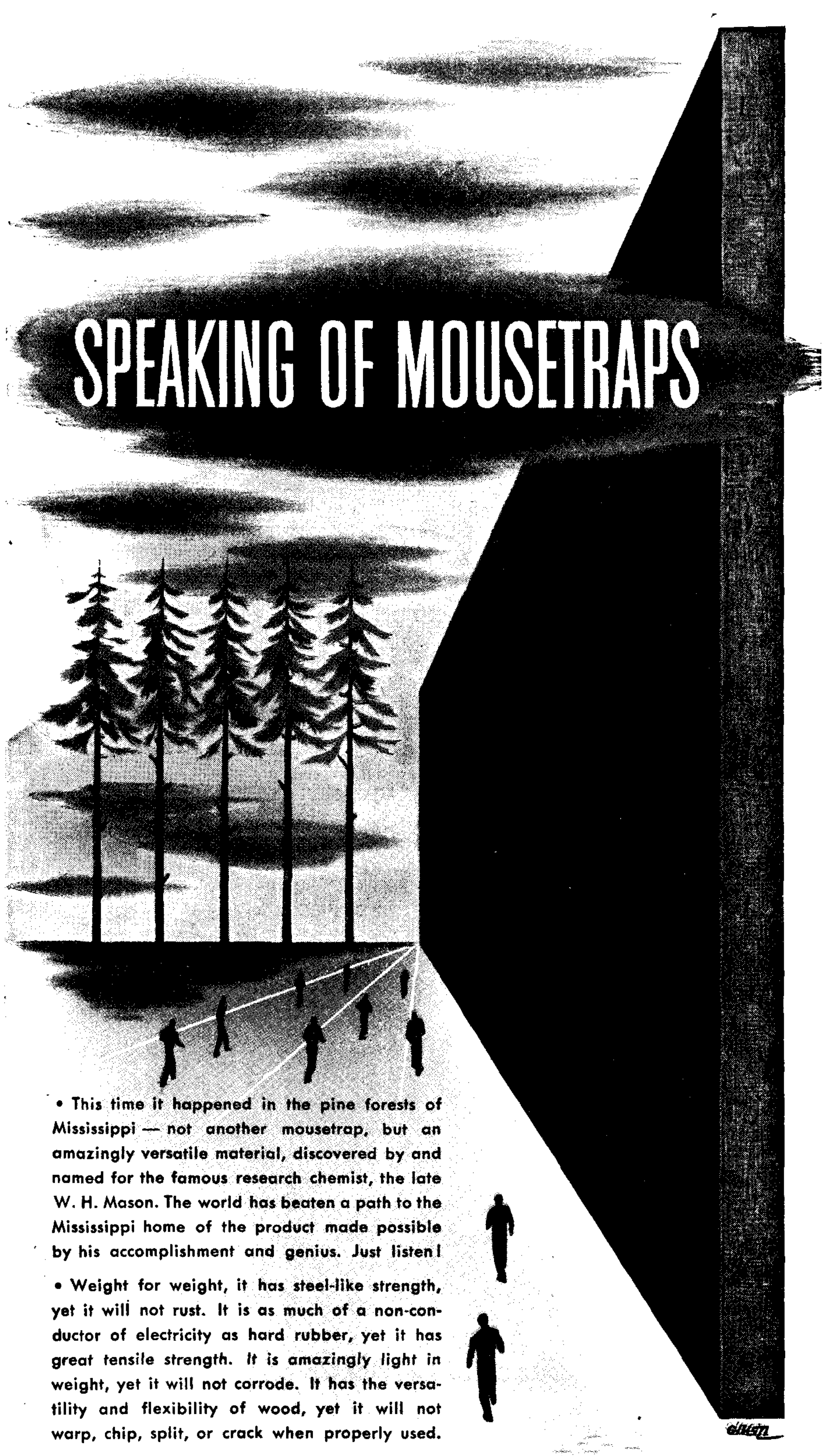
The bar of the famous old Bull in Sonning is another matter. Here, one hears the conversation of the sophisticates, studded with references to global strategy, Lend-Lease, ocean commerce and the postwar world. Nice talk, but you'll miss the color and earthiness of the cockney joints



Soldiers not only leave their money in pubs, but their insignias as well. Below: Anne, the publican's wife, carries on, tends bar. Her husband is fighting in the R.A.F.

Below: New guests at the Fitzroy Tavern are expected to pack paper money on a dart and throw it onto the ceiling. The money thus collected goes to the neighborhood poor





• This time it happened in the pine forests of Mississippi — not another mousetrap, but an amazingly versatile material, discovered by and named for the famous research chemist, the late W. H. Mason. The world has beaten a path to the Mississippi home of the product made possible by his accomplishment and genius. Just listen!

• Weight for weight, it has steel-like strength, yet it will not rust. It is as much of a non-conductor of electricity as hard rubber, yet it has great tensile strength. It is amazingly light in weight, yet it will not corrode. It has the versatility and flexibility of wood, yet it will not warp, chip, split, or crack when properly used.

• It's Presdwood* — the remarkable Masonite* ligno-cellulose hardboard!

NATURE itself provides the basic ingredients of this material. They're the same as wood: *cellulose fiber* . . . and the *lignin* that holds it together.

Masonite Corporation starts by *exploding wood,* neither removing the lignin nor damaging the cellulose fiber. The result is a mass of fiber of varying degree of plasticity.

Then the fiber is interlaced to provide equal strength in all directions, and welded together again, using lignin's great bonding power.

Masonite Presdwoods — made in this way from ligno-cellulose fiber of varying degree of plasticity in different weights and densities — are suitable for many special purposes.

• • •

Today Presdwoods have more than 500 uses in America's War Program — saving steel, aluminum, rubber, asbestos and other critical materials.

Even though Presdwoods are not readily available for civilian use, if your company is engaged in essential production and you need a superior material to replace other scarce materials, write: Masonite Corporation, 111 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. "Masonite" identifies all products marketed by Masonite Corp.

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MASONITE PRESDWOODS

THE LIGNO-CELLULOSE HARDBOARDS

thickset, very gnarled. He looked as though life had rolled him into many ditches.

"Not 'im," said Mr. Byrd. "'E's a cabby, and cabbies ain't got no regard for nothin'. Not 'im."

The Home Guard corporal overheard. He set down his beer, scowled ferociously at Mr. Byrd and demanded, "And why not 'im, as you call me, pray? Ain't I got feelin's? Ain't I got a right to me say? 'Oo d'ye think you are—'Itler? Now listen. When this 'ere war is over, I'm going to buy me a bit of ground and raise guinea 'ens, that's what I'm goin' to do when this war's over. Put that down, sir. For fifteen years I've been a good customer in this 'ere pub, not that I'm complainin'. Only last night I said to my wife, I says, when this 'ere war is over, you and me are going to . . ."

Voice of the People

Clearly, this wasn't getting us anywhere. Nevertheless, we weren't losing any ground. We had been discussing postwar problems, fears and hopes with politicians, merchants, and industrialists from Whitehall to Bloomsbury and out into the provinces. From excursions like that we had emerged with pockets filled with platitudes about air-transport control, the rehabilitation of Britain's ocean commerce, the hope that America would continue Lend-Lease aid to Britain during reconstruction, and the universal disaster were the Republican party to win the 1944 elections and the United States revert to isolationism as she did in 1920.

Too, they deplored the fact that, unlike Britain, the United States could not by interparty agreement continue her current government in power for a couple of years or so after the cessation of hostilities. Anyway we weren't losing any ground in the Clock and Cloak, but we did decide to move on, although Mr. Byrd assured us that we'd grow no wiser elsewhere.

"All the same, they are, all the same," he groaned.

In Annie Kleinfeld's Fitzroy Tavern in Windmill Street we met Private Holt Lilly of Portsmouth, Virginia. Private Lilly was accompanied by five ladies, all of whom he called "Babe." He introduced them one by one: "Babe, shake hands with a war correspondent who has come smack up to this battle front to find out what you're thinking about, except me." Private Lilly said that he understood just how we felt after having talked to many politicians, industrialists and brass hats. "Brother," said he, shoving aside a couple of his babes, "I know how you feel. Personally, every time I talk to anybody bigger than a corporal I git plumb discouraged."

Private Lilly was very helpful. He even deputized all five babes to poll the customers while we, he suggested, should sit down as man to man and discuss morals. His orders to the babes were explicit: "Hey, Babe, take your beer and run over and ask that lug with the nose what the hell's eating him. And don't take no for an answer." Or: "Listen, Babe, bust into that darts game and ask the limies what they're going to do after the war."

While the babes were conducting the Lilly poll which, alas, didn't turn out to be a howling success, we were joined by three Air Force ground-crew noncoms who had spent the day exploring the banks of the Thames from the Tower of London to Westminster Abbey. They were all from Montana and were in complete agreement that there was nothing in Montana like it.

"Listen," said the corporal, "they were burying big shots under the floor of Westminster Abbey and chopping off kings' and queens' heads in the Tower before even the Indians discovered Montana."

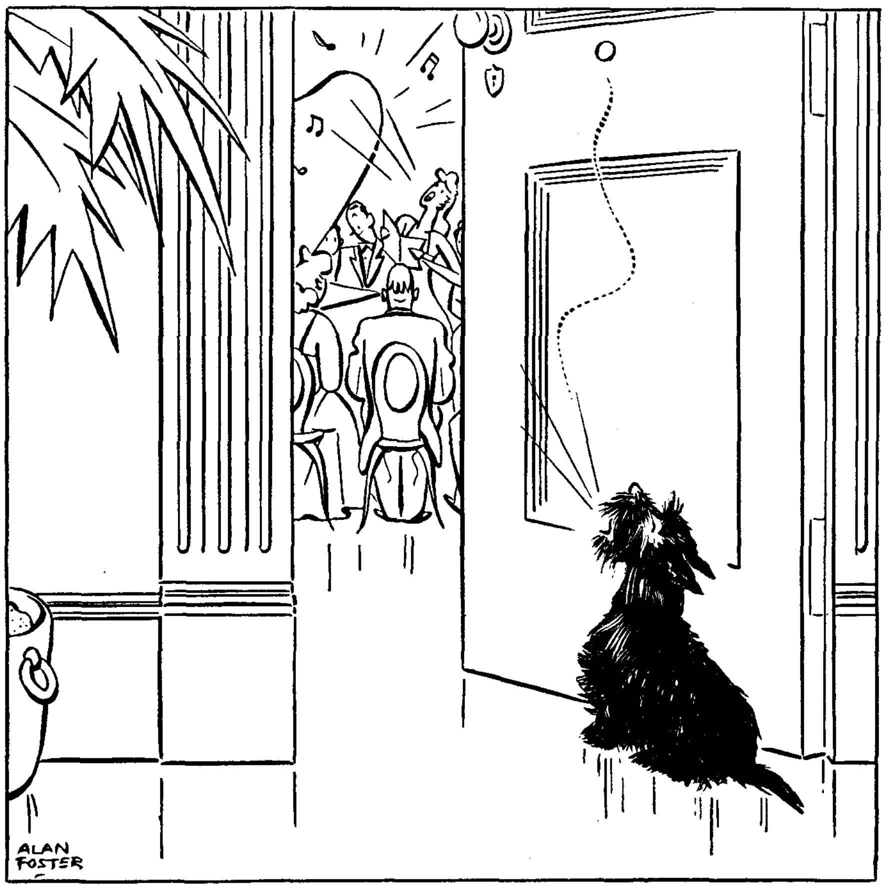
"Nuts!" said the buck sergeant. "There were Indians in Montana before that. There were Indians in Montana before Columbus discovered America."

"Listen," said the corporal, "they were burying guys like Shakespeare under the floor of Westminster Abbey before Columbus discovered America, and chopping off heads, too."

"Wait a minute!" shouted Private Lilly. "What this guy wants to know is what you guys are going to do after the war, and why are we here. Things like that. Who the hell cares what happened before Columbus discovered America?"

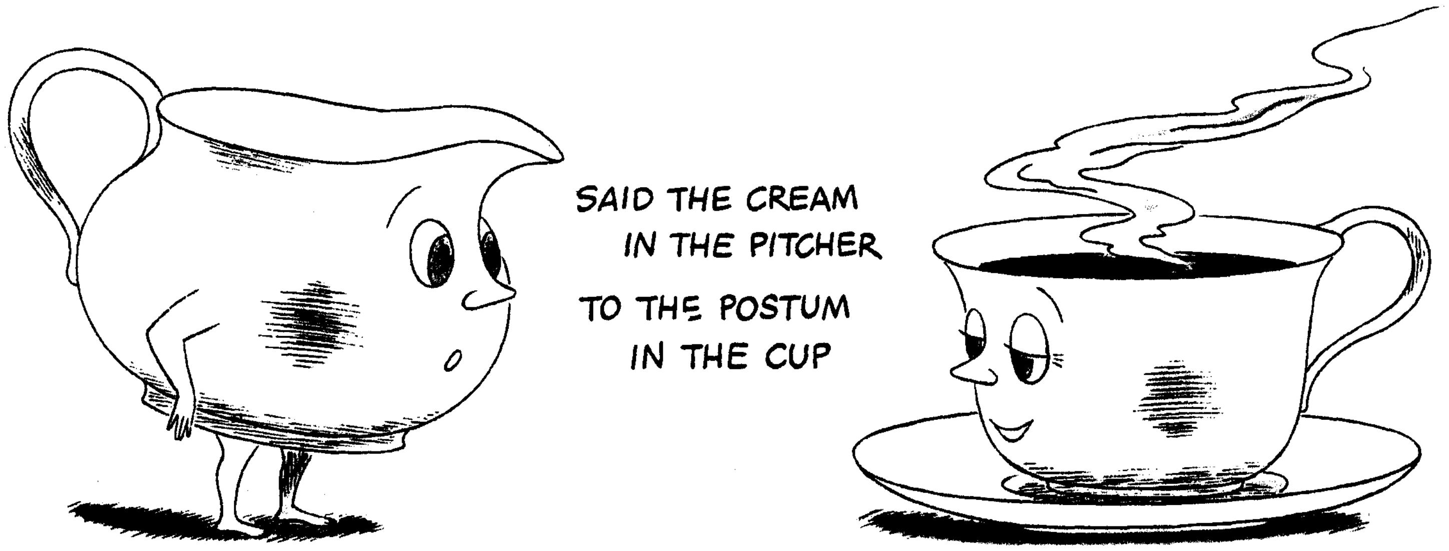
In the heat of the ensuing argument

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE **by ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S "Our White House musicales are invariably a success"

You wouldn't fool me, would you?



POSTUM: Hey, who said anything about fooling? I've never tried to fool anyone yet, and I never intend to!

CREAM: Come, come, now! Don't give me that! I suppose you're going to say you're *not* masquerading around like a hot cup of coffee! And I don't like to mix with coffee substitutes!

POSTUM: Well, of all the nerve—calling me a coffee substitute! Haven't you been around enough dinner tables to know better than that?

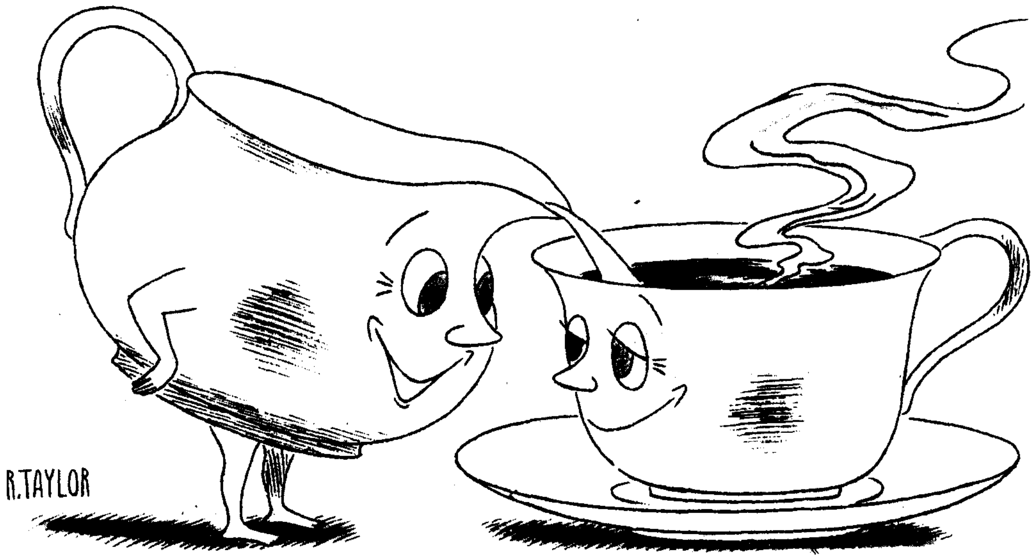
CREAM: To be honest, no. I'm fresh from the dairy and I was judging entirely by your looks.

POSTUM: And that's where you're wrong. I may *look* like coffee. But I don't *taste* any more like it than coffee tastes like tea! I've a *very* distinctive flavor all my own. That's why I've become One of America's *Great* Mealtime Drinks...enjoyed regularly by *millions of Americans!* Why, I'm a favorite with the whole family—even the children—because there's not a bit of harmfulness in me.

CREAM: Yep, guess you've got something there . . . sounds pretty logical! And, incidentally, with this tea and coffee shortage, you may be doing even better! Right?

POSTUM: *Right!* And I cost *less* than ½¢ a cup—whether I'm bought as Postum Cereal, the kind you boil or "perk", or Instant Postum, made right in the cup by simply adding boiling water. Little enough for a great hot drink, eh?

CREAM: You bet! Okay, my friend, you've got me sold on your merits. Guess I'll join you after all!



TUNE IN: *"The Aldrich Family," Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.*

Instant POSTUM
Makes 100 Cups
POSTUM Cereal
60 Cups

POSTUM—One of America's Great Mealtime Drinks

Loose Talk can cost Lives!

"...sails tonight, world's biggest, packed with troops...Berlin waiting"

Keep it under your *STETSON*

Stetson "Whippet"...bound edge, medium brim, and a fine, medium tapered shape to the crown. Rich felt made light and springy by the exclusive Stetson Vita-Felt* Process...$10.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

STETSON HATS FOR MEN, $5 TO $25 • FOR WOMEN, $5.95 AND UP • ALSO MADE IN CANADA

Private Lilly salvaged three of his original five babes and, beckoning to us, left the Fitzroy by the side entrance.

Bumping our way through the narrow black streets we began to sum up. Let's see. About Northwest Africa politics: You tell us, buddy, you tell us. About Russia: Good old Russia, she's winning the war. About Italy: The Italians are okay, but Benito's a bum. About Germany: Listen, let's lick that crowd for keeps this time and let the Poles and Czechs police them for a couple of years. About Japan: Listen, Limey, let us handle the Japs. When we're through with those lice, there won't be enough of them left to itch. The Beveridge Plan? Why, that's nothing but the New Deal with English on it. And after this war is over? Listen, buddy, what's the use worrying about *then* when you still got *now* on your hands. Let's have another beer!

We lost one of the babes somewhere along the way, so that only four of us arrived at Babalola's Jam Pot in Frith Street—Private Lilly, two babes and your war correspondent.

Babalola is a large black Nigerian who assured us that he and his club had no greater ambition than to break down racial prejudices. Babalola and his Jam Pot were hard at work at it. He calls his place the Colored People's Club, or London's Harlem, or the Rendezvous of United Nations Colored Peoples and Their Friends, Limited. The customers call it the Jam Pot for short.

There was a jam session on, and no color line was drawn. Negro soldiers and white girls (not all of them Piccadilly Commandos, either) were cutting rugs with wild abandon. Private Lilly didn't seem to mind but he warned his two remaining babes that they might expect to see nothing like that in Portsmouth, Virginia. Nevertheless, we continued our poll. Sergeant Willie Jim Sickles of Oxford, Mississippi, didn't have much to offer.

"Sergeant," we asked, "what do you think of the war?"

"Suits me," said the sergeant.

"What did you do before they drafted you?"

"I got married."

"What do you hope to do after it's over?"

"Whenzat?" demanded he.

Nor did we have much success with Corporal Alexander Lloyd of Nashville, Tennessee.

"Corporal, have you read anything about the North African situation?" we asked.

"Whut happened?" demanded the corporal.

"Nothing happened," put in the sergeant. "He's askin' what you thinkin' about?"

"When we goin'?" asked the corporal.

"Where?"

"Africa."

Sergeant Willie Jim Sickles shook his head. "Mistuh," he told us, "you-all better ask some other question. Corporal Lloyd ain't on the beam just now."

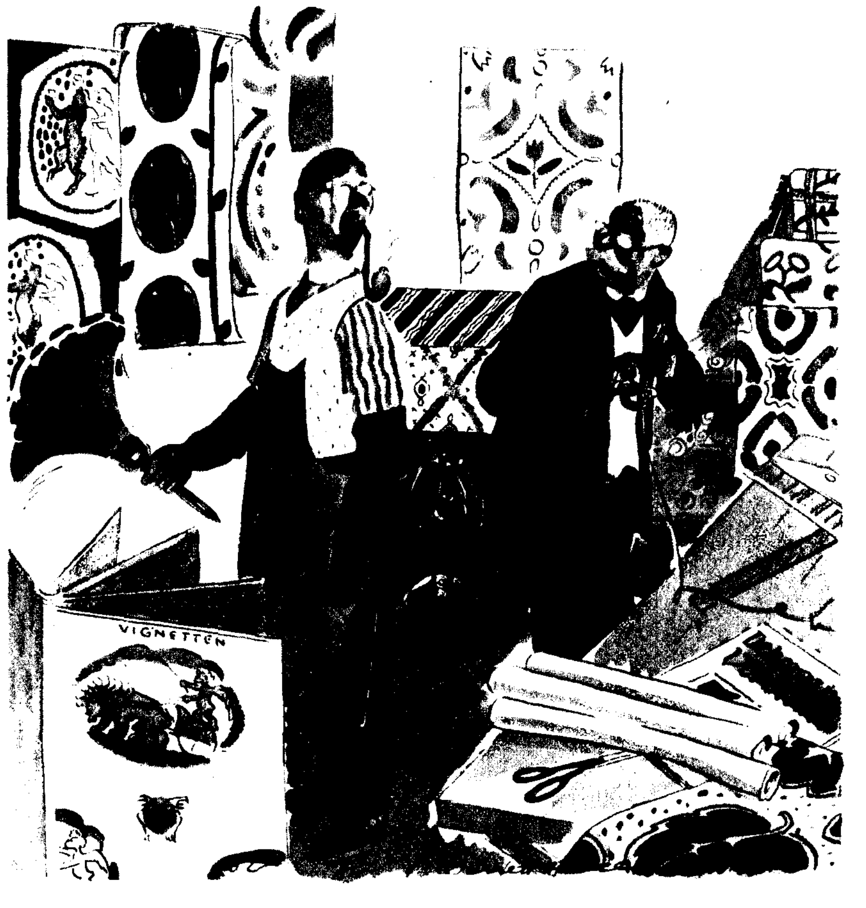
Raid Interrupts Further Visits

We gave up and moved on. We visited five more pubs before Jerry came over with his bombers. Private Lilly stuck with us but without his two babes. One of them got into a brawl at the Two Roses and left us flat when we declined with thanks to speak sternly to six New Zealanders who, she said, didn't think she was a hard-working girl. And the other babe fell asleep in the Owl and Tincup.

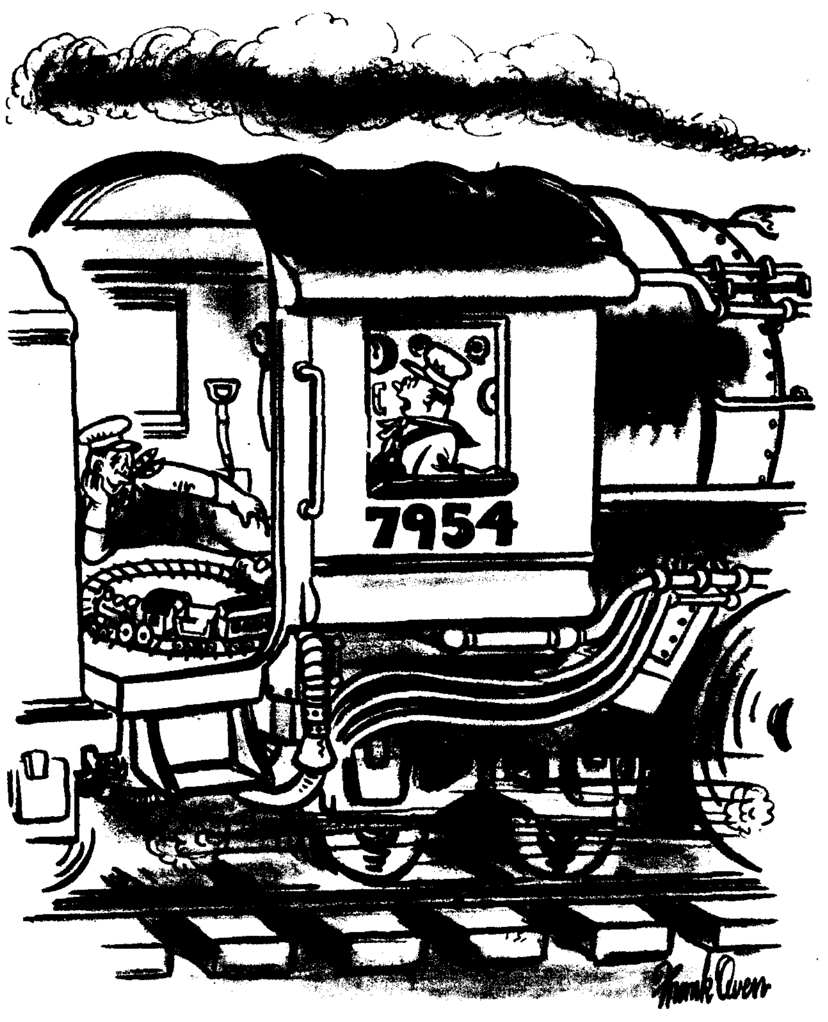
Maybe we'd have done better if the raid hadn't interrupted. We didn't have our tin hat with us, therefore we didn't venture forth into the streets while it lasted. But cowering behind a chimney, we watched the blaze of antiaircraft fire—beautiful, awesome, deadly. And after that, pub-crawling, silly questions and vague answers were all an anticlimax.

A couple of days later we visited a couple of lovely pubs down in Berks—the Bull and the White Hart. But they were pretty places in enchanting settings, and the customers were nice people who talked about postwar civilian air transport, ocean commerce, reconstruction, Lend-Lease and whether America would go isolationist in 1944. Very important, of course. But our heart was back in Soho.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Ach, Ludwig—guess who's putting out feelers about getting his old job back?" GARRETT PRICE



"See here Thompson, there's nothing wrong with having a hobby, but do you have to bring it to work with you?"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

Any Week

Continued from page 4

little feathered lady didn't take the proper sporting interest in the subject, and we were forced to take her out, wring her neck and roast her. The Beverly Hills city fathers okayed the units for the back yards of the swankiest homes, but they could just as well be kept in the living room. The sale price is about $10 per unit, and, please, no gags about Hollywood laying an egg."

GETTING into the usual discussion about dogs, we have word about Max, the Boxer pup that was awarded silver wings for jumping eight times from a plane with the 505th Parachute Regiment at Fort Benning, Georgia. His feat was recently publicized in Freling Foster's column, but it seems that Max is just a dog that doesn't give a hang. He has also been hit by a truck, causing a skull fracture and a shattered jaw. "We put him back together again several times," writes Lieutenant Charles Paterson, "but he seemed to have a fixed idea that he could handle his case better than any doctor. He ate some five yards of gauze and almost died. It needed a major operation to remove it."

IN SHORT, different times, different ideas. We were reminded forcibly of that recently one dark night when we were floating down the Ohio on the good ship Chris Greene. The captain was telling us about an old Mississippi River pilot who returned after some years of retirement and was shocked at finding great quantities of green vegetables at the captain's table. When he raised his voice in querulous complaint, the waitress said to him bluntly, "There used to be wooden ships and iron men; now we have iron ships and wooden men. Eat your spinach!"

AND we received a reassuring note from Walter Davenport in London, in which he avers that despite his article on pub-crawling, which you will find in this issue, he really is keeping his nose soberly to the grindstone. Also he enclosed this tidbit: Near Rainbow Corner in Piccadilly Circus he met a lad from Ty Ty, Georgia. He was equipped with a monocle, a swagger stick and a girl with very English cheeks. Walter asked him if he read Collier's Weekly. "Nawsuh," said he, "when Ah'm home, Ah'm too busy selling it." That lad will go far.

THIS happened recently at a little hotel in West Virginia, according to Tom McWhortle of Charleston. It seems that a traveling man who had been stopping at the hotel for many years got huffy because he couldn't have a second dab of butter for his hot cakes. He bawled out the waiter and then sent for the manager and bawled him out. But he didn't get any extra butter. What he did get was a shock when he came out to the lobby and found his bags waiting for him there. "Get out," said the manager furiously, "and never come back again—you Nazi!" "Now, Gus," complained the traveling man, "you can't call me that. I just want my butter. But if you haven't got it, I'll take eggs after this." "We don't have any eggs," said the manager, still hardhearted. "I'll take ham," said the t.m. "No ham," replied the manager huffily. "Well, durn it!" cried the now thoroughly frightened guest. "I'll take grits!" The manager looked at him as if he were seeing a new man. "I'll take that back what I just said about you," he said "You're a good, true American and it's a pleasure to have you here." . . . K. C.

SMART AS A FOX

every time he lights his pipe!

He knows his smoke meets the

INDOOR TEST

Listen, fella! The man smoking BOND STREET is smart in two ways.

First, he gets the cool, bite-free, mellow flavor usually found in expensive custom blends. Second, his pipe pleases everybody. Even the ladies like BOND STREET's delightful aroma. It leaves no stale pipe odors in the room.

BOND STREET contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced blend.

It's genuinely aromatic. Doesn't lose its flavor. Try BOND STREET. Buy a package—today.

15¢
POCKET PACKAGE
Convenient folding Pocket Pouch—10c

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GIVE YOUR TIME
Victory

WIN $2,500 IN U. S. WAR BONDS

or one of 101 Distinguished HELBROS Watches in HELBROS "Time for Victory" CONTEST

NEVER BEFORE has Time meant so much. A single hour may decide the fate of our nation . . . the life or death of thousands of our fighting men. So guard each minute carefully. Don't waste even one watch-tick! Uncle Sam is counting on you to "Give Your Time for Victory." Produce more. Avoid time-out and lateness . . . particularly if your job is in a war plant or on a farm. Join in Civilian Defense, scrap drives, and other vital home-front activities.

And, above all, buy War Savings Stamps! For every War Savings Stamp you buy *today* gives us war-winning implements that much quicker . . . brings Victory that much closer.

WHEN WILL THIS WAR END?

Your war efforts may decide the answer! The Helbros Watch Co. will present $2,500 in U. S. War Bonds to the person who best answers this question, stating his or her estimate of the day, hour and minute on which the "cease-fire" order will be given, signifying our victory over Germany. To each of the 101 persons submitting the next-best answers, will be given a handsome Helbros Watch . . . as illustrated here.

TO ENTER THE CONTEST: Go to your jeweler and buy for yourself a U. S. War Savings Stamp of *any* denomination. Get a free entry blank and complete contest rules. Submit as many entries as you wish, provided each is accompanied by the purchase of a U. S. War Savings Stamp.

Should Germany surrender—we hope—before this advertisement is published, the contest will be considered closed as of the official time of the "cease-fire" order.

Nothing to buy but a U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMP *Any Denomination*

WIN THESE HELBROS PRIZE WATCHES

"Victory Master" for men. Handsome ultra-thin model. HELBROS 17 J. guaranteed movement in yellow gold-filled case; modern expansion bracelet to match $57.50

"Victory Queen" for women. Smart, dainty, dependable. HELBROS 17 J. guaranteed movement in 14K rose gold case; high-domed crystal $57.50

Contributed to the war effort by
HELBROS WATCH CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Old Man of the Sea

Continued from page 46

When we were twenty yards away, it rose on all fours.

It was somewhere between five and six feet in length, its body heavy and rounded, its neck short, its head blunt with tiny pointed ears almost hidden in the deep, grizzled fur. Its front legs were short, the digits on the paws so closely connected that they gave the appearance of doubled-up fists. Its hind feet appeared to be webbed and flattened into broad flippers; its whole rear quarters sagged, as though it were not used to resting its weight on them. Its dark beautiful coat hung in soft folds, shining like satin. It stared at us a full moment, shook itself like a huge Newfoundland dog—we could see the fur rippling loosely on its body—snorted impatiently, and waddled off the boulder into the water. It appeared once more, a hundred yards down-wind, and seemed to stand upright for an instant on the surface of the ocean. Then it swirled and plunged out of sight.

When swimming, the mother otter carries the baby otter on her chest, or under one forearm, like a football, or makes a cradle of her uplifted elbows. The parents nurse and pamper the young for a couple of years until it is almost fully grown.

An Otter Lullaby

Because the babies have to be taught to swim and dive, like human children, the parents usually leave them floating on the surface while they dive for food. We watched a mother bring up a sea urchin, crack it open, scoop out the contents and hand it over to the young otter drifting beside her, who took it with its own forepaws and ate it hungrily. Often the mother and baby will play together, the mother fondling and kissing the young one and tossing it in the air proudly. Chief Hudakov, of the Aleut village of Attu, told us of a mother otter who held her baby on her chest and, as she rocked it back and forth gently, actually crooned a lullaby to it in a soft but audible humming sound.

These human traits were their undoing. Unmolested and unafraid—for the otter has almost no natural enemies—the animals formerly would lie on the rocks at low tide, or in the rank grass at high water, and the shipwrecked sailors of Bering's crew were able to creep up on them and beat them to death with birch poles. The return of these first Alaskan explorers, with their fantastic tales of natives who used the priceless furs to stuff the chinks of their barabaras against the cold and who would trade a fortune in pelts for beads or abalone shells, was the signal for a great stampede. Fur hunters swarmed out of Siberia, across the Aleutian Islands and down the western coast of America. Natives were hired to scour the sea in their skin bidarkas and slaughter the otters by the tens of thousands. Villages were raided, women and children seized and held as hostages while the men were forced to gather boatloads of skins for tribute. Meanwhile, Spaniards pressed north out of Mexico along the California coast.

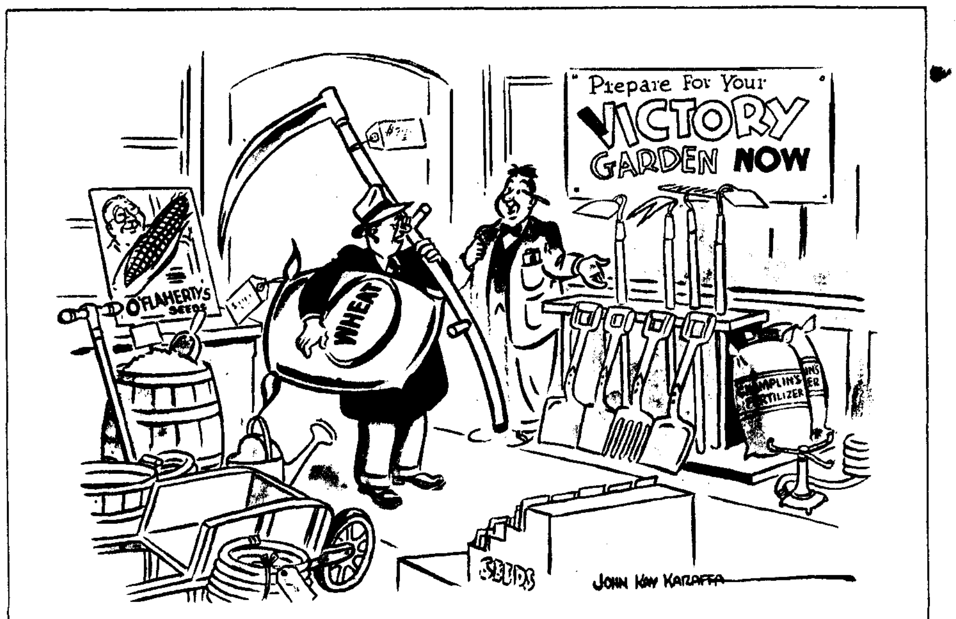
For a third of a century, otter hunting was the really important industry of the Pacific Coast. In 1804, a single ship under Commander Baranof sailed back to Russia with a cargo of 15,000 skins—which would be worth over thirty million dollars today. In San Francisco Bay, boatmen killed the otters with their oars. The toll in this bay alone reached as high as seven or eight hundred in a week. Yankee skippers came from as far as Boston to join in the lucrative slaughter.

The commonest method of hunting otter in the old days was by the "surround" method—circling a swimming otter with a fleet of bidarkas, two native hunters to each boat, shooting at the animal with arrows and forcing it to dive until it was exhausted. The sea otter, being essentially a land animal, must come to the surface frequently to breathe.

The inevitable happened, of course. The vast herds dwindled, faster and faster each year. By 1830, the species was so nearly extinct that the Russian government instituted the most rigid conservation measures. The purchase of Alaska by the United States was the final blow. We increased the slaughter by substituting long-range rifles for spears and arrows. In 1911, when an international treaty was signed by the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Japan, it seemed almost too late. That year a fleet of 31 hunting schooners scoured the former hunting grounds in vain. Their total take for a summer was a dozen skins.

You wonder whether the sea otter will ever come back, or whether the war, bursting so violently upon its last remote hiding place, has sent the species into final complete oblivion. Before 1942 the sea otter was gradually on the increase. Perhaps when the shooting is over, when the Jap poacher has been removed forever, this rarest of our native animals will fight its way back once more from the verge of extinction.

THE END



COLLIER'S "No, thanks—this is about all I'll need" JOHN KAY KARAFFA

Got a minute to listen to a guy from home?

Forget about the arm. It's healing up, and I'll be back in action in another couple of weeks.

Where did I get it? On the beach in North Africa. My job is driving those husky Diesel tractors that handle a lot of tough jobs in this war.

I was snaking trucks out of the surf during the landing. Quite a few shells were slamming down and I caught a chunk of shrapnel.

But what I wanted to tell you folks about was this. We've got a whale of a force over here. And we're on the attack — hitting the Axis where it hurts. Our job wasn't easy to start with and the going gets rougher every minute. But it's the only way to *win*.

Don't worry about the spirit of these boys. There isn't a quitter in the bunch. They'll do the fighting. But there's plenty *you* can do, too. We'll need more men, more machines, planes, guns, ammunition and supplies—more ships to transport and convoy them.

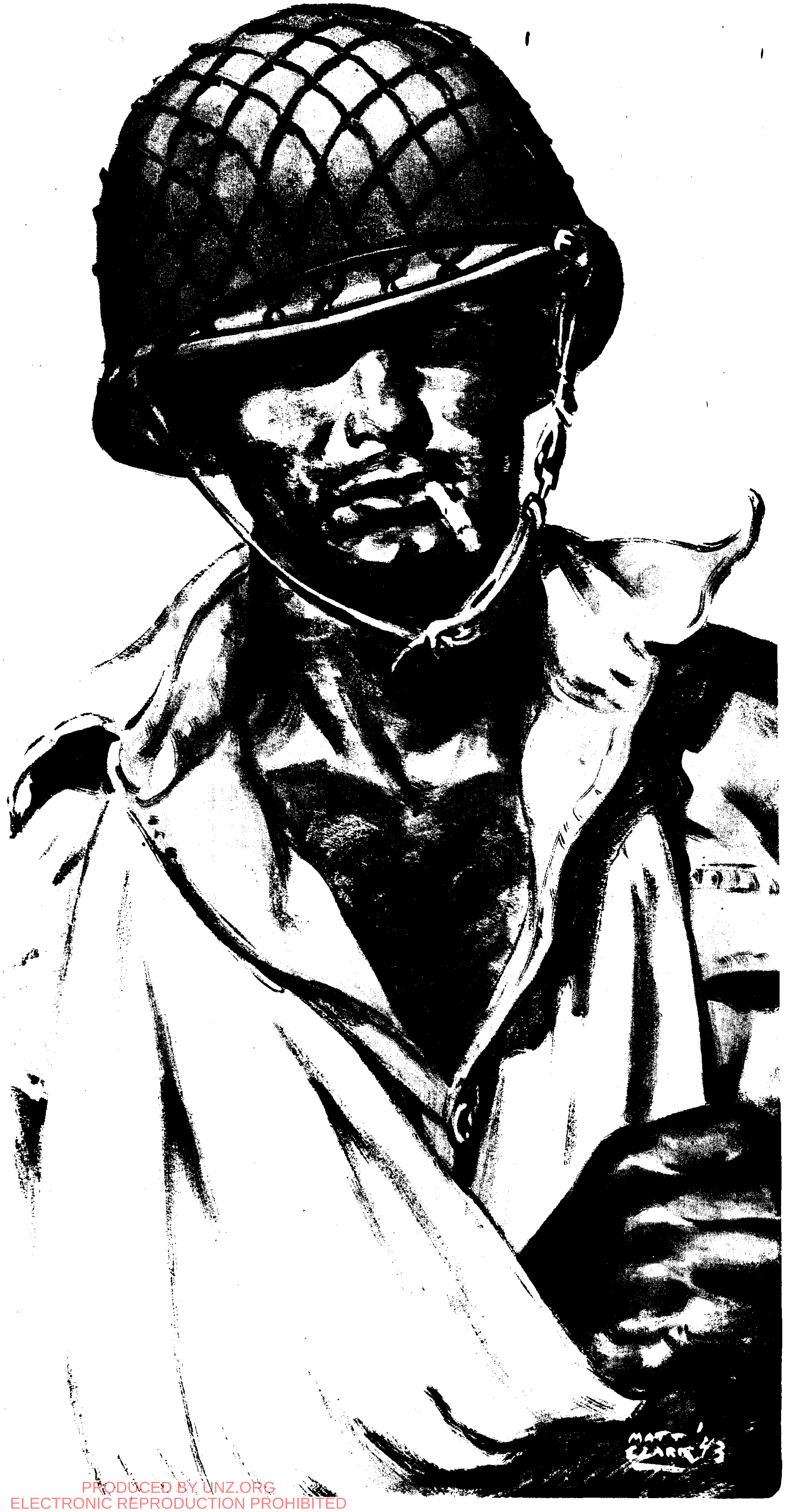
How much have you really given up, so far, to help us get those things *in time*, and not too little or too late?

Sure you're doing war work. Sure you're paying taxes and buying bonds. Sure you're driving less, and drinking less coffee. But are you honestly doing *all* you can? How about dropping a few pleasures and socking a few more dollars a week into War Bonds?

They're an investment in your country, and remember, it won't *be* your country unless we win this war.

CONTRIBUTED TO THE WAR EFFORT BY

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO. • PEORIA, ILLINOIS



ON THE JOB
On Time

... THAT'S THE WAY TO WIN !

Let this fact sink in. 75% of the workers in America's vital war plants go to their work by automobile! To keep them rolling to their jobs is the first step toward keeping munitions rolling to our fighting men.

Today with America's supply of rubber running dangerously low, it becomes all-important that the men and women who are making the weapons with which victory will be won, shall have tires . . . good tires . . . the best possible tires . . . to get them on the job, on time, every working day !

That's why these men . . . and women . . . engaged in work of the first importance . . . sharing transportation in car pools . . . get first call on pre-war LEE DeLuxe Tires ! If your driving falls into this classification . . . see the LEE dealer at once ! He will help you with the necessary application forms to submit to your Rationing Board so that you may continue to be on the job . . . on time . . . on the best of tires . . . LEE DeLuxe !

If you are not entitled to pre-war LEE DeLuxe Tires, LEE dealers have available other tires for which you may be eligible. And they have the "know-how" and facilities to give you the highest grade tire service, inspection, recapping, repairs, maintenance, to help you get the most mileage from your tires.

LEE *of Conshohocken*

DIVISION OF

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WE ARE
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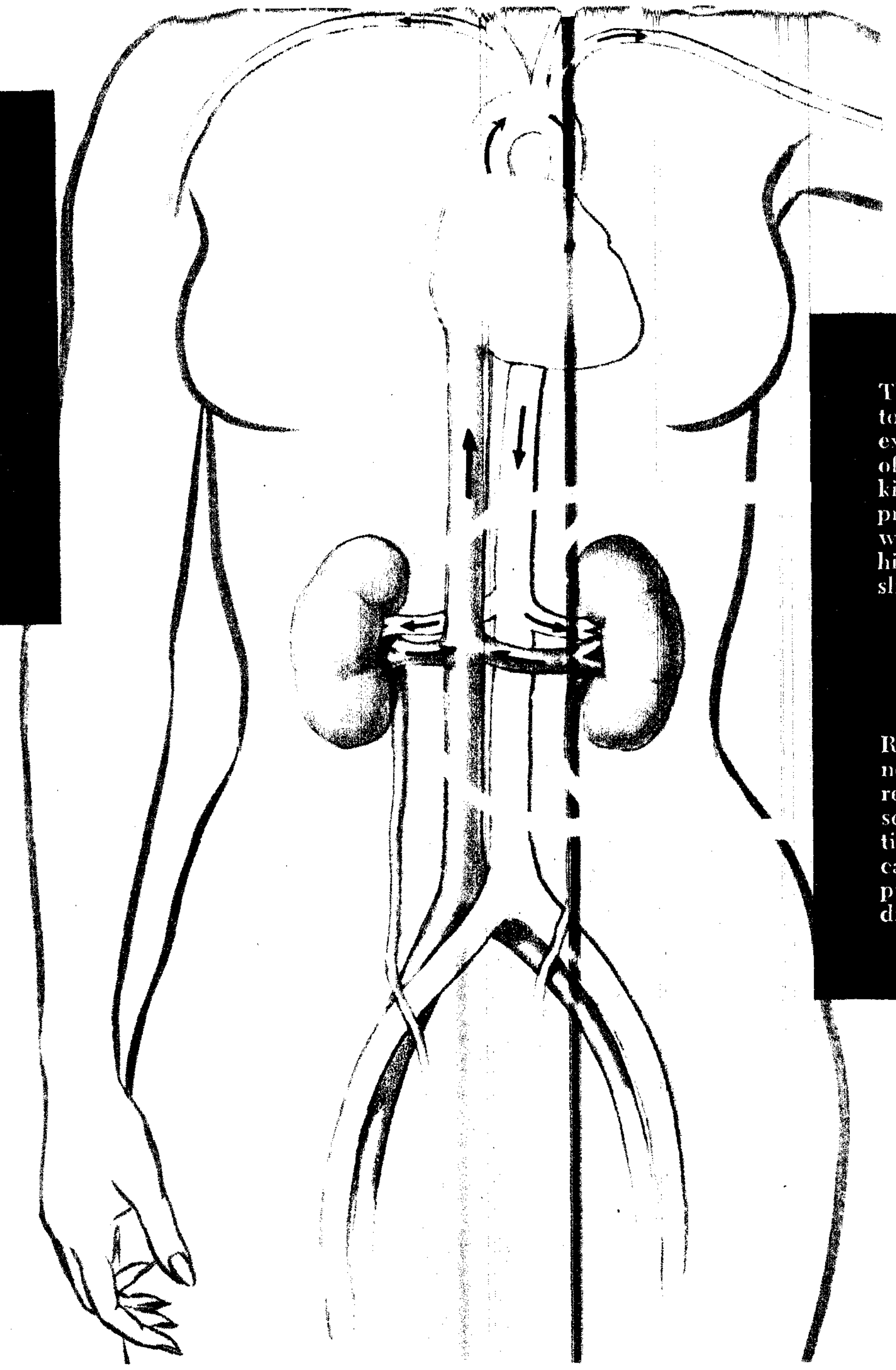
High-Pressure Medicine

By J. D. Ratcliff

DRAWING BY FRANK NETTER, M.D.

For medicine, Public Enemy Number One is high blood pressure. It kills more people than any other disease. And now at last we are on the trail of its cause and cure



The renal arteries (red) deliver blood to the kidneys. The famous Goldblatt experiment, in which the renal artery of a dog was clamped, proved that a kidney with an impaired blood supply produced a substance called renin, which has been found to be a cause of high blood pressure. Later research showed that is true of humans, too

Renin from a disease-damaged kidney enters the circulation through the renal vein (blue). It causes blood vessels to constrict. If renin can be inactivated, this constriction—which is a cause of high blood pressure—can be prevented. Experimental work in this direction shows gratifying promise

HERE at home, we have a killer far more formidable than all the bombs yet made in German arsenals. It has taken twenty American lives for every British life destroyed by bombs.

Place three people around a fireplace. One of them will die of sickness that strikes at the circulatory system—heart, arteries or kidneys. Among people over 45, sickness of this sort kills four times as many as cancer and twenty times as many as tuberculosis.

Brilliantly hopeful word now comes from the medical research laboratories. The greatest of all man-killers is giving ground before a concentrated research assault. The story of this work will almost surely rank with the greatest medical epics of all time.

As things now stand, it looks as if high blood pressure is caused by a simple chemical substance generated in the kidneys. When too much of this chemical is present, pressure shoots sky-high. Possibly the heart is unable to work against the fearful load imposed. It fails. This is the most common happening. Or perhaps a fragile blood vessel in the brain bursts. This is apoplexy. Or kidney function may be knocked out. Then we have the violent death known as uremia.

Today's research men are about 100 per cent positive that a chemical substance causes all this human wreckage. And they *think* that if a chemical causes it, there may be another chemical to counteract it. A tremendous search is under way for both these things. The more optimistic men on the job think that success may be only a matter of months away.

At the Rockefeller Institute a research team headed by Dr. Henry Schroeder has already found one promising substance. It is an enzyme called tyrosinase—which is the stuff that turns sliced potatoes black when they are exposed to air. This material has remarkable *antipressor* qualities, which is to say that it drives blood pressure down. Given to a series of sixteen rats, it knocked their average blood pressure down from 119 to 77.

On a series of seventeen human patients, it performed in a similarly promising fashion. Several men blinded by hemorrhages in the retina—a common occurrence—had their sight restored. The blood pressure of sixteen out of the seventeen returned to near normal levels. The difficulty at the moment lies in the fact that tyrosinase causes severe reactions. It cannot be given for long periods—and once it is discontinued, pressure rises again.

Not for a moment does youthful Dr. Schroeder contend that his enzyme is a final answer. But he hopes that hidden somewhere in it lies the simple chemical *antipressor*. And that this simple chemical will cause no reactions.

A Series of Bad Guesses

Until the present work began a few years ago, medicine's efforts to explain high blood pressure were feeble indeed. For a while meat-eating was suspected. Then someone noted that Eskimos subsist almost entirely on meat—and have no higher pressures than others. Alcohol came in for its inning. Then it was discovered that as a rule alcoholics have low rather than high blood pressure.

Along came that beautiful carryall: "the stress of modern life." This one looked good. But one investigator had his doubts. He checked a group of superbly languid natives in the Virgin Islands. He found as much high blood pressure in the group as one would expect to find in the hurly-burly of a Wall Street brokerage office, or the city room of a morning tabloid.

All the bad guesses, then, added up to precisely nothing. No one knew what caused the high blood pressure that was responsible for much grand-scale killing. Then a man working in Cleveland found a glimmering of light. He was Dr. Harry Goldblatt, a worker of Western Reserve University's Institute of Pathology. Goldblatt chased down the chemical nature of this frightful sickness. His accomplishment may one day rank with Pasteur's discovery of microbes.

Before we get down to the meat of this thing, let's get acquainted with Goldblatt. He is a rather exceptional individual—as tough and objective in his thinking as any other person the writer has ever seen.

He was born in Muscatine, Iowa, fifty years ago. When he was six his family moved to Canada. Since there was a shortage of family funds Goldblatt worked his way through McGill. He graduated with top honors at the medical school just in time to join the American Army, go across and end up in charge of a 1,000-bed orthopedic hospital.

After the war he went to Harvard and specialized in surgery. Later, at London's Lister Institute, he did pioneer work on vitamin D—and came within an ace of discovering how to make this vitamin artificially. While on this job he won a Beit Fellowship—medicine's equivalent of a Rhodes scholarship. Funds that went with the fellowship permitted a three-year stay in London and Vienna. Finally he returned to Western Reserve.

By the time Goldblatt got around to the question of hypertension a vast amount of information had accumulated. Stephen Hales, a versatile English preacher, had shown how to measure arterial pressure in 1732. He found it by severing an artery in a horse and inserting a glass tube. Blood rose nearly six feet!

Observations at autopsy had shown how the increased labor imposed by high blood pressure enlarged the heart, and one investigator had discovered how to measure this pressure without severing an artery. He devised a rubber cuff to be wrapped around the forearm. The examining doctor simply pumped the cuff full of air—meanwhile listening with a stethoscope to an artery on the lower arm. When the cuff contained enough pressure to shut off the flow of blood, air pressure equaled blood pressure.

Causes Were Hard to Find

Clinicians took this instrument and worked out charts of normal systolic pressures—pressure generated by the heart in contraction. An infant at birth should read 50 (millimeters of mercury); a six-year-old child, 100; an adult, somewhere between 110 and 125.

All this was interesting, practical and helpful. But it didn't go very far toward explaining why the pressures of some lobster-faced individuals went up to 300—enough to impose a terrific burden on the heart, enough to blow a fragile blood vessel in the brain. Nor did it explain why a large proportion of the 280 miles of blood vessels in the kidneys became so diseased that the organs eventually failed. To be sure there were guesses—there always are. The best medical thought went this way: the disease of the kidneys was caused by high blood pressure. But

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what caused the high blood pressure in the first place? No one knew. The whole baffling business was left pretty much in the lap of the gods.

Goldblatt got to worrying. He had seen lots of human kidneys removed at autopsies. There was no mistaking those taken from people who had died of hypertension. Extensive damage to minute arteries is always present. So the two—hypertension and kidney damage—were irrevocably linked. But why go along thinking in the old way? Perhaps kidneys were the cause of hypertension!

This hunch—a beautiful hunch—was the complete reverse of the way medical men had always thought before. We'll see its significance in a moment. Goldblatt's problem, then, was to find some way of damaging the blood vessels of the kidneys, then to sit back and see what happened.

One approach, it appeared, was to cut off a part of the kidneys' blood supply. Something should happen if that could be done. But there were difficulties. There were, of course, no means of getting inside this organ and pinching all of the millions of minute blood vessels. But perhaps if one pinched the main renal artery—mightn't that have the same effect in the end? Goldblatt thought so, hoped so!

Experimenting With Clamps

He went to a machinist and told him what he was up to. He said he wanted a clamp which was adjustable and which wouldn't erode or in any way harm blood vessels. When the clip was ready, Goldblatt anesthetized a dog and made an incision through the skin and the three layers of muscle that line the flank. He installed his clamp on the main kidney artery. It didn't work—slipped out of place. Dozens of other clamps followed—all shapes and all sizes, made of copper, nickel, German silver. Some damaged blood vessels, some slipped, some set up local infections.

It was disheartening, but Goldblatt had infinite patience. Over a year was spent looking for a silly mechanical contrivance like a clamp. Finally the machinist fashioned a new clamp which Goldblatt had designed. It was made of silver and looked like an old-fashioned letter press cut to Tom Thumb proportions.

Goldblatt was ready again. Dog No. 25 was the subject. This mongrel bitch, with collie predominating, will have a monument some day. Goldblatt made his incision. Then he slipped the clamp over the main renal artery and gave the constricting screw a few twists. Maybe the clip wouldn't slip this time—but better wait. In any case, the dog was out of ether in a few hours, well and apparently happy.

Next day things began to happen. The dog's blood pressure was rising! It rose from normal 130 to 200—and was still going up. Then it touched 280. The animal was nervous and twitchy now. Within a few weeks it was dead of uremic poisoning. Here was the opening paragraph of a new chapter in medical history. Hypertension had been produced in an experimental animal.

Other dogs followed. No. 25 had shown how to produce malignant, explosive hypertension. No. 38, whose arteries weren't clamped quite so tightly demonstrated that you could produce a mild rise in pressure with only moderate kidney damage. Finally No. 61 came along—this was "Blackie." Her arteries were constricted to exactly the right degree to produce "benign hypertension"—the prevalent type. She lived for five years with a significantly elevated pressure—until her heart could no longer carry the burden.

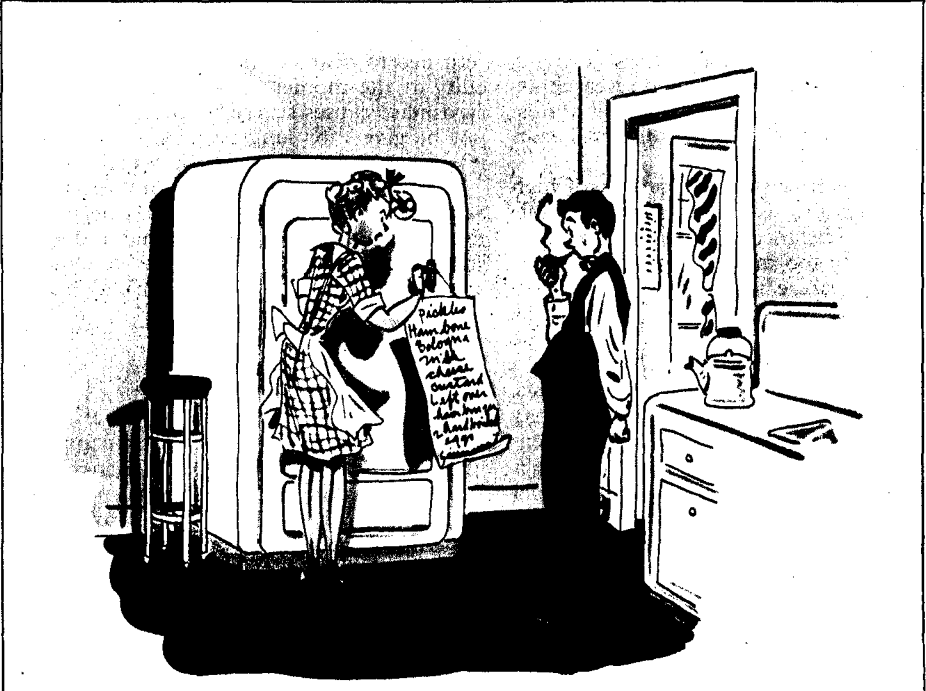
Goldblatt started performing autopsies whenever he had a spare moment—in hospitals, funeral parlors, and even cemeteries.

The thing had to be nailed down—positively, unequivocally. And it was. Experimental hypertension could be produced at will in dogs, sheep, goats, rabbits and rats. Not once in a while, understand, but every time.

A question naturally arose. Pinching of the renal artery caused hypertension in dogs. What brought it about in human beings? A series of interesting autopsy reports gave a clew. Examination of one large group of people who had died of hypertension showed constriction of the renal artery of 86 per cent! The orifice had been partially closed by calcium deposits, tumors or inflammation. These were nature's clamps.

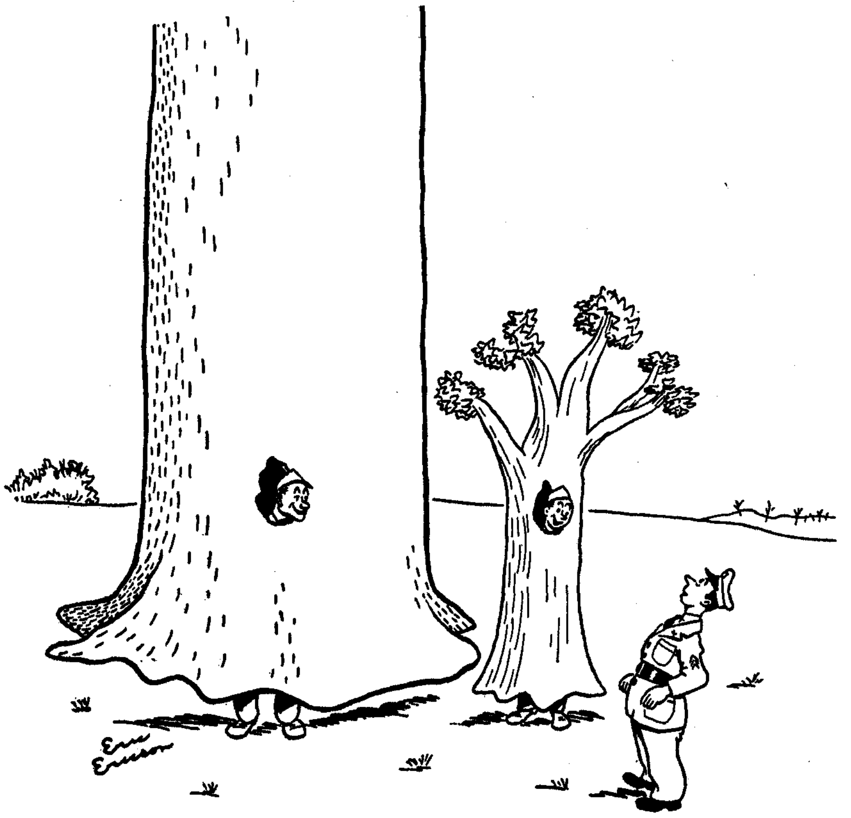
Goldblatt made a preliminary report in 1932 and published his initial paper in March, 1934. It showed other researchers how to get at this disease which caused such terrific loss of life. Work started instantly in a hundred places—in Berlin, London, Buenos Aires and at a dozen top-ranking United States research laboratories. But even at this point, remember, no one knew the basic cause of hypertension. They knew how to produce it, but didn't know what delicate mechanisms were involved.

Several things *could* be responsible.



"Here's a list of what is in the icebox so you won't be standing here for five minutes with the door open!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER



COLLIER'S "I might add that Pvt. Murray hails from California" ERIC ERICSON

Perhaps there was some nerve reaction which caused muscles in blood-vessel walls to tighten—thereby driving pressure up. Or hypertension might be due to a chemical cause. In case nerves turned out to be the right answer, there might, after all, be something to that "stress of modern life" business. The answer wasn't long in coming. One piece of work will tell the story.

At Cornell a group of investigators completely removed the spinal cord of a dog. This, of course, would prevent any nerve impulses. Next they clamped the renal artery. Blood pressure rose right on schedule. Hypertension, then, was due to some chemical process.

Goldblatt imagined his way toward a chemical explanation or, in more polite language, evolved a hypothesis. It went this way: when blood-flow to the kidneys was decreased, the kidneys protested. They protested by generating a pressor substance. This substance reacted on blood vessels, constricting them to cause a rise in pressure. Goldblatt put his theory to the test.

Proof of a Theory

He clamped the renal artery of a dog, then closed the renal vein completely. If the kidney did produce a pressor substance it couldn't travel via the vein into the general circulation of the body. If the hunch was right, there would be no elevation of pressure. Like a doting mother, Goldblatt hovered over the dog for three days. Pressure stayed at normal. The kidneys did produce a chemical.

To banish any doubts that remained, Bernardo Houssay, South America's brilliant contribution to lifesaving researches, devised another experiment. He removed a damaged kidney from a hypertensive dog and transplanted it to the neck of a healthy dog. In its new location the kidney poured pressor substance into the blood stream, and the animal's pressure rose.

Very well, then. It seemed pretty well established that some chemical was involved. But what chemical? It is astonishing how fast all this vast fabric of research has been woven. Here again the answer was ready in short order. Several groups working independently found the killer chemical at about the same time. From sick kidneys they extracted a substance called renin, and went on to find that if renin was shot into an animal the blood pressure skyrocketed in a matter of seconds. But here an interesting stumbling block appeared.

Workers in various laboratories got busy trying to find *how* renin worked—and devised an ingenious experiment to do the job. They took big, dust-colored Cuban toads, dissected them and hooked glass tubes to main arteries. For a while they let water run through the artery, catching the drippings in a pan. After a while they added a little renin to the water. There was no constriction. Water dripping in the pan continued at the same rate before and after addition of renin.

In time the reason for this appeared. By itself renin was powerless. But when mixed with the fluid portion of the blood some reaction took place. It became active. Blood, plus renin, went to make a substance called angiotonin. When angiotonin was added to the water coursing through the toad arteries they were constricted—from 80 drops a minute down to 40 or less.

From here on, the problem seemed nicely defined. If renin was the super-killer of mankind—then find something to counteract it, something to take the sting out of it. Several groups attacked the problem.

At the Lilly Laboratories in Indianapolis, Dr. Irvine H. Page reasoned that normal kidneys must secrete a natural product to counteract renin. Therefore, why not try to extract this mysterious *antipressor*—in the same way that insulin is extracted from beef pancreas?

He minced animal kidneys, made an extract and tried it on both animals and human beings. For the past two years he has been treating a series of patients. Their blood pressures have gone down, and in some cases eyesight, lost because of hemorrhages, has returned. Yet the extract has severe drawbacks. It is expensive, difficult to prepare, and almost always causes severe reactions. Whether it can be made pure enough for general use remains to be seen, but Dr. Page is frankly doubtful.

Meanwhile, at the Rockefeller Institute, Dr. Henry Schroeder has been working along purely chemical lines. He is principally interested in finding what renin is—or in finding its active chemical

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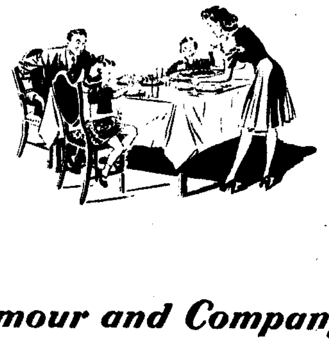
Feeds four. You get 12 ounces of solid meat in every Treet tin—no bone or waste—plenty of delicious meat for 4. Get Treet and serve it often—especially when you're in a hurry and want a good *satisfying* meal for your family.

TREET and Scalloped Potatoes

Just open a can of Treet. Slice part of it and dice the rest. Add Treet cubes and 1 chopped onion to your usual recipe for scalloped potatoes. Bake until nearly done, then top with Treet slices and finish baking.



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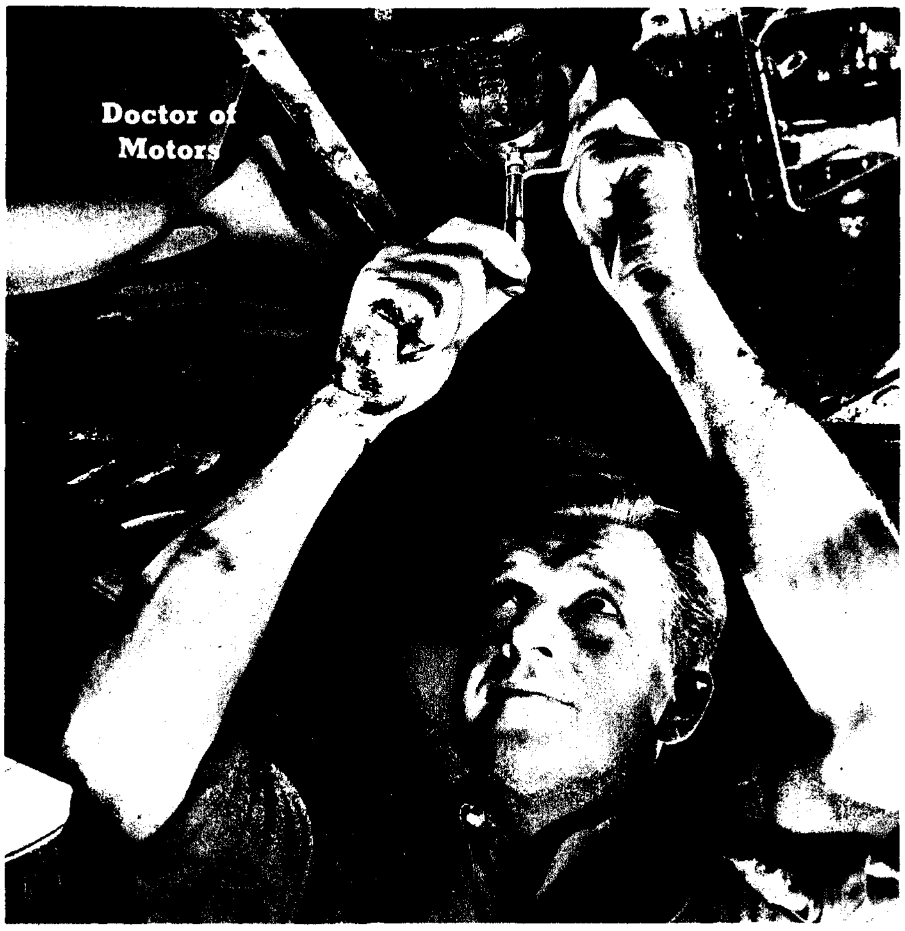

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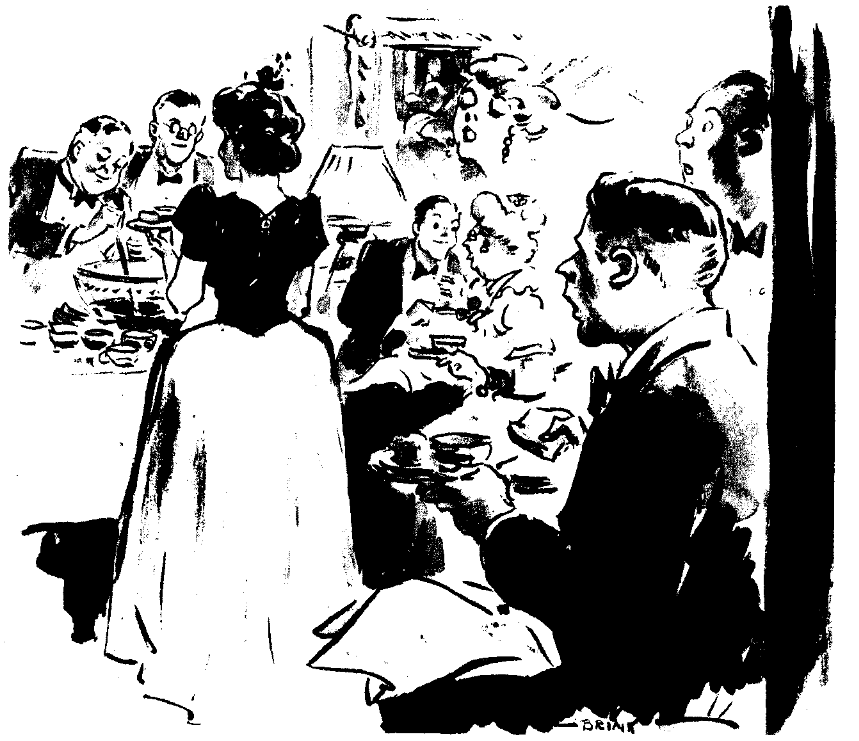


COLLIER'S "No, I don't think so. I think it's just the dress" R. M. BRINKERHOFF

principle. Then, he reasons, it will be easy enough to find something to counteract it. Tyrosinase represents a start in this direction. It is extracted in quantity from mushrooms. In the test tube it completely inactivates renin.

Neither Page nor Schroeder is ready to claim that he has a cure for hypertension. Both Page's extract and the tyrosinase are crude—and cause severe reactions—until their chemistry is understood. The first crude liver extracts, used to fight pernicious anemia, produced great welts at the site of injection and caused allergic reactions frightening to behold.

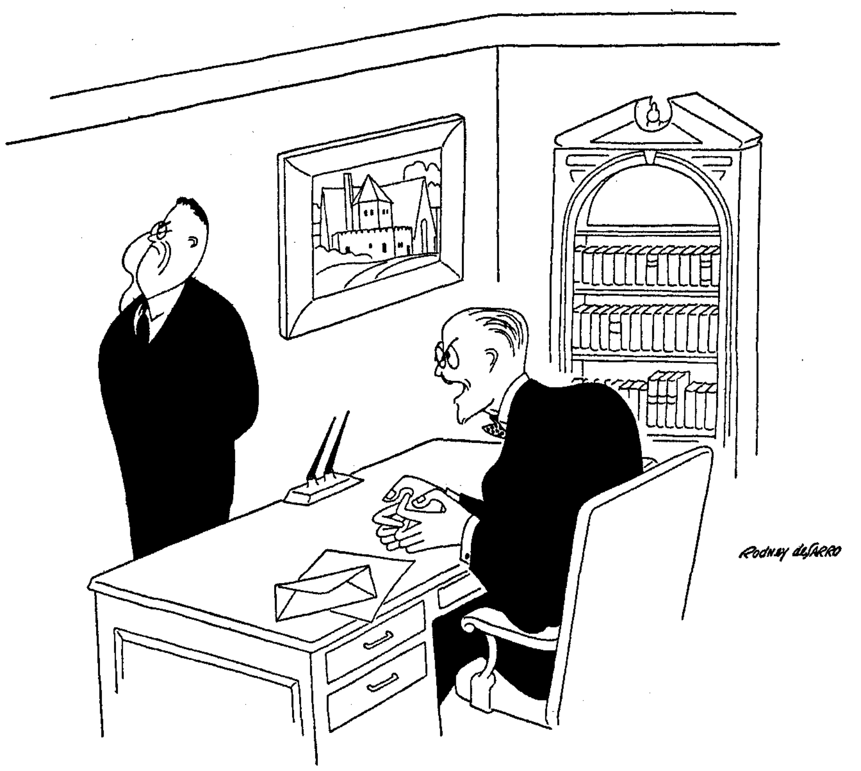
Goldblatt's work has started a tremendous assault on mankind's greatest killer. Practical advantages have already emerged. One piece of work will illustrate:

Early in his investigation, Goldblatt noted a striking fact: if he constricted the artery leading to one kidney but not the other he could produce persistent hypertension. The one kidney, of course, was making renin. But what would happen if this damaged kidney was removed? Goldblatt tried—and pressure promptly fell to normal.

This operation—exceedingly dangerous in the hands of an inexperienced man—has been tried on upward of 50 human patients. A little girl in Dallas was one of these. Her pressure stood at 260 and her eyes were failing. After the operation, pressure dropped to 110 and vision returned to normal.

The searchers for pure chemicals which will inactivate renin aren't ready yet with a pill or a shot which will stop the fearful headaches, or the sudden death that attends hypertension. But they have made a great running start toward such a substance. The more hopeful workers believe that victory is only a matter of months away. A Nobel Prize almost surely awaits the winner. More important, he will deserve and get the everlasting gratitude of mankind.

THE END



"Come, come, professor! Where would the college be if all of you took the attitude that what they don't know won't hurt them?"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

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It is reassuring for us at home to realize that our boys in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard are safeguarded by superb defensive weapons, into which the greatest degree of protection has been built by America's engineering genius and production skill.

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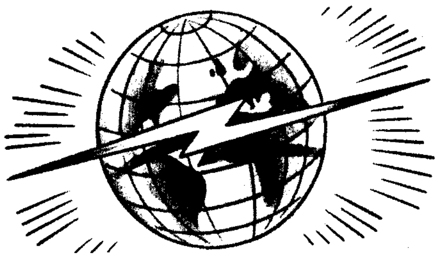

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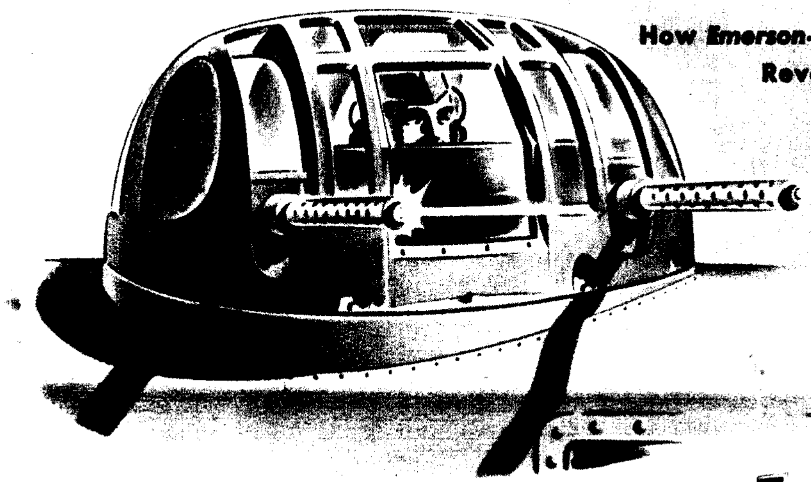

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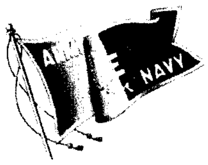

For building these Power-Operated Revolving Gun Turrets and other war products, Emerson-Electric workers were presented with the Army-Navy "E" Award—in recognition of their "patriotism and great work ..."

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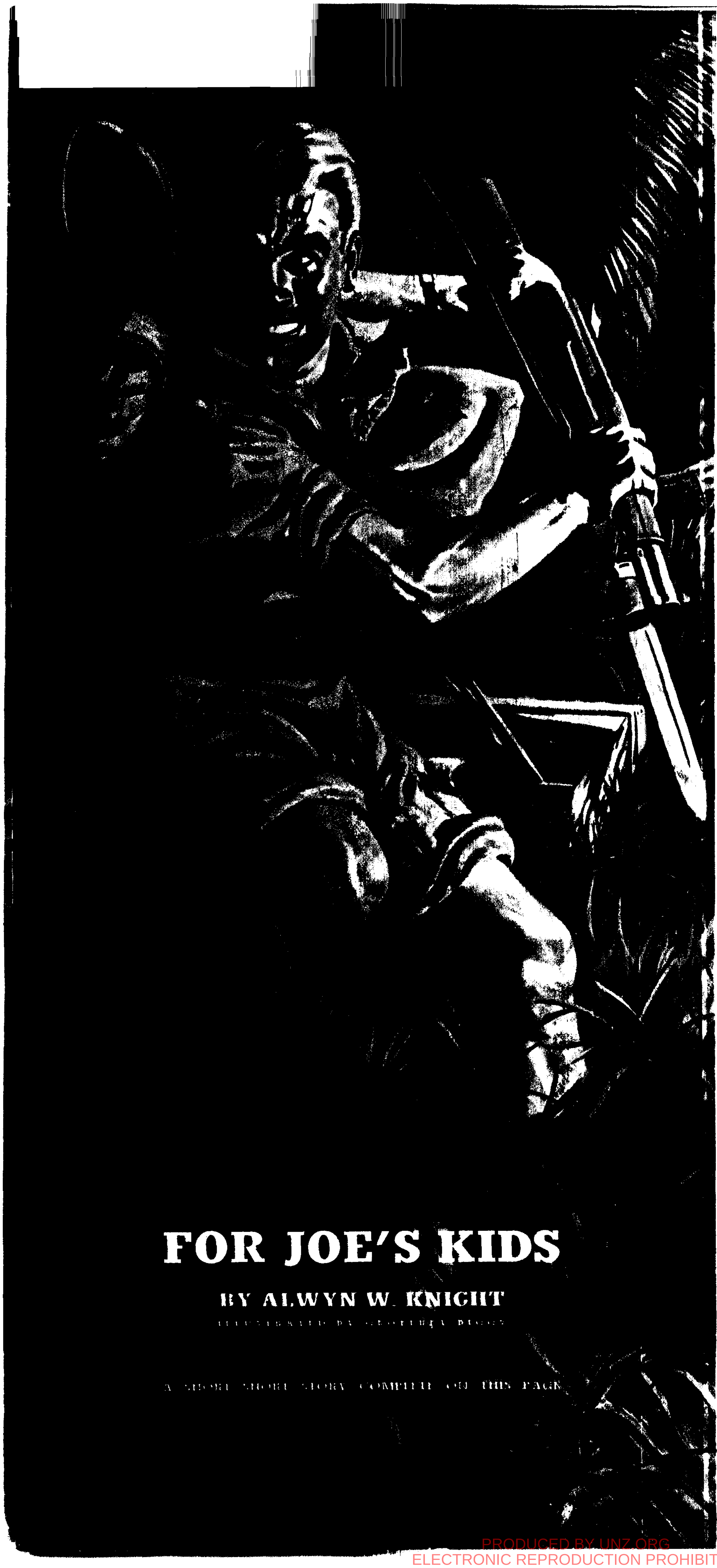
FOR JOE'S KIDS

BY ALWYN W. KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



Three of the honorable enemy (that's what we call the Japs) ran up to heave grenades. Joe pins me flat with a foot and drills two of them, and the third he gets with the bayonet

USING a splintered ammunition box for a table, he wrote neatly on a piece of brown wrapping paper, "Dear Mrs. Anderson: Joe was one of the toughest boys in the outfit—"

Horace Adams—his left arm in a sling, the hand bandaged—poised his stub of pencil. "What for," he thought sourly, "did Joe's mother want to know how he had died?" According to the Red Cross, it was so she could tell Joe's kids when they grew up; but by then, it wouldn't matter much.

But Joe had died beside him, checking out in a bamboo clump, and the C.O. had given him the job of writing Joe's mother how her son had been a hero at Buna. It seemed to Horace that a couple of words on one of the new E F M cable forms would have been okay, but the captain had said V-mail so it had to be V-mail.

Horace suddenly froze, then pivoted from the hips to reach for his Garand, propped conveniently against the breastwork of giant coconut logs filled with sand. And here the most innocent sound could herald sudden death. The noise did not come again and he glanced at the tall palm at the edge of the sago swamp. Somewhere in the palm's head feathers was Butch, and Butch could shoot the eyes out of a dead pickerel at fifty yards.

Horace felt better. Probably the ghost of a sound had been made by a curious Papuan native. The only noise these Boongs made in the bush was when their lap-lap cloths snagged on a vine. He began to write again. There was no sense to this, but maybe Joe's mother—happy thought—would answer the letter, and out here letters from the States were better even than cigarettes.

"I am very happy indeed to give you the details," he wrote, "so's Joe's kids can know how fearless their Mister was."

Horace spat with precision at a bamboo shoot and thought, illogically, "Joe was lucky. Wife, kids—an old lady." The nearest he had come to a home was the orphanage in Flatbush. Suddenly he felt very kindly toward Mrs. Anderson. She would get a bang out of this. And she had a right to hear what he was going to say, didn't she?

The pencil got going again.

"The little b—'s" . . . He crossed that out. "The little monkeys come at us about dawn of the 6th. Joe and me was up at the front, which down here is a network of like hobo camps—"

The pencil talked faster now, and Horace's childlike eyes were opaque.

"Mrs. Anderson, I'll tell you the truth. I was scared green. I got no nerves for this business anyhow, and the mortar shelling of the past couple days had me drawn tighter than a fiddle string. This ain't no alibi, I'm just explaining. Shell shock can do funny things to a guy.

"Well, Mrs. Anderson, the little punks infiltrated on us, and pretty soon we were surrounded on all sides. There was Joe, cool as you please, popping off one after another of them. It might have been raining water instead of slugs the way Joe was doing. Never have I seen such a fearless display of fortitude!

"Well, the first time I broke and ran, Joe tripped me up. Three of the honorable enemy (that's what we call the Japs kidding) ran up from the side to heave grenades. Joe pins me flat with a foot and drills two of them, and the third he gets with the bayonet. But he had to take his foot off me for that, and I ran for it again, not realizing what I was doing from shell shock, and that's when I got mine.

"And what does Joe do? Just leaves the strong point and drags me behind a bamboo clump, and singlehanded stands off what looks like a hundred Tojo Juniors until Lieut. Bracken gets there on the run with reserves our walkie-talkie had brung up."

Horace scratched his head, then proudly added: "Joe was tagged when he led the local counteroffensive. They drilled him through the hand—" Horace crossed out the word *hand* and above it scrawled *heart*.

He neatly folded the piece of paper, grinning. That last line hadn't been necessary, but it was for free, wasn't it? . . .

From behind came a growled, "Don't shoot, mug," and Horace, who had stiffened, relaxed with recognition. Facing about without rising, he saw Peters, flat on his belly, the net camouflage on his helmet looking like something the dames back home wore on Easter Sunday.

"Listen, sweetheart," said Peters, upping on his elbows with extreme caution, "the Looie wants volunteers for behind their lines tonight. He says do you want to be included in—as usual?"

Horace's baby face hardened, took on a look of pleased anticipation. "You can say that again," he said without emphasis. He looked thoughtful, then handed Peters the wrapping-paper letter, with instructions to have it copied and given to the Red Cross man at rear echelon.

When Peters had gone, Horace moved his position a trifle to take advantage of doubtful shade cast by a rubber plant, and eased the bandaged hand experimentally. Tonight he wouldn't need the sling. Or the bandage.

Thinking of what he had written Joe's mother—especially the last line—he said aloud with an apologetic grin, "Well, maybe I wasn't *that* good!"

But the C.O. wouldn't mind that he had made out like he was Joe and Joe was him. It was for Joe's kids. So what the hell!

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE *Stratoliners*?

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◆ ◆ ◆

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Government support has been given the airlines in part to prepare them to serve the needs of National Defense. This is another in a series of messages telling how TWA is fulfilling its obligations to the nation in wartime.

TRANSCONTINENTAL & WESTERN AIR, INC.

The TWA
TRANSCONTINENTAL
Airline

China Flight

Continued from page 20

did. There she lay and the false bottom was pressed down upon her back, and then she heard them pour in the lime. She did smell the reek of the offal they buried in it but it was not more than she could bear, mixed with the stinging smell of the raw lime.

"Can you breathe?" Leone asked through a hole.

"I can," Jenny replied resolutely. She closed her eyes and for a moment fought off the panic of being confined in this narrow place. She was not being buried alive, she told herself, and fear was unreasoning. Her whole fate lay in the hands of these others, strangers to her, men whom she had never seen before. She could only be still and trust herself to them.

IN THE earliest dawn, when the streets were not yet light but the sky was growing gray, the procession left the house. It was such a thing as could often be seen—a coffin, borne by coolies, and followed by a few white-clad mourners. The coffin was a good one and the guards at the barricades saw it so, and their suspicions were not roused. Men who wished to deceive them did not spend money on coffins. Nevertheless they halted the mourners and made the coolies set down the great coffin. Jenny felt the ground beneath her and held her breath small and silent.

"It is my dead wife," the Silent Wolf said.

"Open the coffin!" the head guard shouted.

"I did not screw down the lid, thinking you would want it opened," the Silent Wolf said, and Leone, listening, marveled at the clearness of his speech and at how little like a farmer's it was. He curved his tongue around his words the way that city people do, for this man was a good actor and able to imitate anything he heard.

The coolies lifted the heavy lid at his nod, and the guard peered into the lime. Then he started back.

"How foul a stink!" he cried. "When did she die?"

"Only two days ago," the Silent Wolf said. "But she died of Heavenly Flowers and that is why she stinks."

At these words the face of the guard went ashy in the light of the torch that another held above his head, and he said in the greatest haste: "Why did you not tell me so, you tall rascal? Do you want to kill me with infection?"

"How did I know you feared the illness?" the Silent Wolf returned. "I only thought you would want to do your duty."

"Cover it—cover it!" the guard said quickly, "and then go on your way. Is there much of this disease in the city?"

"There is always much of it at this season of the year," the Silent Wolf said mournfully, "but who would have thought that my son's mother would catch it out of the air?"

"On—on—" the guard cried impatiently.

So they went on their way and all this time Leone and her old nurse, who came with her, did not lift their heads, and so *they* walked beyond the guards and out into the country where the Silent Wolf led them by a devious way, so that, had the guards watched, they would not have seen that they went to the village of Yang.

And Jenny, lying under the false bottom, her nostrils pressed to a hole in the board beneath her, knew that the guards had been passed, and her heart gave great leaps of joy and relief.

She thought it was all for joy at being safe and out of the power of the enemy. But then she knew there was a deeper part of her joy than even that. In a little while, in less than an hour, she would see Daniel James again.

Now Daniel had been waiting in great impatience in that farmhouse. They had not let him stir out of the earth-walled courts, and he was so chafed at this that he was like a tied tiger, and yet he was too grateful to rebel openly, for he knew very well that he owed his life to these simple villagers who were so kind to him and yet so inexorable. They gave him the best they had and he knew it.

But there was no one to whom he could speak a word. None knew his language and he could ask nothing. Had they heard any news? When he tried to think of a way to ask the question, it was useless, for how could he understand what they said?

With what pleasure then, at the end of several days, did he see Yang, the son, who was Arnold Hatford's servant, enter his door! He had been sitting idle against his will, in the room which had been given him, and at the door a few small children watched him silently with large eyes. Wherever he was and whatever he did, there were always some children watching him. At first he was annoyed, but now he had grown used to it, and when old Mr. Yang cuffed them whenever he saw them he put out his hand to signify that he did not mind. Then being so idle he had begun to amuse himself by amusing the children. He picked up a bit of split brick and began to draw a ship on the whitewashed wall of the room.

Seeing this the children crept nearer. He drew on, for he had a little skill at this, until he had drawn a very good copy of his own ship, the guns all bristling in one direction and furious smoke and fire coming out of them. Here he paused and turned to look at the children, and they pressed near him, some clean, some dirty, but all eager and unafraid. Then carefully he drew a small Japanese ship with a large flag, sinking in the waves, and they watched every stroke, and when he turned around again, their faces were all smiles, and when they met his eyes, they burst into laughter, and he laughed, too.

It was at this moment that he looked up and there was Yang. "Hello, Yang!" he cried joyfully. "Where did you come from? I'm glad to see someone that can speak to me."

Yang came in decorously in his long blue cotton gown and stood before Daniel. But Daniel cried out, "Sit down—sit down! Where's Hatford?"

Yang sat down on the edge of a chair and scowled heavily with pretended wrath at the children so that they fled before his looks. Then he sighed.

"Too bad," he said sorrowfully.

He shook his head and lifted up the edge of his robe and wiped his eyes.

Daniel stared down at him. The bit of brick dropped from his hand. "What's wrong?" he asked. He was so tense with waiting, so anxious in his ignorance of all that was happening that his mind leaped to instant disaster for Jenny.

"Mr. Hatford—dead," Yang said.

"Dead!" Daniel repeated. Then it was not Jenny. He felt eased by the reply. But he remembered the tall, pleasant Englishman whose eyes were so kind when he looked at his young wife. Poor Arnold Hatford! "How did it happen, Yang?" he asked.

Yang swallowed once or twice, "Mrs. Hatford—she go away—"

"I know that," Daniel said. "I have seen her."

"Yes?" Yang asked, surprised.

"Yes, but don't stop about that," Daniel commanded him. "I want to know about Hatford."

"So Mr. Hatford, he velly solly all the time," Yang said mournfully. "So he talkee me, 'Yang, I no go Hong Kong side. I go back and find Missy.' I talkee him, 'More better go Hong King side, sah. Suppose Japanee catchee, velly bad.' 'No,' he say, 'No can. Suppose Japanee catchee she, more bad.'"

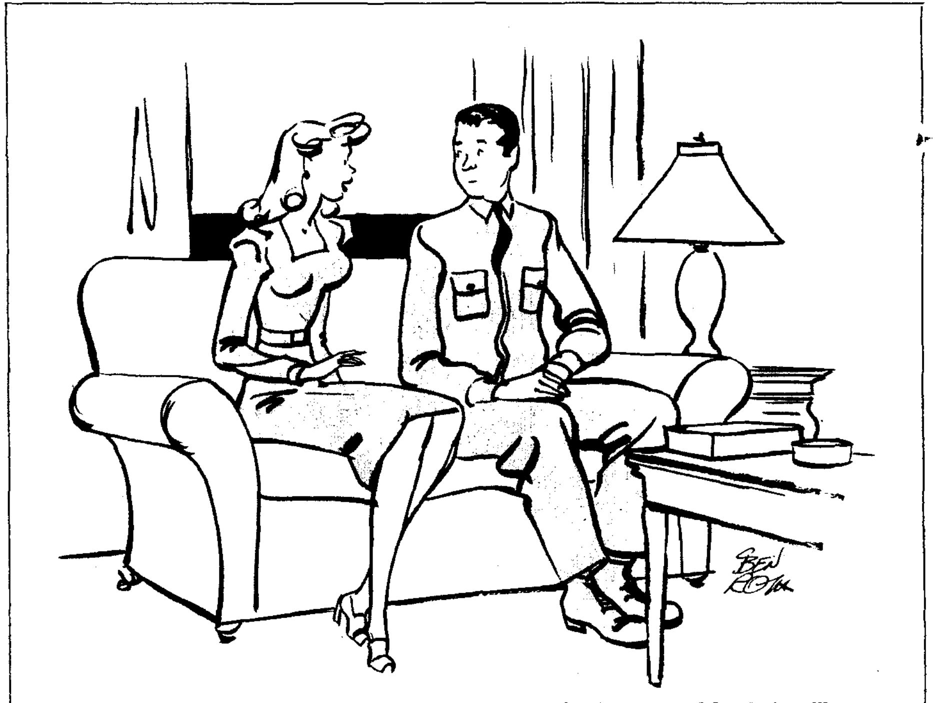
"That *is*, he turned back to find her," Daniel said slowly.

YANG nodded. "So we come back. You savvy he, sah. Too tall, no can talkee Chinee, no can eatee Chinee. Evlyhow Englishman, all a time."

Daniel nodded. Yes, poor Hatford, he was always an Englishman. There was no concealing him anywhere.

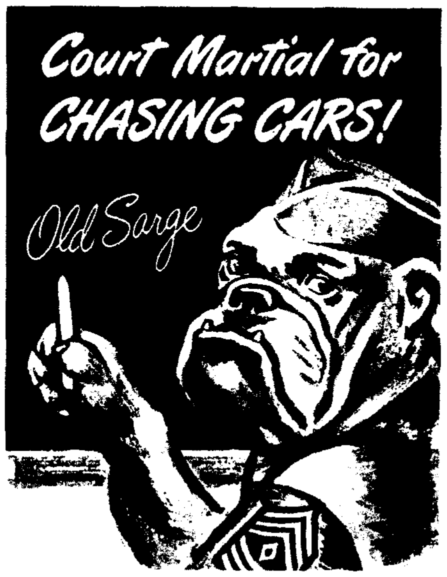
"So," Yang went on in his sad voice, "we come outside big town, and Japanee soldier, eight, ten, twenty, he come by all dlunk, and Mr. Hatford he stand velly stlaight waitee him go by, and one soldier pushee him—like this—"

Yang rose and gave a good imitation of a drunken Japanese soldier, pushing a stiff Englishman. "Mr. Hatford he pushee, too. I talkee him, 'Oh, Mr. Hatford, sah, maskee—you no pushee please.' But, no, he English, and he must pushee, and that



"Oh, I see . . . then sealed orders is just like having a blind date!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH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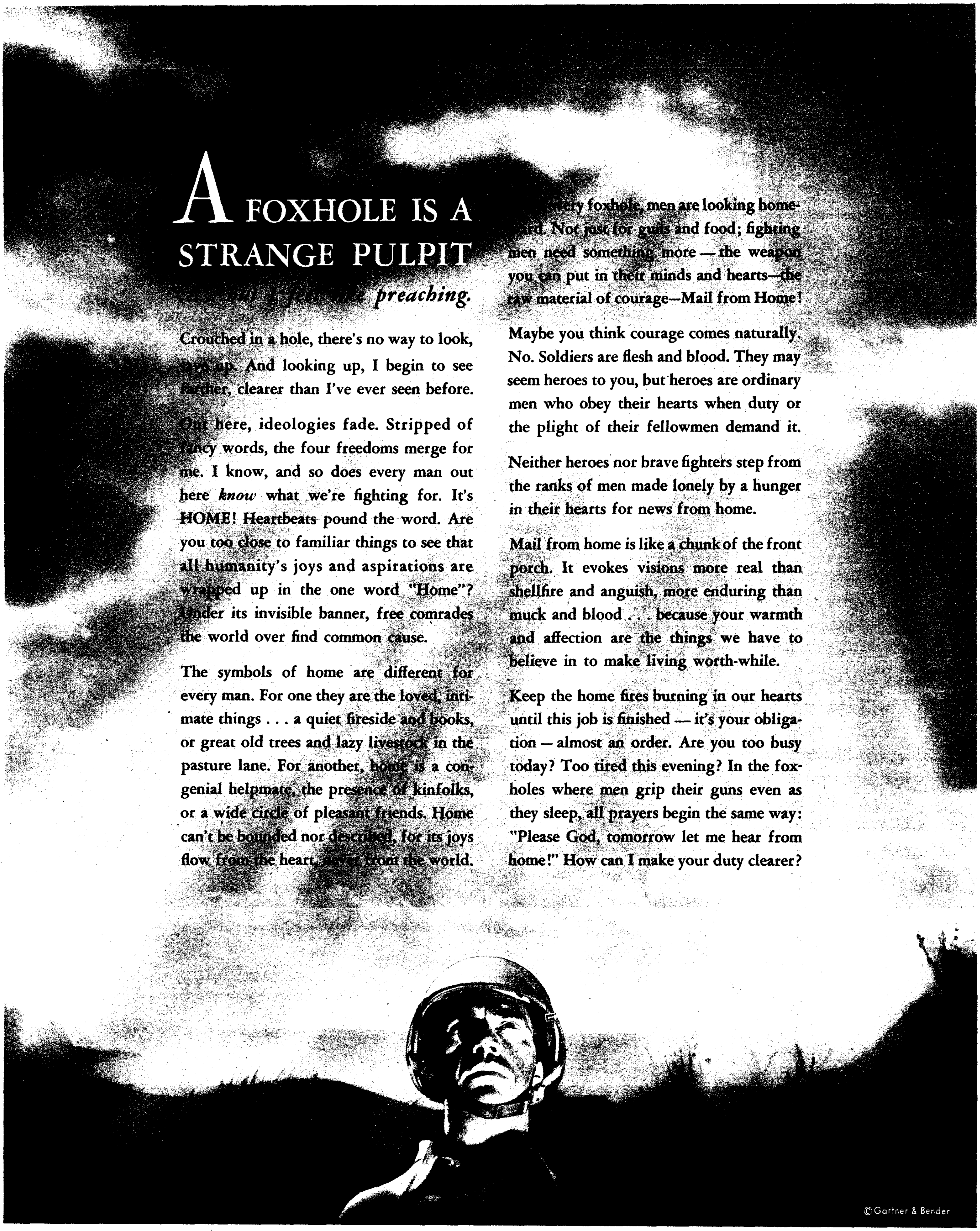

A FOXHOLE IS A STRANGE PULPIT

somehow I feel like preaching.

Crouched in a hole, there's no way to look, save up. And looking up, I begin to see farther, clearer than I've ever seen before.

Out here, ideologies fade. Stripped of fancy words, the four freedoms merge for me. I know, and so does every man out here *know* what we're fighting for. It's HOME! Heartbeats pound the word. Are you too close to familiar things to see that all humanity's joys and aspirations are wrapped up in the one word "Home"? Under its invisible banner, free comrades the world over find common cause.

The symbols of home are different for every man. For one they are the loved, intimate things . . . a quiet fireside and books, or great old trees and lazy livestock in the pasture lane. For another, home is a congenial helpmate, the presence of kinfolks, or a wide circle of pleasant friends. Home can't be bounded nor described, for its joys flow from the heart, never from the world.

In every foxhole, men are looking homeward. Not just for guns and food; fighting men need something more — the weapon you can put in their minds and hearts—the raw material of courage—Mail from Home!

Maybe you think courage comes naturally. No. Soldiers are flesh and blood. They may seem heroes to you, but heroes are ordinary men who obey their hearts when duty or the plight of their fellowmen demand it.

Neither heroes nor brave fighters step from the ranks of men made lonely by a hunger in their hearts for news from home.

Mail from home is like a chunk of the front porch. It evokes visions more real than shellfire and anguish, more enduring than muck and blood . . . because your warmth and affection are the things we have to believe in to make living worth-while.

Keep the home fires burning in our hearts until this job is finished — it's your obligation — almost an order. Are you too busy today? Too tired this evening? In the foxholes where men grip their guns even as they sleep, all prayers begin the same way: "Please God, tomorrow let me hear from home!" How can I make your duty clearer?

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Japanee, he velly mad, and he take his gun and shoot Mr. Hatford quick, makee finish."

"You mean—he killed him then and there?" Daniel gasped.

"So—like this," Yang said and clicked his thumb and forefinger together.

Daniel stared at the pale Chinese face.

"What did you do with him?" he asked in a low voice.

"Me," Yang continued, "I put Mr. Hatford on my back and walk to town and buy coffin, you savvy, and put him inside nice. Coffin I put in a temple, wait that side bimeby funeral. Priest he talkee, 'What for white man in this temple? No can do.' But I talkee, 'Maskee. I come back quick and pay much money. White man velly lich.' So priest, he talkee, 'Can do one hunded dollahs.' Sometime I go back pay him."

Arnold Hatford, in his coffin, in a Chinese temple! Daniel turned away and gazed out of the open door. How peaceful they had been that Sunday morning on the comfortable houseboat! Then the safe world had broken into bits under their feet. In less than a quarter of an hour they were scattered as though they had never seen one another. And yet by some strange destiny, Leone—

At the thought of Leone he turned back to Yang again. "You will have to tell Mrs. Hatford," he said.

But Yang shook his head at this. "More better you tell," he urged. "Suppose she feel too bad Mr. Hatford go to find her, makee dead. You tell, please."

Yes, Leone would find it hard to forgive herself, Daniel thought. But how could he tell her, since it was because of him she had come back?

Yang was watching his face, and now their eyes met. As though he divined the cause of Daniel's hesitance, Yang dropped his gaze. "Can do," he said softly. "I talkee her." He rose. "You," he said, "my father have talkee me how you come this side."

"Your father has been very kind to me," Daniel said. "I wish I could repay your family in some way, Yang. Perhaps some day I can."

"Suppose you fight for us," Yang said, "velly good pay, I think."

"I will gladly," Daniel said, "but they won't let me out."

"The Big Man come back soon," Yang said. "Then you talkee him, you wantchee fight for him."

"I will," Daniel said. "I'd like to—"

Yang bowed his graceful bow and went away as he had come, so lightly that his footsteps made no sound. And Daniel was alone again, and waiting.

The news of Arnold's death had filled him with terror. Suppose as easily, as quickly, the enemy had fallen upon Jenny! That day he could not eat, that night he could not sleep, waiting for her.

EARLY the next morning he heard a commotion in the main room of the farmhouse. He heard voices calling in excitement and he got up and put on his clothes quickly and waited. They were not frightened or angry voices, he decided; he would find out what it was. He went to the door of the court and looked out. There was no one in sight. Everyone was gathered in the main room. The rough wooden outer door of the large courtyard was barred, but he walked firmly across the court and to the door of the main room. It, too, was closed and he pushed it open. It creaked on its heavy wooden hinges and at the noise the people inside started and every head turned toward him. But what he saw was not their startled faces. It was a huge coffin which stood in the middle of the floor, and Ling, a spade in his hands, was emptying it of a heap of lime and refuse.

"Ling," Daniel cried. "What is this?"

Ling turned an impudent grinning face to him. "Wait, big fella," he said saucily.

"Wait," a soft voice echoed.

Daniel looked and there was Leone, her face smiling at him out of the white cowl over her head.

"Leone!" he whispered, "what on earth?"

"Hush," she said.

The lime and the refuse were out now and the farm women were sweeping it into bamboo baskets and carrying it away. Now the Silent Wolf came forward and nudged Daniel in the ribs with his elbow and grinned at him. But Daniel was too astonished to respond. He saw the Silent Wolf kneel and draw a board out of the bottom of that great coffin, and under it he saw a slender covered figure. That figure turned with a great sigh.

"Oh—I can breathe—"

"Jenny!" he shouted. He stared down into Jenny's face. He forgot them all. He leaped to the side of that strange bed and lifted her out of it, his arms tenderly about her.

"Daniel!" she murmured.

Then all those in that Chinese farmhouse saw a strange sight. They saw these two embrace each other, and press lips to lips, the man murmuring low words, and the woman leaning against him as if she would melt her body to his. There was not a word in that silent room, but all the dark eyes fixed themselves unblinking upon this sight.

As for Daniel and Jenny, they thought only of themselves for a long moment. Then Daniel felt the pregnant silence and he looked up and saw all the amazed eyes watching him, and of them all only the eyes of the Silent Wolf were watching with laughter instead of amazement, and only Leone's eyes were turned away. Daniel drew a little away from Jenny, though he still held her with his right arm. In the shelter of that arm, Jenny looked about her.

"They've never seen anything like us before," she said, smiling faintly.

"I don't care," Daniel said heartily, and bent and kissed her again. "They are going to see a good deal that's new to them," he said, and kissed her yet again.

But Jenny was suddenly shy and pushed his face away. "Please, Daniel," she said faintly. "We're their guests. We mustn't offend them."

"They don't look offended," Daniel said with a great grin. At the sight of the grin, every face around him began to grin too, and a burst of laughter swept the room. Only Leone stooped as though to pick up something that had fallen to the floor, and the sight of her made Daniel sober.

"Leone," he said, "will you take care of Jenny for me?"

"I will," Leone said gently and she came forward with her sweet, patient grace, and took Jenny's hand, and turning to Mother Yang she said, "Good Mother, where shall we go?"

By now the crowd was itself once more, and Mother Yang shouted, "This way—this way to my daughter's rooms in the back."

She bustled ahead, and Jenny, with a long look at Daniel, went with Leone, and Daniel stood gazing after her, his heart full of thankfulness.

Not until she was gone did he remember that old Mrs. Shipman was not there. He called Ling and said, "Come into my room," and Ling went with him, and there he told Daniel how the Old Foreign Mother had ended.

And Daniel, when he had heard the sorrowful story, swore to himself that out of his own happiness in Jenny's safety, he would avenge the death of the two who had not escaped, Arnold Hatford and Mrs. Shipman. "I will fight beside the Silent Wolf until I have killed twenty of the enemy," he said.

"You are a good American," Ling said with pleasure.

NOW the moment Leone had left the room with Jenny, Yang followed her. She had not seen him, for he had kept out of her sight. But he wanted to tell her as quickly as he could his evil news, and he wanted to tell it when she was alone. He followed her, therefore, and drew near to her as she came into the back court, and she saw him. A look of deep amazement came over her face.

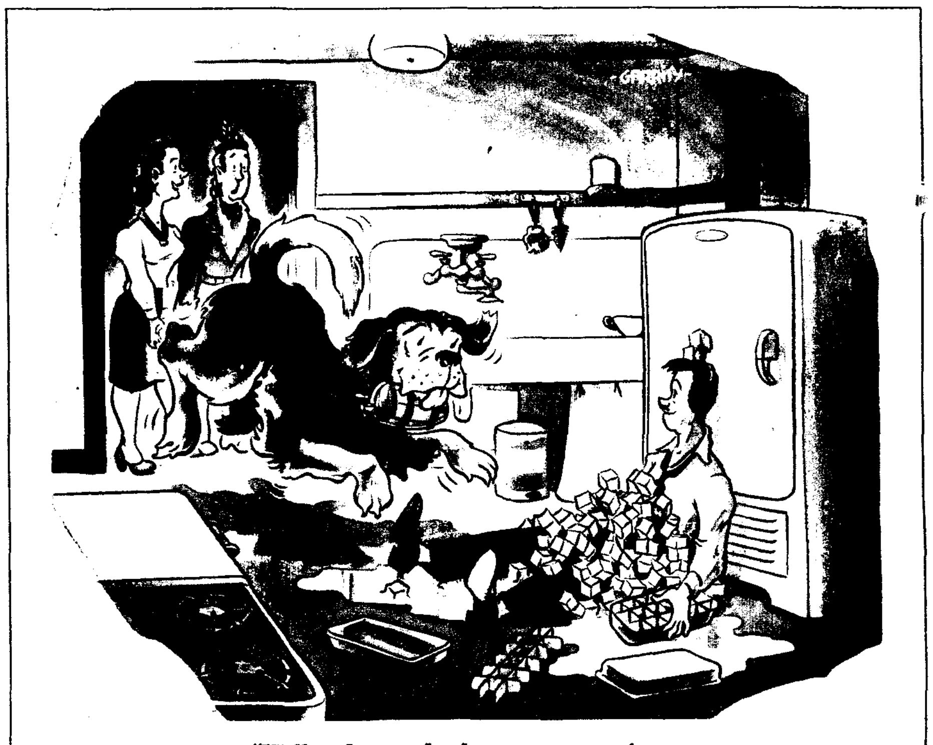
"You!" she breathed.

"I must speak with you," he said.

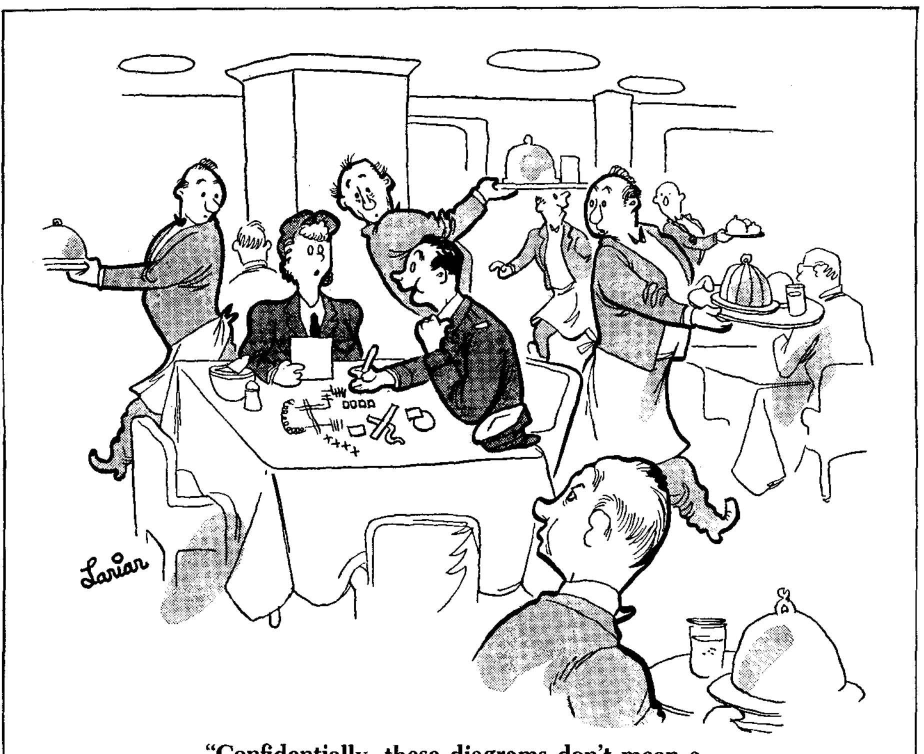
"Come back in a few minutes," she said, "when I have this one tended. She has been very ill."

So he went away and came back again in a while, and there she was waiting for him in the back room of the farmhouse. She was alone, and he began without delay to tell her.

"Your lord would not go on to Hong Kong," he said. "When you were not found—that is, when your body was not found—he determined to seek for you, dead or living, and he made up his mind to follow the road back to your grandfather's house. He said to me that your grandfather would have ways to find you



COLLIER'S "Wilbur has to do that every once in a while to keep the St. Bernard happy!" MARTIN GARRITY



"Confidentially, these diagrams don't mean a thing, but you get better service this way"

COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR

that he had not, if you were yet alive. And he said the Old Foreign Mother would have ways. He felt himself very helpless."

"He is dead," she said, knowing it.

"He is dead," Yang agreed gravely. And then he told her how Arnold Hatford had been killed, sparing her nothing, for he knew she would not spare herself, and he watched her face to see what it meant to her.

IT WAS a sorrowful face he saw. Her heart was not broken but it was full of sad pity and grief that because of her he should have lost his life.

"If I had known that he would turn back for me," she said slowly, "how could I have left him?"

And yet, had she not come here, she told herself, what would have happened to those now sheltered in this house? For this purpose surely she had been sent back, and there was no searching the ways of Heaven that takes the lives of some and spares the lives of others. She could not truly, therefore, wish that to save Arnold she had let these other two die. She wiped her eyes and accepted what had happened and felt that she was only a tool in Heaven's purpose and that she had done what she had to do.

"And so his life is over," she said sadly. "He was a good man in his way, though we were born in separate worlds and could not meet."

"He was a foreign sort of man," Yang agreed, "and yet somehow—I miss him. Yes, I miss his anger when he could not have his cold bath every morning. How he loved his bath—did he not?"

"He did," Leone agreed.

"And his cup of tea," Yang said with mournful relish. "How he shouted when that was not under his eyes at the proper time in the afternoon!"

"He did," she agreed.

"But when he had his way in all things," Yang said, "how good a master he was!"

She smiled faintly without answering. Yes, Yang was right. But perhaps it was as happy for Arnold that he had died. For the world had ceased to be one in which he could any more have his way in all things, or be the master anywhere.

And now with a sort of nunlike immolation Leone determined to busy herself only with Jenny and to hide herself from the eyes of any man. Arnold's death had left her free, and she was afraid of freedom. Had Daniel loved her, how welcome would this freedom have been! But of what use was it to her now?

Daniel went openly that afternoon to the court at the back of the farmhouse. There was no reason why he should not, he told himself. So without asking anyone he left his own court and went through the farmhouse and there he was. Eyes looked at him as he passed, startled eyes, but he paid them no heed. At the door of the back court he paused. "Jenny!" he shouted.

"Yes?" she called back joyously. "Come in, Dan!"

He was guided by her voice and he went into the room where she was. She was in bed, for there Leone had made her stay but she sat up against red quilts folded behind her to make a pillow and Leone had put on her a padded Chinese coat of black sateen, which belonged to Mother Yang, and her fair hair was brushed and shining upon her shoulders. Coming upon this sight Daniel thought he had never seen anything half so beautiful.

"Oh, you," he breathed. "You scare me you are so lovely!"

He came over to the bed and took her hand and she threw back her head and lay looking at him.

Now it chanced that Leone was not in the room at this moment for she had gone to the kitchen to see what Mother Yang had prepared for the supper, to see if it suited Jenny or not, whose appetite was delicate. Into the kitchen as Leone and Mother Yang were discussing the matter, a maid came running, her eyes bursting out of her head.

"The foreign man has gone into the foreign woman's room!" she cried in horror.

"What now?" Mother Yang shouted.

She wiped her hands on her apron and made ready to run out but Leone stopped her. "I beg you—let me go, good Mother," she said. "The things which look evil to us are not evil to foreigners."

So saying she herself hastened to Jenny's room, and there she found those two, he holding her hand and she looking up at him. Her heart shrank at the sight, but how could she reprove these two who were innocent of everything except their love? She tried to smile, and she sat down, and they were not abashed at all by her presence. Daniel sat down on the side of the bed, and still held Jenny's hand, and half teasing and wholly earnest, he made his love to her.

"Did you ever see anyone so lovely?" he said in pretense to Leone, but with all his heart to Jenny. "I was just telling her she scares me she is so lovely."

"She is very lovely," Leone said. She

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took up a garment from a chair and pretended to see to its buttons, and she opened a drawer in the table and found a needle and some thread and sat down as if to sew.

"This is worth all we have been through," Daniel said, and now he took both of Jenny's hands. "You know you are going to marry me, Jenny," he said eagerly.

"I know," Jenny said softly. But she glanced at Leone's bent head and wished her gone. It must hurt Leone to hear these words of Daniel's and yet how could she bid him be silent when she longed to fling herself into his arms?

Now Daniel's eyes followed hers, and suddenly he remembered what for this moment he had forgotten. "Leone," he said gently, "have you seen Yang?"

She lifted her head at that. "Yes," she said. "I know."

The pure sadness of her face quieted their joy.

"Please, Dan," Jenny whispered. "Please go now."

He rose, for Leone's sake. "I'm awfully sorry, Leone," he said simply. "I liked Arnold."

"I know you did," Leone said. Then she added, "Thank you, Daniel."

She was so remote, and she felt herself so remote, that a strange embarrassment fell upon them all.

"If I can help you, Leone, I will," Daniel said.

He wanted to tell her that he had sworn, for Arnold's sake, to kill twenty of the enemy but at this moment it seemed only a boyish boast. He would do it first, he told himself, and then come back and tell her. He stooped and kissed Jenny full on the lips and went away.

In the room the two girls looked at each other for a long moment. Jenny's eyes filled with impulsive tears and she put out her arms. Leone hesitated. Then with a swift movement she dropped the garment she held and flew into Jenny's arms and the two clung together weeping because of all there was for which to weep.

BUT Daniel strode back shouting for Yang, and Yang heard him from where he was talking in a room with the Silent Wolf.

"Come here," Daniel said to him. "I want to talk with you."

So Yang went with him to his own room, and there Daniel said, "I don't know what the next step is for us to get on our way, but Jenny is not strong enough to go on, and while we wait for her, why shouldn't I kill some Japs?"

Yang's ugly good face wrinkled into smiles, and he seized Daniel by the sleeve and said, "Come with me."

Thus pulling him he led him into the room where the Silent Wolf still waited for him to come back and finish their talk.

"This tall foreigner," Yang said triumphantly to the Silent Wolf, "is as hungry for blood as you are. He says while he waits for the foreign woman to grow strong he will go with us and kill some of the enemy."

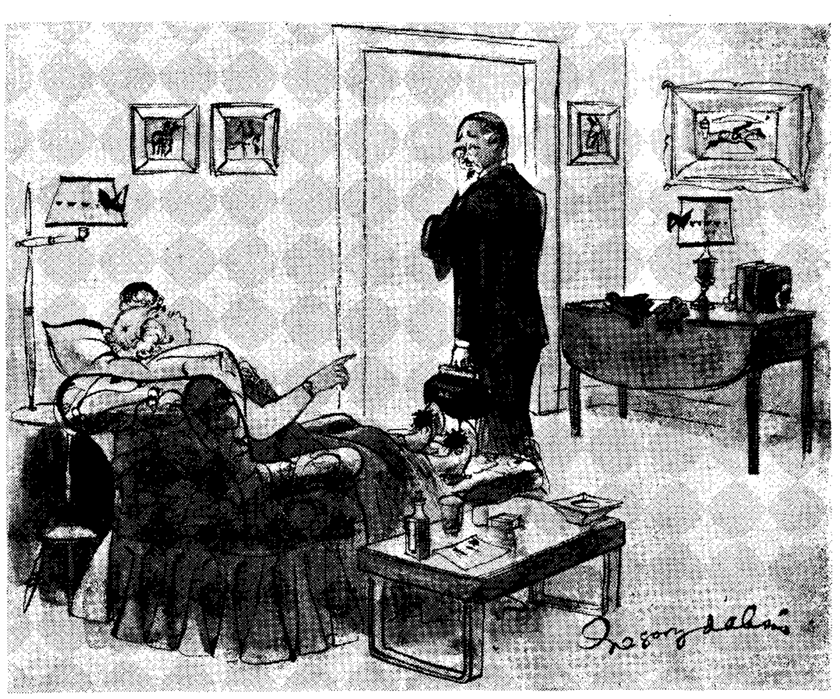
NOW the Silent Wolf today felt perfectly happy. He had slept well and had washed himself this morning with hot water and had put on his proper garments again, of blue cloth padded with cotton. He had eaten a mighty breakfast of the foods he liked best. Leone was under the same roof with him and behind the plans of war he was making, he was making deeper plans of how he would go about wedding her. He did not hide from himself that some of his content was that her husband was dead. He did not wish the man dead, nor would he have lifted his hand to kill one so innocent, though a foreigner. But there was no harm in being content with Heaven's will, and so he was.

Toward Daniel he felt nothing now but kindness, since any eye could see what his eye had seen, that this foreign man loved the foreign woman and none other.

How then could he be less than pleased with heaven and earth? He laughed loudly at what Yang told him and slapped his right thigh and stamped his feet and said, "He shall go out with us this very night and I will give him a gun I took from an enemy captain and it is one of the best we have." Then he looked grave. "But tell him," he said, "that he must not put himself into any place of risk, for then what would we do with this foreign young woman? He is to keep behind the others when we advance, and run in front of the others when we retreat and I will tell my men that he is not to be allowed to be killed."

Yang told Daniel all this, and Daniel laughed and agreed, for certainly he had no wish to die at this time.

So it came about that in the night when a sortie was made upon a small garrison to the south of the city, among the blue-clad men Daniel went too, blue-clad like the others, and in his hands he held a fine short



"Don't forget your gloves, Dr. Ericson. My husband is very jealous"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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FEEL
THE DIFFERENCE
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WHN

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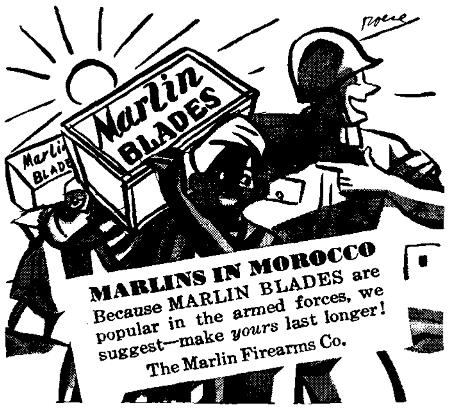

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gun that sang its bullets straight to the target. They came in the blackness of midnight and fell upon a small encampment of the enemy who were stopping for the night, ready to march the next day at dawn southward where a rebellion had broken out among prisoners in a camp. Spies had brought the word to the Silent Wolf and so he had made his plans.

Three of the enemy fell in this one night from Daniel's gun, and a fourth he would not count, for as he took aim, he saw the Silent Wolf aiming too, and in courtesy the Silent Wolf put down his gun. But Daniel motioned to him to fire, so they both fired, and that enemy fell, pierced in the right shoulder blade and the left by the twin shots, each as good as the other. They destroyed that encampment utterly and went back to the village of Yang with only two of their own wounded and none dead.

After this it came about that whenever the Silent Wolf made a sortie that was not too dangerous he told Daniel, and Daniel went, too, until the number of his dead was long past the twenty he had set for himself.

Now what he killed was for the sake of many others beyond Mrs. Shipman and Arnold Hatford. For the news that came by mouth-to-ear from the south was not good. The Americans had yielded up the Philippine Islands, and the British had yielded up Singapore and were fighting in Burma.

"WHAT'S the matter with us?" Daniel muttered when he heard all this bad news. In revenge for it he set his jaws squarely and with his beautiful weapon he killed resolutely such of the enemy as he could, against the defeats in the south.

And every day twice, once in the morning and again in the evening, he went to see Jenny. She was almost well now, stronger day after day, and so beautiful that sometimes it seemed to him their whole life here in this village was a dream. They never went beyond the walls of the farmhouse, lest they be seen, and he did not tell her that he went out at night with the Silent Wolf, for he did not want her frightened.

And inside that farmhouse every soul was loyal, and none told anywhere that within it were two foreign souls.

(To be concluded next week)

Shanghai Sits It Out

Continued from page 33

Sunday attendance at the churches has increased, many an important citizen having been frightened back into the fold by the war. The ordinary man, required to keep his expenses at a minimum, has taken to reading, and books of all kinds are in great demand.

Out at Ward Road Jail, British inspectors and sergeants guard the largest prison in the world, with 11,000 prisoners. Nearly all are Chinese, but among them, to the great embarrassment of the British, are a British naval commander and two American commanders, sentenced to ten years for trying to escape from Woosung internment camp.

The American Club and the British Shanghai Club (with its "longest bar in the world") are occupied by the Japanese navy. The biggest Japanese naval flag ever seen in the Orient was flown from the staff of the American Club the day the Japs marched in. Liquor stocks of both clubs are reported to have been consumed at the perennial parties given by the Japanese authorities.

Tiffin Time in Blood Alley

Deprived of their clubs, the British congregate at the British-owned Horse & Hounds bar back of the Cathay Hotel. The Americans (and many British also) may be found at tiffin time in the New Ritz bar in Frenchtown, on the corner of Blood Alley. The barkeeper there is an ex-sailor of the American Navy. Free British and Americans are, however, barred from theaters, cabarets, restaurants and other places of public amusement.

Reaching back into China's past of the Taiping era, the Japanese have revived the Pao Chia or "mutual guarantee" system, wherein a Chinese headman in an office building, together with his group, is responsible for any act against law and order in his section. A twenty-four-hour watch is kept in the street around the entrance.

The system has somewhat reduced petty crime and has made it difficult for Chungking agents to operate. Many have been caught. But the evils of the system are evident as well as its benefits. There have been cases where civilians doing police duty have blackmailed rich Chinese or others in a position to pay "squeeze."

The regular season of horse racing was run on schedule. *Jai alai* games and dog racing, both in the French Concession, attract large crowds.

The recent surrender of French extraterritoriality rights has not affected the French Concession materially, because the French have long since been carrying out the edicts of the Japanese.

Shanghai's famous cabarets and night clubs are still operating, some of them full blast, and many are helped by the patronage of rich Japanese. Wealthy Chinese still spend thousands of dollars a night, buying dance tickets for favorites in hundreds of Chinese cabarets.

Gambling in Shanghai's "Badlands" is not as spectacular as it was before Pearl Harbor. The little fellows have been weeded out, not being able to pay the big "squeeze" demanded by agents of Wang Ching-wei and the Japanese Special Service Section. The puppet police chief in the western district publicly declared gambling at an end last spring, but as soon as the gamblers paid up, the wheels began to whir as usual.

The world's oldest profession flourishes as of yore, having drawn many recruits from Chinese and Russian working girls out of employment. The best clients of the brothels are Japanese civilians and army people. The girls say they are liberal and very deferential, although there have been some complaints that the Japs are too rough when drunk. Chinese girls are most popular. The Japanese are greatly intrigued by their slim figures and straight legs, a contrast to the bowlegged, dumpy women of Japan. Like the cabarets, the brothels must report to the Japanese police every day, the number of their guests, their nationality, and how long they stayed.

Dope can be had in Shanghai as usual, but at astronomical prices which only the rich smoker is able to pay. The war has interfered with the cultivation and distribution of opium and heroin, but the Japanese Special Service Section still draws a big revenue from this branch of its business.

The worst of the drug dives are in Hongkew, the Japanese section of the International Settlement, where down-and-out Russians and foreign sailors are able to buy the cheapest and vilest pills or injections. But no Japanese are ever seen in these places. Their authorities keep a watchful guard against that.

THE END

"LEND-LEASE! IF YOU HAVE THE HAM 'N EGGS AND COFFEE..."

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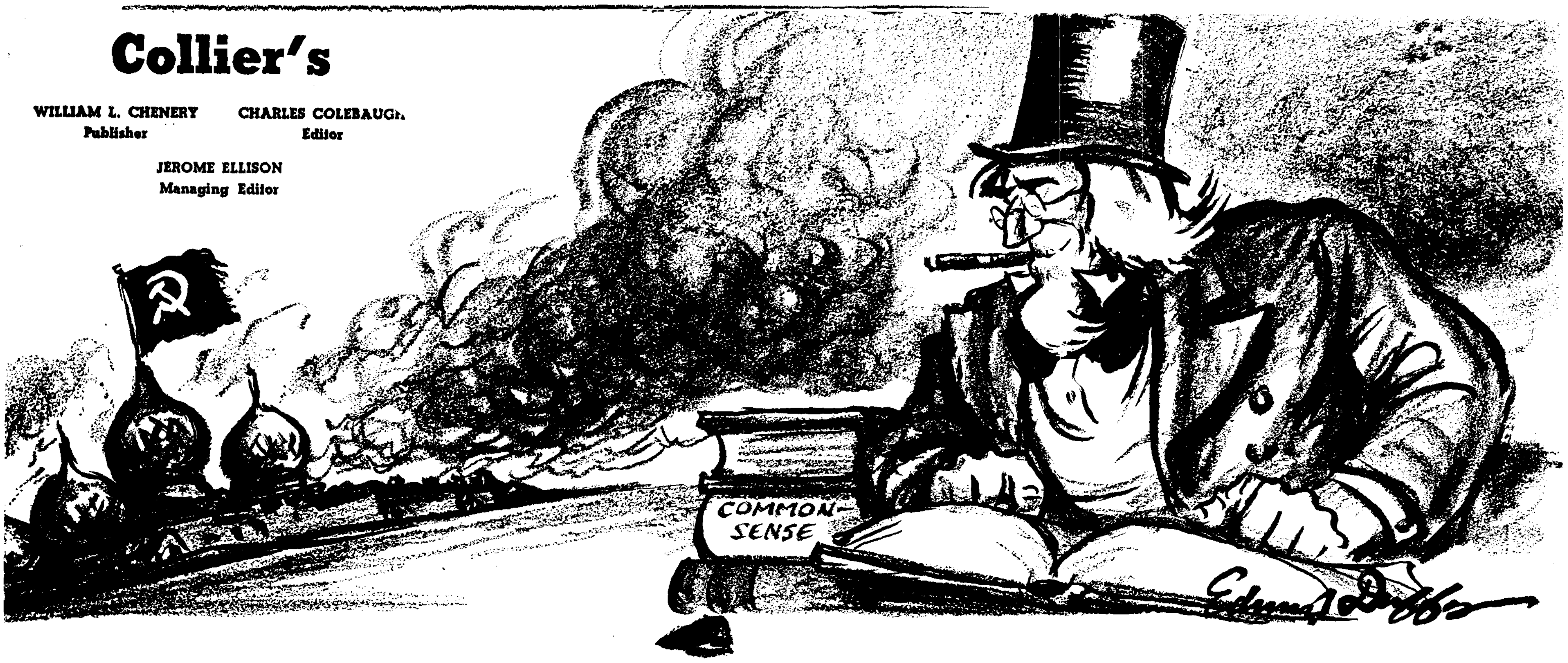

U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.

MORE and more important, as Hitler's propaganda strives to split us from our Russian semi-ally, grows the question: What is the sensible American attitude toward Russia, regarding both the war and the peace?

We think the correct answer can be worked out from these facts:

Stalin always acts for Russia's interests; anybody who expects him to act otherwise is deluded. Stalin signed a nonaggression pact with Hitler just before this war broke out, and it was Hitler, not Stalin, who tore up that pact and forced Stalin into the Allied camp.

The Red army has put up a historic and effective fight against Germany. Hence, it is to our interest to send Russia all the Lend-Lease help we can, without short-changing our other Lend-Lease clients or weakening ourselves beyond the safety point.

Orthodox Communism—the Marx-Lenin-Trotsky brand, whose apostles expected to communize the world—appears to have faded out in the Russia of Josef Stalin.

"This Cripps is all right," Stalin is reported, perhaps apocryphally, to have said, when Sir Stafford Cripps visited Moscow; "but why does he talk all this Communism?"

Stalin appears far more determined to make some kind of Communism, Fascism, State Capitalism—call it what you like—work in Russia than to force any kind of totalitarian philosophy on the rest of the world.

Yet Stalin, to this writing, has not publicly cut adrift any of the Communist parties active in other countries, including the United States and Great Britain. Those organizations remain notoriously in touch with Moscow and loyal to Russia rather than to the nations which tolerate them. Stalin, too, is helping the Partisan guerrillas in Yugoslavia, who are fighting General Draja Mikhailovitch's anti-Axis Chetniks as well as the Germans, Italians and the Yugoslav Quislings.

Stalin, ignoring the Atlantic Charter on self-determination for small nations, has let it be publicly known that he intends to keep the Baltic states (Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania) in the event of an Allied victory.

Shutting our ears to our domestic Russia-lovers and Russia-haters alike, and fixing our eyes and minds on the facts listed above, we should be able to reach a common-sense American attitude toward Russia. That attitude, we believe, is this: Look at Russia as we look at any other nation fighting on our side. Expect Russia to think of itself first and last, and to get any added power and territory out of this war that it can. Don't idealize Russia, don't consider it a devil-nation, either; just view it as a huge collection of human beings who will act in any situation as other human beings will act.

As for Mr. Stalin—well, in case he is at all interested in breaking down the perhaps unjustified suspicion many Americans and Britons feel about his aims and motives, he could best do that by publicly cutting off all connections between the Moscow government and the Communist parties now making nuisances of themselves throughout the non-Russian part of the world.

"Feed the Starving Now"

> The time has come to decide (before it is too late) what we are going to do for 50,000,000 starving people (including some 12,000,000 children) in Belgium, Holland, Norway and Poland.
>
> —*Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, Collier's, Feb. 20, 1943*

YOU probably remember Ex-President Hoover's and Ex-Ambassador Gibson's article from which the above title and paragraph are quoted. It was a powerful plea to the American and British governments to try to start food relief in occupied Europe before the war ends. A good beginning has been made with the food shipments to Greece—though we are as yet able to ship Greece only a fraction of the food it needs, as was shown clearly and tragically in Nikol Pappas' article in last week's Collier's.

To repeat what has often been stated before, the Hoover idea is to negotiate agreements with the Germans whereby food would be sent through the Allied and Axis blockades to the starving civilians of occupied Europe. This food would be doled out by relief agencies satisfactory to both sides. The main safeguard against Nazi cheating—the safeguard which worked perfectly in occupied Belgium and northern France in the other war—would be the proviso that if any substantial amounts of this food were found to be going into the wrong mouths, the shipments would stop and the whole deal be called off.

As Messrs. Hoover and Gibson say, Europe is starving right now. With mass hunger comes lowered resistance to plague and fading ability to hold out against complete surrender to the Nazi terr We think the Allies would be wise as well as huma to attempt to get these food shipments under way—letting Europe know the attempt was being made

In any event, we'd better get very busy producing more food and less food-shortage talk all over the hemisphere. If we don't, we may be able to feed few people besides ourselves, during or after the war

Just Don't Hoard

HIS HONOR the Mayor of New York City tipped off New Yorkers by radio a few hours before shoe-rationing was announced, and some of his listeners all but broke their necks getting to the shoe stores that happened to be open that Sunday. It was a crass exhibition, from La Guardia on down, or up.

The sound, simple and decent rule to follow as rationing spreads to more articles is: Don't hoard anything. Hoarders cheat their fellow citizens; but they also cheat themselves. There is a mental and spiritual satisfaction in hitting the dips along with everybody else, just as in happier times, you hit the high spots.

A hoarder must find it pretty hard to live with himself. Cheats and poor sports usually do. That uneasy feeling, that inner shamefacedness would be more difficult to bear, we should think, than any wartime deprivation any American civilian is likely to suffer.

The Red Cross

WE HOPE you haven't forgotten to respond to the best of your ability to the American Red Cross' appeal for $125,000,000 to finance its vast wartime operations this year. It is the most urgently important Red Cross appeal since 1918. Our Armed Forces are growing at an unprecedented rate; many soldiers leave behind them families in immediate need; new fronts have opened and more are due—and the burdens of the Red Cross grow apace. When you back the Red Cross, you back our fighters.